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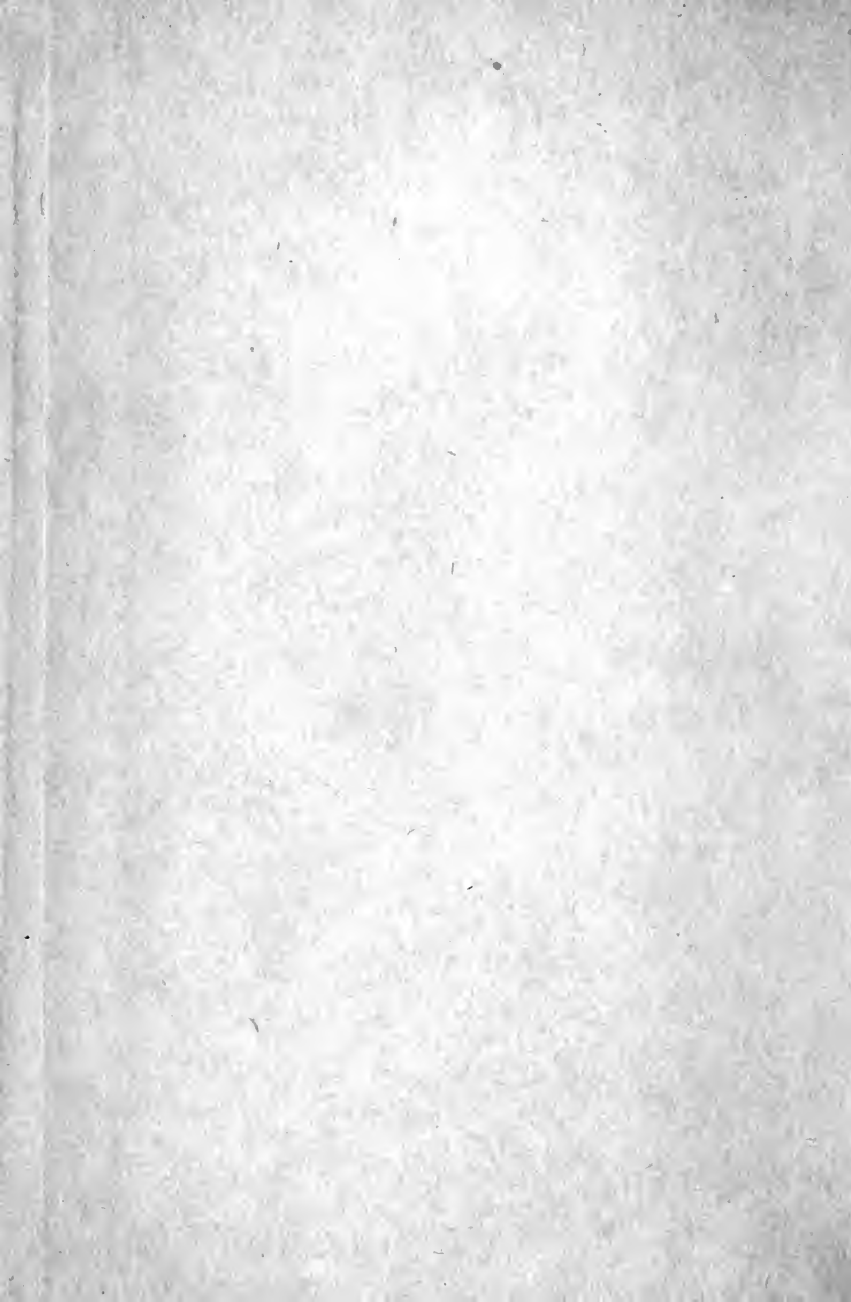


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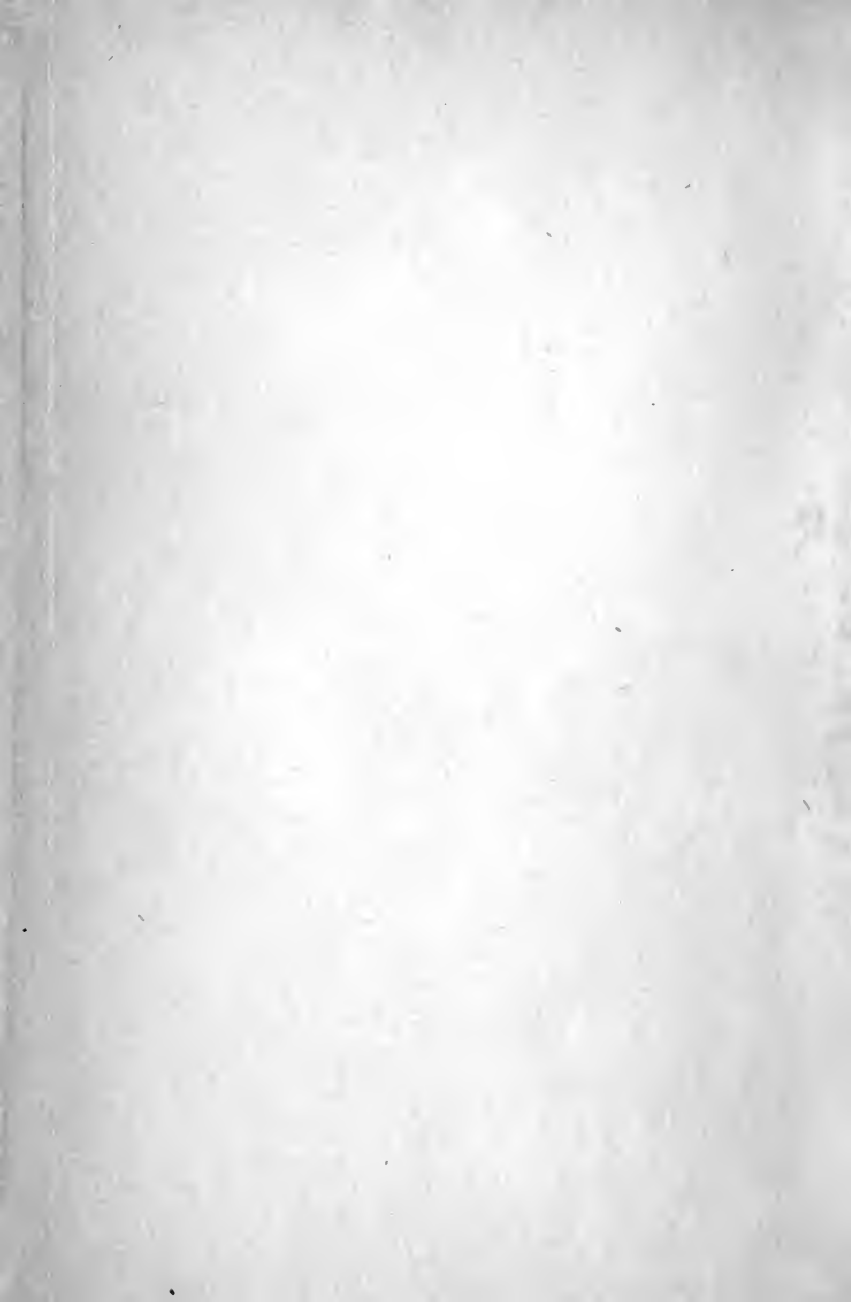
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G. L. MORRILL

ON THE WARPATH

BY

G. L. MORRILL

(*"GOLIGHTLY"*)

PASTOR OF PEOPLE'S CHURCH,

Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A.

LOWELL L. MORRILL

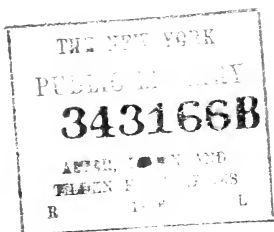
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G. L. MORRILL

***Dedicated
To
Those Who
Love the Truth—
If There Are Any***

E. P. Kelley 10 Nov. 1945

BOOKS BY G. L. MORRILL

MUSINGS

DRIFTWOOD

UPPER CUTS

THE MORALIST

EASTER ECHOES

PEOPLE'S PULPIT

HERE AND THERE

FIRESIDE FANCIES

A MUSICAL MINISTER

PARSON'S PILGRIMAGE

THE DEVIL IN MEXICO

SOUTH SEA SILHOUETTES

TRACKS OF A TENDERFOOT

GOLIGHTLY 'ROUND THE GLOBE

TO HELL AND BACK—SOUTH AMERICA

ROTTEN REPUBLICS—CENTRAL AMERICA

On the Warpath

Cain went on the warpath with a club, the Kaiser with a sword. I use a pen—not to spill blood, but ink in attacking human folly, stupidity, superstition, hypocrisy and injustice.

—GOLIGHTLY.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

David wrote the One-Hundred and Ninth Psalm in sweet solicitude for his enemies. I "pan" mine with the same panegyric:

For the mouth of the wicked and the mouth of the deceitful are opened against me: they have spoken against me with a lying tongue.

They compassed me about also with words of hatred; and fought against me without a cause.

For my love they are my adversaries: but I give myself unto prayer. And they have rewarded me evil for good, and hatred for my love.

Set thou a wicked man over him: and let Satan stand at his right hand. When he shall be judged, let him be condemned: and let his prayer become sin.

Let his days be few; and let another take his office.

Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow.

Let his children be continually vagabonds, and beg; let them seek their bread also out of their desolate places.

Let the extortioner catch all that he hath; and let the strangers spoil his labour.

Let there be none to extend mercy unto him: neither let there be any to favour his fatherless children.

Let his posterity be cut off; and in the generation following let their name be blotted out.

Let the iniquity of his fathers be remembered with the Lord; and let not the sin of his mother be blotted out.

Let them be before the Lord continually, that he may cut off the memory of them from the earth.

Because that he remembered not to shew mercy, but persecuted the poor and needy man, that he might even slay the broken in heart.

As he loved cursing, so let it come unto him: as he delighted not in blessing, so let it be far from him.

As he clothed himself with cursing like as with his garment, so let it come into his bowels like water, and like oil into his bones.

Let it be unto him as the garment which covereth him, and for a girdle wherewith he is girded continually.

Let this be the reward of mine adversaries from the Lord, and of them that speak evil against my soul.

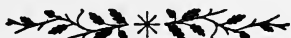
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APACHE SQUAW, ARIZONA—FRONTISPIECE

G. L. MORRILL

CLIFF-DWELLING, ARIZONA

DESERT CACTUS,

CAMEL OF PLANTS, ARIZONA

PETRIFIED TREE BRIDGE, ARIZONA

A FRENCH COUNTESS

NING PO, PIRATE SLAVE SHIP,

CATALINA

LANDING A 480 POUND SEA BASS,

NEWPORT BEACH, CALIFORNIA

A "BONNY" BATHER, NEWPORT BEACH,

CALIFORNIA

*Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!*

—Shakespeare.

ON THE WARPATH

FIG-LEAF FANATICS



ARRESTED! Just as I was leaving Minneapolis for Ecuador I was arrested by the arm of the law, although armed with passports and a personal letter of introduction from Secretary Lansing commending me to the diplomatic representatives there.

Why held up? Had I committed murder, stolen an auto, robbed a bank, run off with some one's household goods, gods or goddess, forged a check, burned a house, written a congratulatory letter to the Kaiser, preached seditious sermons? No, for no such commonplace crimes, but for writing a sweet, innocent, charming, little book, "The Devil in Mexico." The offense was not in writing it and telling the truth of my Mexican experiences, but in sending it through the post office.

Had I clothed this naked Truth in a lovely gown of lies she would have been well received by the mails, but an impure Puritan in Aurora, Ill., who evidently had only seen Truth in masquerade and didn't know her when he saw her, was shocked. He insulted her by calling her filthy names and had the post office swear out a warrant for her arrest.

To the impure all things are impure.

Those who say my book is obscene in any picture or paragraph are themselves obscene and guilty of ignorant or malicious falsehood.

My accusers belong to that class of whited sepulchres which mistakes hysteria for holiness and prudery for piety. They would put a corset on the statue of Venus de Milo; dress Michael Angelo's "David" in B. V. D.'s; paint diapers on Raphael's cherubs; and emasculate the Bible, Shakespeare and all literature, from Aristophanes to Zola. If by any mischance they ever enter heaven they will be sad and shocked if the angels do not wear pantalettes.

"Evil to him who evil thinks." These miserable moral mountebanks have innocence of word, not of thought; the

morality of tongue, not of heart. They see suggestive insinuation where none is implied, imagine the words "nude" and "lewd" are synonymous, and place the suggestive fig-leaf on decent nakedness.

God is in his heaven and prohibition is coming to his world, yet I fear these critics will continue to grow grape-vines to use the leaves for fig-leaves for statues.

Isn't it shocking that everything is naked but hypocrisy? Truth is naked, lies are clothed.

Virtue may sit, stand or ride naked as Godiva clad in purity, while prude and Puritanical objecting critics and juries may wear a display window full of clothes and be morally worse.

Some so-called "Christian" censors, who wear twice as many clothes as their "heathen" brothers and sisters in the South Sea Islands, have not half as much modesty or virtue, I am sorry to say.

How ought one to write? Who is to be the boss? Do legal and political positions bring infallible ethical and literary qualifications with which to judge another? These literary police try to follow you with club to silence you. No one can venture out from their narrow circle of criteria without incurring their excommunicating curse. They would change the "Republic of Letters" into an oligarchy. Like Nebuchadnezzar, they set up their image in the plain, a very plain image too, and command us to bow down before it.

Like flies, such critics speck the whitest page in a book. The immortal Heine at one time had all the political and clerical powers of Europe against him. You may judge of a man and his work by the number of his enemies, what they say about him and do to him.

These pastmasters of mediocrity have a monopoly on ignorance. At one time, in Glasgow, the citizens petitioned Parliament to suppress the models of nude women in drawing. Recently a statue was removed from the Chicago Museum because it offended some haloed humbug. The Chicago censors must have been afflicted with moral lumbago. They would put Apollo in a Prince Albert and garb all the Greek Gods.

Heaven save us, if these mental Mentors apply Ladies' Boarding School rules to art and literature! A pig goes

through a flower garden to root in the muck. Pig-headed critics see nothing but dirt and spoil everything in their way to get it—if there isn't any, they make it. Do these mud-geysers want us to believe they are Castalian fountains? Shall we canonize critics who worship themselves? Saintly Tartuffes! they lack nothing but a holy haircut and a cleric's collar.

O for a new Cervantes to hit off these Don Quixotes riding their hobbies atilt at everything and everybody! O for a Siegfried to slaughter this dragon of hypocrisy! O for a Hercules club to smash these little bigots, and for the hundred hands of Briareus to choke off these pious praters, with hellish hearts, who so charitably damn us!

Mistaking asininity for divinity, these proud humans blush at naked truth and clothe her in the tights of lies. As critic costumers, they would rule the age and trick out law, politics and literature in fancy dress. To tell the simple naked truth is shockingly unpopular. Facts must be padded and corseted. Today he is the successful man who hides the truth.

The profession of hypocrite is always crowded.

Apostles of stupidity always teach and preach loyalty to their own creed. Weary of their own small ideas, they fall into the sleep of dullness and only wake to perform acts of greater idiocy. Their eccentricities are "idiotsyncracies."

The bark of these Cerberus dogs is worse than their bite. Let an author launch out a book on a sea of printer's ink, and his cargo of ideas, if original, is at once made contraband and held up in their literary custom-house. Beware of inquisitors who would burn books, and guillotiners who would behead writers. How many books have been butchered on block heads!

The caste of these critics is castration. Their Pegasus is a mule, their eagle a capon, their God an eunuch.

Censorious cads, who never travel, are the first to pronounce judgment on books of travel. If they did travel, instead of becoming broader, they would resemble a piece of copper wire which gets narrower the farther it goes.

With Byron we ask:

"And shall we own such judgment? no—as soon
Seek roses in December—ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;

Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics."

Their milk of human kindness, if they ever had any, has turned into swill. Pharisaically they wear broad phylacteries upon their narrow brows, and are the self-elected High Priests in the Temple of Fame, permitting none but themselves to enter its holy of holies.

God help us to forgive and forget these critical Pecksniffs who sniff around with their lifted nose and curling lip; who imagine they are pious when they're simply bilious; who think their candle brains are arc lights. These black-leg saints who cant and rant, seem to think this would have been a better world if they had been present to give advice when it was created. They act as if they were the confidential advisers of the Almighty, and expect to be at heaven's Judgment gate with a key to lock in or out any who did or did not belong to their race, religion, trade, club or political party.

Excuse me from the society of long-eared oracles of letters, the companionship of self-satisfied saints with Psalms on their lips and perfidy in their life. Out upon these sanctimonious sinners with the mummery of a monk and the morals of a monkey—these sacred satyrs, reverend rascals, anointed knaves and sewer-minded seraphs!

God is my judge and heaven is my court of appeal. When I die I want a copy of my book, "The Devil in Mexico," placed in my coffin, so that if there is a literal resurrection I may appear in judgment and receive final sentence of heaven or hell according to what I have written.

ARRESTED!



USUALLY when a man leaves his home town even his friends are glad to get rid of him. No one objected to my departure except the officers of the law, who hated to see me go. Instead of being served with candy, flowers, fruits and fond farewells, they served me with a Federal warrant for which there was no warrant.


All this happened New Year's eve an hour before court closed and about four hours before my train started. I wonder why this action was not taken in the morning, or a day or week before? Was it a frame-up? Did the officials think I would be unable to obtain bondsmen immediately, and so spend New Year's eve and day behind the "bars," instead of in front of them? Why did the Post Office Inspector, W. J. Morles, come to my home in the morning of the day of my departure in order to assure me, among other things, that there would be no obstacle placed in my way to start that evening? Why all these whys? You will learn as you read further.

I doubt if a crack crook ever made a faster get-away than mine. Something had to be done quickly. I happened to see my lawyer friend Ernest Carey crossing the street and told him the situation. We jumped into his car, providentially near, put her in high, and arrived at my home in time to meet the U. S. deputy sheriff at the front door, extend my hand in welcome and receive his with the warrant. In the meantime my brother Frank heard of the trick and wanted a hand in the game. He met us and we four sped to the Federal Court.

I knew of the bondsmen in Egypt and had already bought Liberty Bonds for the government, but now I wanted one for myself to be at liberty. The old proverb was illustrated, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." I hurried to the Radisson Hotel and saw Simon Kruse, to the New England and met W. L. Harris. I gave a picture of my predicament and the "frame-up," and they immediately went with me to the Federal Building where they signed my bail bond of \$3000. The deputy sheriff had told me it was \$2000, but the Court Commissioner Howard Abbott placed it at \$3000. I was as much surprised as were my bondsmen, but they stood for the raise. Looking towards them I quietly and thankfully remarked, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." Thereupon his Honor turned gravely around, reprimanded me as if I were making irrelevant and irreverent remarks in his presence, and said I should apologize to the court. I did. I might have known that Scripture was out of place in a Court Room. On the charge of sending an "immoral" book through the mail, I

pleaded "Not Guilty," and was set free to go when and where I pleased, as a good American citizen, until April 2nd on which date I must arrange with Time, Fate and Providence to appear before the Federal Grand Jury in Minneapolis.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

E made the train. I have watched the old year go and new year come on tipsy reels but never before on wheels. A train of thoughts whirled me through the land of 1917 and I recalled the side stations of success and failure, joy and sorrow.

Midnight found us sitting at a buffet table looking out of the window to see the ghost of the dead year. Did I hear its death-rattle or was it the rattle of the wheels? Instead of a factory whistle, it was the "toot-toot" of the train, instead of a church bell it was an engine bell ringing out the old and ringing in the new. In the delightful company of my "real"ty friend, C. W. Reynolds, and his wife, we drank to the health of the new year in a cup of coffee, for we were in prohibition Iowa where the only near approach to liquor is Oelwein.

Ours was an evening of revery, not revelry. The proverb "time flies" is especially true on a train when you are crossing the border between the old and new year. At forty miles an hour we were surely "speeding" the parting guest. The C. & G. W. shook us up like ivories in a dice-box and our pack of cares rolled away like Pilgrim's bundle of sin.

To make the New Year happy and prosperous I made some new resolutions: Not to write another book; never to tell the truth; to believe all I read in the papers; to drive my auto with more Pure Oil and less profane thoughts; never to criticize the Democratic party; to think everybody better than myself; to love my enemies; never to travel with Trouble; to preach that the world is perfect; to go to the movies; to be a gentleman and not pay my bills; to learn how to smoke, drink, play cards and gossip and so be eligible to high society; to be a successful, tricky business man; to cultivate a heavy head of hair; never to look twice at one pretty girl. But you must re-

member that New Year resolutions are made to be broken and I have broken these every day since.

Chicago on New Year's day at 10 A. M. looked like a cemetery shrouded in snow. The inhabitants were dead asleep in a Rip Van Winkle nap from 1917 to 1918. This city of soot and sin in its robe of snow looked like a criminal in a surplice.

THE PANAMA LIMITED



THE Panama Limited took us, in 23 hours, to New Orleans. It was the I. C. road but I didn't see much scenery outside, though there was enough inside to make up for it. This was travel de looks. There was a barber shop on the train, but I just had had a "close shave" and was too bald to need a haircut; and a shower-bath—not a luxury but a necessity for people leaving Chicago. There was a ladies' maid to manicure, but my wife had me in hand, and the services of the gentle octoroon were not needed. A valet service filled a pressing need and suited lovers who had jostled each other on the observation platform. A telephone service made it possible for the traveler to say "Hello" to Central and "Good-bye" to his creditors.

The dining car was built architecturally high for observation. I observed the high prices on the menu, the flat country and my flat pocketbook. The service was rather niggard, yet you expect that from colored waiters.


There was a new wrinkle in the curtains of the sleeper. They call them "split-berth" curtains for when the berths are made up the curtains completely cut off one berth from another. A great blessing. No longer does the poor unfortunate, doomed to an upper, make that embarrassing ascension by putting his foot in your mouth or stomach, or are you, in a lower, forced to watch the gymnastic and vaudeville performance of the man or woman going up.

One takes the Panama Limited route for speed, not scenery. It's a "fast" train for fast people and almost wholly "limited" to this class who fly South at this season of the year. The scenery is limited because the road doesn't show you anything

except a straight line, the shortest distance between the two points of Chicago and New Orleans. The line is a "clothes" line as well, for there are many well dressed passengers on it.

The blizzard that had struck out from Chicago had given a blow below the corn belt, but on the next day this foul blusterer was knocked out. Sleet and snow were exchanged for swamps, Spanish moss, pine-woods, cotton fields and truck gardens. Our train rounded Lake Pontchartrain and entered New Orleans, the city of molasses and lassitude.

PASSPORTS CONFISCATED

N this "Paris of America" we taxied to the French Hotel Monteleone. It was full, but in the spirit of Lafayette, room was made for us as Allied Americans. On my return to the hotel from the boat office, where I had shown tickets and passports and was making final preparations for sailing, the phone rang and I was asked to come down to the lobby to see some one. I wondered what friend had come to bid me good-bye. He was a good Shriner, but instead of saying, "Hello, Noble, let her go," he informed me that he had just dropped in to confiscate my passport on a wire from the Department of Justice at Washington. This was no surprise after my arrest at Minneapolis, but it did amaze him when he saw my letters of introduction and commendation.

"On the square" at the Federal Building I told him what had recently happened. He didn't see why the government should stop me any more than I do now. I was ushered into the office, and while he went out to confer with his superior and show him my letters, a man entered followed by a Department agent. The man sat opposite, looked nice and was social. I imagined he was a government official, until our conversation was interrupted by the agent who stepped up to him, ran his hands over his hip pockets to see whether he had a gun, and like a true Artful Dodger, went through his pockets with lightning speed, relieving them of papers, knife and money. Wondering what I was in for and whether I had anything they

wanted, for as a patriotic citizen I was willing to give outright or make a Liberty Loan, the door opened and in walked Mr. Schaumberg and his superior Mr. Pendleton. They returned my letters but kept the passport. When I asked the reason for this official act they showed the telegram from Mr. Bielaski at Washington who said they were to take up the passport of Julian L. Morrill. I said my name wasn't Julian but Gulian, and that I was not related to the famous Christian apostate of that name any more than he, Pendleton, was related to Dr. Pendleton, the famous Baptist divine and writer on doctrine. He said that was all he knew or could do about the case. It was enough. When I learned I was free and not to be jailed or have my baggage confiscated, I hied me to the Western Union and for two days made the wires hot to Washington asking why my passport was taken up. The Department of "Justice" replied it was taken at the request of the Department of State, but all my wires to that Department were unanswered. An American citizen expects this treatment in Mexico and Latin America, not in the U. S. A.

Before the war one could leave the country without a passport, not now. How difficult it had been to get it even at the cost of time, money, questions and delay, and when I did have it, I wondered why it was issued if it was to be taken up so soon.

The ship sailed away without us, though we hoped to be able to make the next one. I wired again and again and received no answer, offered to go to Washington if necessary to fix up the matter, whatever it was, but it was useless—there was no more reply than when I talked to the Sphinx in Egypt. The government was as reticent as when it is questioned concerning its Mexican policy. However, I found one citizen in Washington—that city of demi-tasse, demi-gods, demimonde, demagogues and Democrats, which shames the spirit of Washington and Lincoln—my friend Senator Knute Nelson, who was not too busy, dignified or prejudiced to answer the question of an American citizen in distress. He wired that he could do nothing for me, that the passport had been confiscated on account of my Mexico book. I was relieved to know it was simply this and nothing more. But why this? Was it be-

cause I criticized the Administration's dismal diplomacy in Mexico in not protecting or avenging the theft, murder and rape of Americans there, or because I exposed Carranza's Pro-Germanism and told the truth about existing conditions? I should have been awarded a medal of honor and vote of thanks by the U. S. government, received a diplomatic mission with expenses paid and a salary for revealing German plot and perfidy in Mexico against the United States.

Who were favored with passports? Professional gamblers, pleasure-seekers, sports, pimps and prostitutes to Havana; a murderess to Honolulu; priestly plotters to Panama; and diplomatic intrigues of the "delinquent" John Lind type all over the world. You see, I was not in their class. Although no one is allowed to enter Mexico without a passport, hundreds of Americans without passports recently crossed over the Mexican border to engage in a Pre-Lenten carnival carousal. Our Department of State is very fastidious concerning the reasons and motives of persons leaving the U. S.

The U. S. government, through the postal authorities, was very glad and quick to arrest me on the lying charge of a low-browed, shrivelled souled man in Aurora, Ill., but has been very slow to avenge obscene insults to our flag, ribald attacks on Uncle Sam and vile outrage and murder to American women and men in Mexico.

The day our boat sailed, word was received in New Orleans to confiscate my son's passport. What had he done? Was the government to take the divine prerogative and visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children?

Here I was, not a man without a country, but without permission to leave my country. What crimes, unwhipped of justice, had I committed? It is true that I had volunteered to enter the army or navy, but was rejected on account of my age. Further, I had offered to go to France with my son, who had been honorably discharged from Camp Dodge by reason of defective vision, to secure material for lectures for the Red Cross or any other war philanthropy. This offer was not accepted.

Since September 7, 1917, a regulation of the Federal Reserve Board was enforced permitting travelers leaving the country to carry on their persons or in their baggage: U. S.

notes, national bank notes and Federal Reserve notes, not to exceed \$5,000 for each adult; American silver dollars, subsidiary silver coins and silver certificates not to exceed \$200 for each adult; gold coin or gold certificates not to exceed \$200 for each adult. Punishment for violation of this regulation was a fine of not more than \$10,000, or imprisonment for not more than 2 years or both, and the confiscation of all the money to the U. S. My friends know there was never any danger of my violation of this rule.

The United Fruit Steamship Co. sadly refunded our money on the steamer tickets, but not the \$15 war tax on them. Yet I was pleased to add this to the other amounts I had subscribed to the war fund.

I was not hindered by further arrest or confiscation from pious and patriotic pastimes. On the Pacific coast I lectured for the Red Cross, wrote patriotic editorials and preached Christian citizenship sermons.

Tired of little things and people, I spent three months in mountain, desert and by the ocean. I found the Apache Indians, miners and fishers more civil, liberal, fair, patriotic, interesting and companionable than many so-called Americans further East.

The West is in this war to fight the Kaiser to a finish and is willing to make sacrifice of money and men, but is sane, believing that liberty and democracy are the safeguards of America and should not all be exported to Europe.

MANUSCRIPT STOLEN



WHETHER the reader has read my Mexico book or not, he may find the following account of its production and publication as interesting as any chapter in it.

Last fall a man telephoned my residence and asked to see the manuscript of my book, "The Devil in Mexico." His name was Richard P. Esswein. On Oct. 17th he came to my house, said he had heard me speak on Mexico, understood I was publishing a book on my trip to that country, and asked

the name of my publisher. I told him, M. A. Donohue of Chicago. He declared that he and a certain Mr. "Jones," who had money, would like to publish the book on a big scale. He asked if he might take the manuscript home, read it and show it to Mr. "Jones," and assured me he would return it the next day. I told him to take it and his time reading it, hoping he would like it well enough to publish it.

Days went by and no manuscript was returned. On Oct. 30th, I think, I called him up but he was not at home. On Oct. 31st he telephoned the house. Mrs. Morrill answered and informed him I wanted the manuscript. He said his wife had been sick, but that he had finished reading it and would bring it to me at my house that afternoon.

Before he arrived I received a letter from my publisher, M. A. Donohue, who stated that he did not wish to be involved in any lawsuits, and enclosed a copy of the following letter of Oct. 25th from John Lind:

Minnesota Commission of Public Safety
State Capitol, Saint Paul

M. A. Donohue Co.,
Chicago.

Gentlemen:

My attention has been called to a manuscript by the Rev. G. L. Morrill, now said to be in your hands for publication in book form, the book to be called, "The Devil in Mexico." Glancing over the copy of the manuscript, which has been placed in my hands, I cannot escape the conviction that the book, if published, will cause great injury to the relations between our country and Mexico, and that it will materially aid German propaganda in the latter country.

The publication, it seems to me, is not only ill-advised, but libelous and scandalous. The chapters commenting on my public work cannot be considered as written in fair criticism. They are evidently dictated by a spirit of malice and are criminally libelous, both in your state and in this state. I thought it only fair to call your attention to my views in time, and in advance of publication, so that you may fully consider

the consequences of publication before any expense is incurred.

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) JOHN LIND.

On Oct. 31st, replying to a letter from Donohue, Mr. Lind wrote:

Mr. J. W. Donohue, Vice-President,
M. A. Donohue & Co.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

Your favor of October 30th is at hand and noted. In paragraph 2 of your letter you say "Nor do we wish to publish a book which will libel you or anyone else. If there be anything in this book libelous we ask you to point out to us specifically the libelous matter and advise us wherein and for what reason it is libelous," etc. In answer I beg leave to suggest that the entire chapter, or topic, devoted to the discussion of myself and my services in public life is libelous. A mere cursory reading makes this so apparent that it is idle and unnecessary to particularize.

In paragraph 1 you say, "We will not publish any book which is likely to injure our Country, but we cannot take your mere statement that the book will injure our Country and we ask you to point out to us the specific portions of the manuscript, a publication of which will produce such injury, and on your failure to do so, we shall assume that you are in error in the charge you make." In answer to this paragraph permit me to state that reflection only confirms the view I expressed to you that the publication of a book like "The Devil in Mexico" would be very embarrassing and injurious to our relations with Mexico. In saying this, however, I do not assume to speak for the Government. A portion of the manuscript was transmitted to the Secretary of State, who, I understand, has turned it over to the Attorney General. You can probably obtain the information you desire by writing the latter official.

Yours truly,

(Signed) JOHN LIND.

After dark on the evening of Oct. 31st, Mr. Esswein came to my home, handed me the manuscript, and innocently exclaimed, "I wonder how any outside party discovered I had this manuscript?" Then he told me that, although he had shown it to no one except Mr. "Jones" who had read it, locked it in his safe and shown it to no one, a man, wearing some sort of official star, came to Mr. "Jones'" office and demanded the manuscript. But it was not given up, Esswein said, because the man had no authority or warrant to take it. Esswein then stated that during his absence, a man wearing a star came to his (Esswein's) home and commanded his sister to give him the manuscript. She let him look for it, but he couldn't find it, because he (Esswein) was carrying it around town with him that day. Esswein then said that while he was bringing the manuscript to me he looked about, again and again, to see if he was shadowed, and that before entering my house he glanced around to see if spies were following him. I asked Esswein what he would suggest or advise if any officers came to my house for the manuscript. He replied, "I don't know—it's yours now—I brought it to you unharmed—why not burn it?"

On November 5th I received a letter from my publishers saying that after careful consideration they regretted they could not go on with the work because they did not "wish to get into any controversy with Mr. John Lind, who has threatened to sue us for libel in case we print this book." They enclosed a copy of a letter to Mr. Lind in which they informed him they had concluded not to print the book because they did not wish to get into any controversy with him.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 7th, I was billed to lecture on "Mexico" at the Odin Club. Although this announcement had been posted for two weeks on the Club Bulletin Board, and further had been noticed in the city press, the day before the lecture the following notice was mailed to the members:

ODIN CLUB—NOTICE!

The Lecture by Rev. G. L. Morrill, Scheduled for Wednesday, November 7th, has been cancelled.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

This action took place without the knowledge of the President of the Club, and, as I learned, through the insistent recommendation of Mr. Lind, who is a member of the Club.

If Mr. Esswein let no one see the manuscript, except Mr. "Jones" who hid it in his safe, how did Mr. Lind obtain copies of it? Possibly the recent Luxburg incident in Argentina, which showed how well the Germans and Swedes could treacherously work together, although their "spurlos versenkt" failed, might answer and explain the question.

Why was Mr. Lind afraid of the publication of this book? What right had he to make copies of a private manuscript? Why did he use the Safety Commission for his own safety and try to suppress the book without my knowledge? Why did he resort to such underhand methods? Why didn't he come to me in the first place, and tell me what he thought? We live in the same city—why did he discuss it with others in Chicago and Washington?

Did he think that, because he could intimidate a publisher with threats of lawsuits, it would stop a Christian minister and American citizen from printing the book, or cause him to censor the chapter on his "deLINDquent" diplomacy in Mexico? Some people seem to think it's worse for the clergyman to censure wrong than it is for them to commit it. The minister is to pay no attention to the squatter claims of any politician who would muzzle him. Let clerical, autocratic Europe and her mouthpieces in Latin America wear muzzles, but it is the glory of American democracy to take orders direct from God and His Word and express them in free thought and speech according to the dictates of conscience.

Why did Mr. Lind prohibit my lecture on Mexico, and on what authority? He should remember that he is in free America now, not Mexico, and that Machiavellian and Kaiseristic methods are not calculated to make the world, and that part of it known as Minneapolis, "safe for democracy."

Who appointed Mr. Lind U. S. censor of books and lectures? By what authority of God or man did he use his Safety Board position as a club over the heads of respectable citizens?

This is no time for the revival of the Roman proscription, the gentle Inquisition, the Venetian Council of Ten or a Lettre de Cachet regime.

This is the Twentieth Century, and not the Middle Ages. His whole persecuting plot is a beautiful illustration of a diplomacy I characterized in my book as one that "pulls wires, prevaricates, evades, suppresses truth and juggles justice."

If Mr. Lind wants his record brought up before the courts, I am willing, although it would seem unnecessary, since everybody in Mexico and the United States who knows anything about the Mexican situation is already familiar with it.

In order to cover up the history of his diplomatic failure, which I revealed in my book, Mr. Lind "camouflages" about the book being "embarrassing and injurious to our relations with Mexico," and maliciously libels and slanders it and its author by saying it is "ill-advised," "libelous," "scandalous," and that it will "materially aid the German propaganda" in Mexico. These are the charges of a diplomat, cursed in Mexico and laughed at in the United States—of a man whose mission did more to injure friendly relations between the two countries than anyone I know of.

If it is "ill-advised" for an American citizen to tell how he escaped with his life from a bandit-infested country; if it is "libelous" to tell the truth about Mexico's depravity, destitution, hellish atrocities, despots, diplomatic duplicity, greaser hatred of Americans and love to insult Old Glory; if it is "injurious to our relations with Mexico," and "materially aiding pro-German propaganda," to expose German plotting and perfidy in Mexico against our country, and to stand by our flag in this war of Democracy against imperial Kaiserism; if it is "scandalous" to pay tribute to the memory of good American women dishonored, children maltreated, and American citizens tortured, robbed and murdered in Mexico—then my book on Mexico is infernal treason, I am a despicable traitor and deserve to be imprisoned for life or to face the firing squad.

SUPPRESSING TRUTH



HAVE traveled the world and found it had boundaries, but have discovered that human ignorance and prejudice have no limits. Contrary to recent press reports, my book is not being used in Mexico to "inflare" the people. What has been quoted from me is from the Associated Press and newspaper syndicate accounts of my visit and opinions given on my return from Mexico last year.

To say my book gives "aid and comfort to the enemy" is as funny as it is false. In my press articles and book chapters I exposed German propaganda in Mexico against the United States. Of course, the Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose, and we know the Kaiser has distributed President Wilson's speeches in a garbled and false-meaning manner to stir up nations against America. My book, "The Devil in Mexico," is patriotic from cover to cover, and is no more a propaganda for the Kaiser's agents in Mexico than the Bible is a guidebook for Satan. I would rather be pro-Hell than pro-German.

The reason Carranza suppressed newspapers in Mexico City was not because they were pro-German and using my articles, but because the editors dared to criticize his rule-and-ruin policy. The fact that Mexico is neutral today is evidence that she is a German ally. Now one must be either for or against autocracy or democracy, imperialism or individualism.

A Mr. Charles Petran, a Presbyterian missionary to Mexico, was quoted recently in the Minneapolis Daily News as saying: "We must not let the kindly spirit of mutual appreciation between peoples be killed by such books as Mr. Morrill proposes to publish, and which enmesh governments in a net of deceit and distrust."

I know we are commanded to "love" our enemies, but the Redeemer, who bade us not to cast our pearls before swine, does not expect us to say "muchas gratias" to the Mexican who burns, butchers, robs and rapes Americans, though Mr.

Petran and some diplomuts we have sent to Mexico say we should.

As to "seeds of hate, deceit and distrust," they have been sown, not by me, but by clerical and diplomatic duplicity which has made Mexicans love to hate us so that the sight of an American is the occasion for derision and profanity, our government is execrated and Old Glory obscenely insulted.

I hope my book, like dynamite, will "raise the Devil" in Mexico, where he is so firmly entrenched, and that his Satanic spirit and sway will be utterly "razed."

As to "suppressing my book," I have told only the truth, and truth cannot be suppressed.

POSTAL INQUISITORS



SHORTLY after the book was published, the post office inspectors became inquisitors and asked me every thing between my prenatal and postmortem existence.

I was summoned by phone to a Star-Chamber session in the Minneapolis post office, presided over by Postal Suspectors W. J. Morles and C. F. Egge. An Inquisition, Ecumenical Council, Bar of Conscience or Future Judgment could scarcely ask more questions than they asked me. Their interrogations were absurd, impertinent, irrelevant, and apparently asked to satisfy mere curiosity. Who was I? Why was I? Where was I? How much money did I have in the bank? How did I make it? Was it in my name? What was my business and my belief? Why did I travel? Who accompanied me? Where had I ever been? How many years ago, and when? How much did it cost? Did I write, preach and lecture? How much did I make? Who printed my books? How many? Did I write for the press and magazines? What salary did I receive? How large were their circulations? What were my motives? Who financed my books? Did I pay for them in cash or check, and in my name or my wife's name? How much did it cost to travel? Why did people read me and hear me? Where did I preach? How long had I been at it? Why did I talk and write as I did? Where did I live,

and where had I lived? What pastorates had I had? What property did I possess? So on and so forth, from A to Z, ad nauseam.

This information, and much more, I laughingly volunteered, answering them patiently, politely, categorically, metaphorically, allegorically and paregorically, as a good little boy should. As I remember now, there were two or three important things they forgot to ask, and I now answer for future reference. Do I chew gum? Infrequently. Who is my favorite movie actress? Never had any. When do I retire? At different times. Is my appetite good? Yes. Do I prefer tailor or ready made clothing? Anything I can get. Do I drive an auto? Something that looks like one. Did my ancestors read the Bible? Yes. Did my boys have the measles when young? Sure. Who struck Billy Patterson? Ask Dooley. Who has been the pastor for the longest time in Minneapolis, traveled more miles, lectured about it and written more books than all the other ministers put together? I am too modest to tell. Reader, can you beat it? Whoever, at any time, anywhere outside of a lunatic asylum, was for any reason asked so many questions?

OFFICIAL FRAUD



SEVERAL months later, on my return from California, some chapters were added to the volume of postal persecution.

I have traveled in Russia, Germany and Mexico, and in their attempts to suppress truth I never found any more flagrant outrage on its justice and liberty than I have unearthed in the Minneapolis post office.

For months it accepted my money for postage on my Mexico books with one hand and with the other held them up in the mail, without even notifying me or my purchasers.

What authority was there for this literary lettre de cachet sent from Washington to our Department? Was it on account of malicious, lying, libelous charges that the book was pro-

German and obscene—(no more moral and patriotic book could be written)—or is it political persecution because I criticized the Administration's woeful diplomacy in Mexico in not protecting American citizens against murder, rape, theft, and our flag from unspeakable insult?

The Department's conspiracy of silence and suppression is mediaeval, monarchical, unfair and un-American, and convicts it of culpable misuse of the mail.

Why didn't the Janus-faced officials of our post office tell me on what pretext my books were held, my money accepted and my honest reputation among book purchasers held in question?

True, some of my books reached their destination in spite of the order to hold them. Was this through compassion for me, or just plain inefficiency?

Mercury was the messenger and mail-carrier for the Gods, and he was also the God of thieves. May the God of Washington and Lincoln forbid that he become the patron saint of the U. S. postal department.

Postmaster E. A. Purdy said that my indictment for sending "The Devil in Mexico," an "obscene" book, through the mail was sufficient cause for holding it up. I emphatically deny that it is obscene; but even if it were, that does not explain why it was detained four and a half months before the indictment.

The book was scarcely off the press before it was held. This proves that all that the Washington officials knew about it was from "portions" of the manuscript sent them by John Lind.

When I complained to Postal Inspectors W. J. Morles and C. F. Egge, shortly after the publication of the book, that some of the copies were not reaching their destinations, they professed surprise, although they doubtless knew then the book was being held. Not once did these inspectors intimate that the book was "obscene."

Mr. Purdy said the book was held because it was "obscene," yet when I asked Mr. I. C. Crowley and John Lucey why the book was detained they said they did not know, but simply were acting on orders from Washington.

However, the postmaster complacently informed the general public that private inspectors had the right to bar anything they deemed objectionable, and that my book was considered "in this light." It would seem the "light" my book was viewed in was midnight by these wise owl inspectors. As a Christian citizen, I object to being placed in this "light."

If "The Devil in Mexico" is considered unmailable by these infallible inspectors, I wonder why they let the Bible pass. Is it possible they never read it? Shakespeare goes through the Minneapolis post office—but then, he never criticized John Lind, nor the Democratic maladministration's diplomacy in Mexico.

It would appear the U. S. Post Office stands for "Un-Speakable Political Organization."

The "D" in the U. S. Post Office Department stands for Democratic politics, Delay, Despotism, Dishonesty and the Dark Ages. The word FRAUD should be emblazoned in capital letters over the entrance of the Minneapolis Post Office. Though this structure is low architecturally, an insurmountable, impenetrable Chinese Wall of secrecy has been erected around it. The P. O. Department at Washington and its branch office in Minneapolis on Washington avenue, considered in the light of truthfulness, honesty and patriotism, are a disgrace to George Washington, Father of Our Country. The "heads" of this institution beautifully illustrate the dictionary definition of "post," as "a piece of timber or any solid material." Politics is the "business" of the Post "Office," although postal methods of investigation are those of the Holy Office of the Inquisition. "Postpone," and not "post haste," is the motto of these mail men, rigidly and religiously observed. But the "mail" of these modern Knights is not invulnerable, but open to the attack of Mediaevalism. The Post Officious officials deserve life memberships in the ancient order of the Knights of the Post, the initiatory degree of which consisted in being "dubbed at the whipping-post." Maeterlinck says that bees will not work except in darkness. The product of the bee's labor is honey and wax—sweetness and light, but the busy bees of the Burleson Hive produce the dirt and poison of libel and lies.

The Scripture says, "Men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." This may explain why the Postmaster of the Minneapolis Post Office asked me why I wanted to turn the light of publicity on their department, and why I didn't keep the matter quiet. Yet last December it was the Postal Inspectors who held the threatening club of pitiless newspaper publicity over my head if I did not tell them how much money I had in the bank. I told them the truth—a poor preacher can afford to tell nothing else—yet what my small bank account had to do with the "obscenity" the Department five months later alleged to be in my book, "The Devil in Mexico," only the defective or detective (which is it?) brain of an inspector knows.

Col. Roosevelt declares the Department of Justice worked hand in glove with the post office persecutors in their attempt to boycott the Metropolitan Magazine. When my book was scarcely off the press and was being held up in the mail, one of Attorney-General Gregory's bloodhounds from the Minneapolis Department of Justice was put on the scent. To change the figure, after a recital of my life-history to this recording angel, I was repeatedly asked who was the publisher of the book. This was the question the Postal Suspectors insisted on being answered. I did not see why they were so anxious about it until I called on my publisher in Chicago five months later, on my return from California, and found he had been so mercilessly investigated and quizzed by a U. S. agent that he was afraid to print any more editions of the book.

In Minneapolis the book was barred out of some book-stores and hotel news-stands, and hidden under the counters in others. Why? Because the press stated that it had been investigated by Federal Agents. To add insult to injury, my passport was confiscated, with no reason given. Although no more patriotic, pro-American, pro-Ally and moral book could be written, the booksellers handled it as cautiously as if it were a German infernal machine.

Alas! the book was on the Administration's political Index Expurgatorius, and I was made the victim of Washington "Capitol" punishment. Like Roosevelt, I believed that

the first Article of the Constitution guarantees the right of the people to criticize truthfully the conduct of their public servants and that this right cannot be taken away by any law. But the Administration can forgive everything except the truth you tell about it. To quote further from Roosevelt: "During the past year, the action of the Administration, taken largely through the post office department, has been such as to render it a matter of some danger for any man and especially any newspaper to speak the truth if that truth be unpleasant to the governmental authorities at Washington."

The U. S. Government confiscated my passport without giving any reason. The effect of this was to make many of the American people think of me as an undesirable citizen, a pro-German, a plotter, or some dangerous criminal. The U. S. Post Office Department made me unwittingly a thief, fraud and liar, in the eyes of my book purchasers, by holding up my books without notification to them or me. It also held unlawfully other books of mine, for which it had no order from Washington. Colonel Roosevelt says that the editor of the Metropolitan Magazine asked the Postmaster-General what steps would be taken to repair the damage done them by the P. O. Department, and that the editor received no reply. I have asked the Democratic demagogues and Demi-gods of the U. S. Government and U. S. Post Office for the reasons of the postal suppression of my book and unjustifiable defamation of my patriotic character and name, but it seems that my inquiries, like the appeals of American citizens in Mexico subject to rape, murder and robbery, might be directed more effectually to the Sphinx.

I believe in the American Trinity of the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence and the Flag, but if the time ever comes when the humblest citizen beneath Old Glory's folds is not heard in his cry for justice that flag will become a rag despised of God and man.

PRESS COMMENT



IN New Orleans my life was not that of a lonely, lowly outcast. I received friendly visits from United States officials and newspaper reporters, who frequently came to view and interview me. They later showed wires from Minneapolis papers which seemed to think that the author was a devil in his own home town and might possibly be worse when away from it. So they were anxious to have hundreds of words describing my proposed sailing, seizure of passports, the scene, the surprise of the strangers, my embarrassment, and anything that would make a big headline story on the front page. Funny! The very paper that refused to notice my book a month before was glad now to print big headline ads for nothing. Strange! Two lines of a church notice on the subject "Heaven," in small type and obscure place, will cost you a dollar and a half, but if, in the language of the street, the newspapers want to "raise hell" they will give you two columns of lies on the front page for nothing. As well look for virtue in a brothel as honor in some newspapers. These press panderers, character-assassins, political profiteers, jugglers of justice, bigoted boycotters and destroyers of ideals, spread columns of slander and will not print a paragraph of truth in refutation. I believe in the tongue of the Liberty Bell, but not in that of Libel. What Dean Swift said of "Censure" applies to them—

"Bare innocence is no support
When you are tried in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honor, wealth or wit;
All others, who inferior sit,
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join, and drag you to the ground.

.

Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
Make you less virtuous, learned, or wise.
The most effectual way to balk
Their malice, is—to let them talk."

Who are these almighty judges who in their daily columns pass sentence on the human race? Syndicate owners who own sin enough, provincial editors who haven't traveled far outside of their own state or country, and reporters who are unable to write, spell and correctly punctuate a column of common English.

Listen to Théophile Gautier, the famous French novelist, essayist and wit, who wrote for newspapers most of his life, and surely knew what he was talking about when he described them:

"The people sacrifice their welfare to the poor pleasure of reading every morning a few broad sheets of bad paper soiled with bad ink and bad style. The reading of newspapers prevents the existence of true scholars and true artists. The newspaper kills the book, as the book has killed architecture, and as artillery has killed courage and muscular strength. We are not aware of what pleasures newspapers deprive us. They rob everything of its virginity; owing to them, we can have nothing of our own, and cannot possess a book all to ourselves; they rob you of surprise at the theatre and tell you all of the catastrophes beforehand; they take away from you the pleasure of tattling, chattering, gossiping and slandering, of composing a piece of news or hawking a true one for a week through all the drawing-rooms of society. They intone their ready-made judgments to us, whether we want them or not, and prepossess us against things that we should like; it is also owing to them that all day long, instead of artless ideas or individual stupidity, we hear half-digested scraps of newspaper which resemble omelets raw on one side and burnt on the other, and that we are pitilessly surfeited with news two or three hours old and already known to infants at the breast; they blunt our taste, and make us like those peppered-brandý drinkers and file and rasp swallows, who have ceased to find any flavor in the most generous wines and cannot apprehend their flowery and fragrant bouquet. Charles X alone really understood this question. By ordering the suppression of the newspapers he did a great service to the arts and to civilization. These perpetual barkings deaden inspiration and fill

heart and intellect with such distrust that we dare not have faith even in a poet or government."

CENTAURS



THE human race and horse race are one in New Orleans, for the people are centaurs. During the day hotel foyers, street corners and curbstones were crowded with bettors and worsers, aiding and abetting the game which deteriorates the race of horses and degenerates the race of men. Men stood everywhere with their hands full of long green bills, boys were scattering handbills, and both were talking horse till hoarse. Horse was in the air—not the poetic flights of Pegasus, but of track-runners; not death's pale horse in Europe, nor even the hobby-horse of any political party. Street cars and autos were placarded with signs, "To the Races"; newsboys with neuralgic howl were racing up and down with extras and race cards. At the race-track entrance I read the sign, "Business Men's Racing Association," and, from the crowd, it seemed as though the business were to race. Another sign read, "Food Will Win," and I bet on that, for it was a safe bet.

Fast horses and women were there. It was a free-for-all for the ladies, who were admitted free with gentleman escort, and so had pin money for ribbons or to wager on some favorite.

Betting was the main thing in the race. Some women I spoke to said they just went to bet, and did bet, and one French girl I met invited me to take her out to the races so she could bet her money—but you bet I didn't.

Not only were the races the subject of conversation on the street, but for sermons in the churches. I heard a minister tell his congregation that a young man came begging to him to take care of his family, since he had lost \$500 on a race. He had come here with his young wife from the East to start life, but got a wrong start and lost out.

New Orleans is a cosmopolitan city and has all the races, but the most flourishing is the horse race. Here I saw the

theory of evolution reversed and how man had brought the monkey down to his own level. We entered a building where there was a miniature auto race track and cars driven by trained monkeys. It was arranged as a real speed contest. The manager said the cars jumped the track sometimes and the monkeys were killed—but no matter, there were others, and the race went on with unconfined joy. The moral is that men or monkeys on mere pleasure bent get broke.

Alas! to what low levels do horse and monkey descend when they come in contact with the human animal, man! How enraged one of Gulliver's horse Houyhnhnms would be to see how these New Orleans Yahoo jockeys race and degrade his noble race. Were I a horse, I would kick. Job, more than Rosa Bonheur, has given the world a picture of the horse. I am sure Job would boil and get sore if he went to a modern race-track.

A DETHRONED KING




ING Carnival was canned here this year because they were cannonading kings in Europe. There were wrecks enough there without a Rex here. Speaking officially as a clergyman, I was not sorry that this relic of Latin licentiousness and riot was omitted. In past years Waterloo's "revelry by night" was outdone here. Streets were a riot of rogues' revelry and ribaldry, a mad pageant of music, masks and merriment, a mob of men and maidens. Whatever the pageant seemed to be outside, it was plain the devil spirit was inside.

The carnival floats have not represented subjects from Biblical or secular history so much as from pagan mythology, passions, Five Senses, Arabian Nights, Pursuit of Pleasure, Demonology, devils, drink and dancing.

The carnival this year was not a big ballroom and garden, but an army and camp. Instead of papier-maché floats, there were khaki-clad soldiers; Liberty Loan banners, and not silly pennants; booths of Red Cross, and not bars of red rum. The

quadrille had given way to squad drill. The men are learning to throw the confetti of hand-grenades. Instead of society paint and powder, there is the soldier art of camouflage. In lieu of red fire, there is the banner of Old Glory. Freak carnival costumes have been exchanged for the garb of the Red Cross nurse; the mask for the gas-mask; love-songs for the Star-Spangled Banner. The Queen is not Venus, but Joan of Arc; the King is not Rex, but Uncle Sam.

MORAL REPAIRS

NOTHING but a world war could put the lid on New Orleans' open garbage can of vice which had long been an eyesore and stench to good citizens. The faded beauties on the primrose path of dalliance have been weeded out, and the crooked street with dark ways made straight. This broad way to Baal, avenue to Avernus, Hell's highway, and promenade to perdition, was closed for moral repairs and sanitary improvements. Degradation slope was graded and a curb set up for evil-doers.

The gambling doors I saw wide open two years ago were closed and no chance now given. The soft pedal was put on everything but the jazz band that still noisily is permitted to assault and debauch the ear and soul of the rising generation.

Far be it from me, intentionally or ignorantly, to injure the reputation New Orleans has already attained for wickedness and frivolity. The fact that these places are for the present officially closed need not deter those who journey here for these simple pleasures and from easily finding them. No war order can change the leopard spots of the city. The Epicurean motto, "Let us eat, drink and be merry," prevails here according to time-honored custom.

A theatre we visited offered a bill that would not be allowed in any other city in the United States. We went to a mask ball. The manager lamented the decadence of the good old times when drinks were allowed to be sold and dancers

got drunk. The ticket-taker told me how his real estate ventures in private resorts were flourishing, but how difficult it was for him if any soldiers were caught there. The dancers, jumping to the accompaniment of the jazz, acted no more like dancers than the blare, blow and crash of the jazz seemed like music. They jerked about like automatons and marionettes and "hesitated" like victims of locomotor-ataxia; hopped like grasshoppers, and moved with a stop, spring and shuffle, a squirm, a swerve, a swirl, a slide and a slip. It was enough to make Terpsichore sick. The players made hard work and the dancers should have received good wages for such hard labor, for it was simply a dance "haul." Masking was allowed in the hall, but not on the streets, I learned, for fear of spies and pro-German plots. It would be well if hypocrisy everywhere day and night were unmasked.

MASKS



MASK is a disguise. The first was used in Eden when the serpent appeared as an angel of light. The ancient Greeks wore masks at the feast of Bacchus and on the stage, and employed them to represent different ages and types of character. Later, in the sixteenth century, Italy used them for comedy. I have seen savages wear masks to scare away their enemies and evil spirits. I have also met some civilized females whose natural faces needed no mask and were homely enough to frighten off their friends and Satan himself. Perhaps this was the reason why they were never tempted and fell.

The mask disguise took entertainment form, was introduced from Italy to England, and was a favorite pastime with the Court from the time of Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth. Of course, mummery and disguising would appeal to kings and courts who did little more than hoodwink their people. Milton gives us "Comus," "rare old Ben" Jonson wrote many masques, serious Bacon in his essays refers to masque entertainments as mere "toys" scarcely to be mentioned

among serious subjects. Yet I wonder if he did not feel that deep down all life was a mask, from youth's early love and deceit to death's mask; from the prologue of the cradle to the epilogue of the coffin.

One sees masks in costumers' windows of dogs, cats, donkeys, pigs, goats, devils, sheep, and asses, and feels they are but reflections of the faces peering in the windows.

People wear masks without going to the shop to buy them. The burglar wears one when robbing, but not the respectable bank president, who may be a thief at heart. Animals do not wear masks; we know them at first sight and are guarded against them. It were well for society if men and women appeared in their real nature and character so that innocence, youth and virtue were not deceived and sacrificed.

Life's masks are various. Beauty disguises beastliness of character. The fool wears a professor's cap, and the wise man wears a cap and bells. Wolfish politicians wear a lamb-skin of patriotism. Philandering Fausts wear masks of politeness over hearts of pollution. The clergy often wears the livery of heaven to serve the Devil in. The business thief masks under the banner of honesty. War profiteers hide their greed under the mask of loyalty. Tragic hearts wear comedy masks. Error tricks herself out as truth. Death comes in the disguises of pleasure, eating and drinking. Unjust law masks itself in the guise of equity. Truth, simplicity and nudity are so toggled out as to be scarcely recognized. The Sunday saint is found to be a Monday satyr whose God is a goat. Life is death's masquerade, and all must perish. Death unmasks—we can't carry our masks to the tomb. The white light of the Judgment will reveal all.

Æsop tells how the fox came to the house of the actor and found a beautiful mask. Placing his paw on the brow, he said, "What a handsome face we have here. Pity it is that it should want brains." A mask is a hollow, painted, grotesque mockery. Outer show is a poor substitute for inner substance. Profligate Poppea invented the mask to hide the beauty of her face to add to its charm to her lover. The world is a stage, and the curtain is da"mask," but it cannot veil bad moral character. Children wear sport masks, only to

take them off later in life and put on worse. Masks are always in style with the world's changing fashion. They are social, commercial, official, religious, orthodox, and moral. Life is a masked ball. At its close men throw off the disguise of king or clown, and we see and are seen to be what we really are.

JAZZ JAMBOREE



ONE o'clock Sunday morning we gazed into a notorious cabaret where the revelers jazzed, boozed, soaked, stuffed and danced while a police officer looked on to see that order was observed while drink orders were served.

If music is the language of the angels in heaven, the jazz suggests the grunts of the Inferno. It is music gone mad—a big noise, a slambang, or, to quote Milton, "Such music (as 'tis said) before was never made."

Saul grew mad and threw a javelin at David when he played the harp. If he had heard this band harp on their string, bone, wood, brass, and skin instruments he would have thrown some sticks of dynamite at the bass drum and blown them all up with one bang. It was murderous music, and we felt "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils." This night's music was not like the "Twelfth Night," "Sweet sound that breathes upon a bank of violets," but like a hurricane blowing on an onion patch. The band was hired to invite and promote eating and drinking, but jazz excess surely sickens appetite with its crash, twang, strain and "dying fall." The fiddling fiend of a leader who jumped around, turned a somersault and held the bow in his teeth, proved himself to be, not a real virtuoso, but a ragtime "vicioso." As he rasped the strings we felt like stringing him up. The sliding trombone skated around, charged the air, stabbed empty space and made a noise full of fury signifying nothing. The pianist took a head dive through a wave of melody and played a St. Vitus dance with sharp lightning, treble and thunder

bass. The drummer was the whole thing behind his cheese-shaped drum. He pelted the skin with savage blows. He was no dub, this rub-a-dub fellow, this drummer traveling across the borderland of sound from the jingle of the triangle, smash of the cymbal, crow of the rooster, cry of the baby, and whistle of the train to the final cataclysmic crash. The cornetist blew himself red in the face, splitting his lips and the ears of his hearers, and exploding air to the very crack of Doom. A jazz band is madness set to music.

In far away lands I have seen savages jump, play and shout. About the only difference between them and this band was that these jazzers wore dress suits. I am sure if they made a tour through the jungles of darkest Africa they would make a hit with the wild animals and savages. Their sheet music was torn into rag time and they tore a passion to tatters.

GRAVE THOUGHTS



At the risk of pro-German suspicion we visited a German colony, but the inhabitants were all underground in the cemetery of St. Roch. Four angels (statues) stood at the gate to welcome us. The ground swell of the graves suggested Flaubert's idea of a cemetery where the tombs were the waves, and the crosses the masts of shipwrecked vessels. The graves were thick. The inmates of death's hostelry were so crowded that they rested uncomfortably, had turned over and pushed up the soil with their shoulders and hips. Signs among the tombstones told one not to loaf or loiter. Did this refer to haunting ghosts, or to idlers like those in Constantinople who go out to the cemetery to lunch and have a pleasant picnic time? It is a bad sign when New Orleans citizens, who should pause in their mad career to think of eternity and have some Browne study of "Urn Burial" thoughts, are told to move on and not linger. This "Keep off the Grass" affair is no place for a Gray with his elegy or poetic muse.


Among the tombs were little boxes bearing the word "Trash." They were for rubbish and waste paper, but might just as well have been graves and epitaphs for the dead, for at last it is all "dust to dust" for all of us. Even Alexander goes back to dust, and earth loam. "And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?"

I entered the chapel where wind and rain had come in before me through broken glass and windows. The walls shook as with ague, and the plaster peeled off as skin after a fever. One would think the patron saint of the St. Roch chapel was a cockroach from the dirt and decay everywhere. The irreverent breeze had blown out the sacred candles and made the place seem very mortu"airy." Every morning the mournful bell tells its story, according to Hungarian custom, for the dead in the ravenous graves whose hungry cry of "Give, give," is never satisfied. Votive gifts were to the right and left of the altar, from devout souls who believed their physical ills had been helped at this little miracle-working shrine said to be as efficacious as the larger ones in Europe. Sinbads, weighted with sickness, come to be freed of their burdens. The old shrine itself is so decrepit that unless it receives some sustaining grace it will not be able to stand even with the votive crutches stacked under its walls. The Gothic architecture of this ruined chapel is being destroyed, alas, by the Goth and Vandal Time. The chapel seemed like a mortuary vault for the only occupant was a life-size statue of the crucified Christ placed in a case under the altar like a corpse in a coffin.

Among the most devout worshippers are the young unmarried girls, who, strange as it may seem, come to the cemetery to find a living husband. There is a tradition that if a girl will come nine consecutive days to this shrine, walking barefoot, carrying a lighted candle and making a prayer to the patron saint of marriage, St. Joseph, she will get a husband and a good one. There will always be a crowd of men to watch this feminine show. I question whether the sight of bare feet after nine day's pilgrimage tramp here, no matter how beautiful these bare feet might be, would have the same attractive power as if they were encased in silk socks

and high-heeled French shoes. I didn't see any of these man-hunters. Perhaps the girls are all married or don't want to be, or instead of praying for husbands, are praying to be rid of them.

SOME SAINT

BOVE the shrine is a statue of St. Roch and by his side the faithful dog which fed him as miraculously as the ravens did Elijah. Centuries ago he was sick with the plague and left deserted in a forest near the immortal city of Bingen, where lived the soldier of the legion who lay dying in Algiers.

Years ago I visited La Belle France, stopping at Montpellier where St. Roch was born in 1295. I used the town home-made soap to wash; slept under its blankets; groped around with its candles; and rambled through its old botanical garden, library, cathedral, promenades and famous University with which is associated the name of Petrarch the poet and Rabelais the satirist. The city is now chiefly known for wine and silk. The church fathers here must have drunk much of the Montpellier wine when they wrote the history of St. Roch, and swapped silk for yarn in the following story they spun out.

St. Roch was born in 1295 in answer to the prayers of his aged father and mother. He had a birthmark of a red cross on his body which neighboring palmists, clairvoyants and fortune-tellers solemnly declared to be a sign that he was sent from above as a special friend of God for work below to man. His parents died when he was twenty and left him a good estate, but he left it to the poor, and disguised as a pilgrim roamed to Rome.

The plague of Black Death was stalking rough shod through Italy and St. Roch met him face to face at Aquapendente in Tuscany. All he had to do was to show his birthmark or make the sign of the cross and the plague vanished. At Cesna and Rome he did the same stunt. At Cesna his mere

appearance made the Black Death turn white and skip out with a "plague take it." At Rome his single prayer was stronger than the pestilence. He spoke, and like the crow of rooster at dawn that drives ghosts away, his prayer put Disease to flight. At Piacenza the plague gave him a body blow that laid him out. Instead of securing man's aid in the city hospital, he dragged himself to a forest. Parched with thirst, he called for water, and spring water sprang out of a barren rock. Hungry and raving for food, with no Elijah ravens near, he was fed by a nobleman's dog which came daily and shared its biscuits with him. The dog seemed hungry all the time and grew thin, to the wonder and worryment of his master. One day the master followed Rover and caught him carrying the biscuit to St. Roch, who lay sleeping peacefully as the babes in the wood. The bark of the dog, or bark falling from the trees, awakened him. History does not record whether he thanked the Lord, the dog or the master for his daily bread, but he immediately preached to the nobleman, telling him he was vain, selfish and bad, and so got by with it that the rich man hit the trail—to the house—and with heaven-given denial and zeal gave up the frivolities and frailties of life and like St. Roch became a servant of all, an example of humble sacrifice.

St. Roch was cured. After seven years' absence he went to his home town Montpellier, was arrested as a spy and thrown in jail by his uncle who did not recognize him because of his disguise, poverty and emaciation. He was imprisoned five years. A word of "who's who" would have let him out, but he wasn't happy unless miserable. At last the jailer Death was about to release him. He asked for the last sacrament of his church, and as the priest entered his cell a big burst of light flashed and lit up the prison and so dazed the priest that he ran to the governor and told him of the miracle. The governor was from Missouri with a "show me," believing that it was either a magician's trick or that he had switched on a Mazda globe of some spirit circuit.

We are gravely told that just before St. Roch died he made a bargain with heaven that whenever any plague-

stricken man or metropolis invoked his saintly aid, healing would follow. Though he died his influence lived. Miracles at once followed. The body was taken to church St. Firmin in Montpellier. Now the uncle heard the name St. Roch and seeing a similarity to his own, made inquiry. The old grandmother suddenly happened to remember her grandson who had gone away on a pilgrimage years ago. Especially clear was her remembrance of the red cross birthmark. The poor dead body was uncovered, the sacred cross observed and so St. Roch's personal identity was established beyond all cavil or sceptical doubt. All was well and ended well like the last act of a melodrama or reel of movie. The old governor was sorry for his shabby treatment of his sainted nephew and following the example of the faithful, implored the dead nephew's intercession.

However like a fairy story this tale sounds, it was fact enough to the credulous fanatics to invest St. Roch with sainthood. In 1328 his uncle built him a memorial church where the bones lay buried. Pilgrims came to venerate, miracles were performed and a church day feast was fixed on August 16th at the end of the sixteenth century. Later the city council built a chapel in his honor, and when in 1640 the plague broke out in the city, the city fathers vowed him a chapel in St. Peter's, promising to visit it once a year. During the plague of 1414 the trusty aldermen of Constance drummed up a procession, carried St. Roch's statue through the streets imploring the saint to save them, and he did. Then it was that some of the fathers, who should have been shot, canonized him.

From then to now the fame of St. Roch, a chest protector and game preserver, has spread like wildfire over the world. Temples, statues and altars are built to his memory in Europe, and the reader may recall the St. Roch church of Paris built in 1580. Many societies bear his name and are under his patronage, and the writer couldn't print this book if he were to enumerate all the miracles said to have followed his life. I trust the reader will pardon my lengthy relation of this legend. This shrine to a Mediaeval saint has its Twentieth Century pilgrims here in New Orleans and puts its dev-

otees in the list of the ignorant, superstitious and grafting classes of Italy, Spain, Mexico, Central and South America. This is all out of place in the U. S. A. St. Roch's remains were removed to Venice in 1385 where they remain today unless the Boche has bombed them.

New Orleans had the plague of yellow fever once upon a time. Father Thevis invoked the aid of St. Roch, promising that if his flock was spared he would build him a chapel. The death angel passed by. Though thousands died from the yellow plague from 1866 to 1868 in the vicinity, none of his flock was touched. After returning from Europe he built the chapel with niches on the wall for his faithful members, located his own grave at the foot of the altar, hung up an old bell in the belfry, and was ready to ring the changes on the life, death and marvellously, miraculous influence of St. Roch on plagues of all sorts. Here endeth the true history of a false profit. Many you and I be mercifully forgiven for the waste of time spent in writing and reading about it. True religion suffers more from those who misunderstand it than from those who oppose it. Superstition makes perverts, not converts.

In the cemetery there is a sun-dial which marks death, in the midst of life, of many whose "sun is gone down while it was yet day." The town clock in this city of the dead is fittingly a sun-dial. During the light of day may it realize the motto of the old sun-dial near Venice, "*Horas non numero nisi serenas.*"—"I count only the hours that are serene." What sweeter sentiment for the sleepers beneath! For them time has given way to eternity, and for earth's darkness there is no night there.

A COOK'S TOUR



NEW Orleans is noted for its Epicurean haunts. Earthly gastronomy and not heavenly astronomy is the science most studied in its "courses." Canal street is the boundary line between the American and European quarter. In the former are some of the finest and

largest cafés I have eaten in in the U. S., and in the latter some as quaint and toothsome as any found in the old world. You should make a Cook's tour to the restaurants and cafés. What is a cook here? Let Latin Horace and Petronius sing the praises of Roman feasts and the glory of cooks and wealth of vine and viands, but I will tell you of a real New Orleans atmosphere dinner of today in the French quarter. It was not Antoine's, Lausanne's or Kolb's, but an old "Gem" of a place.

It had been an eating resort for many years, and the building, balcony, stairs and rooms were worm and time-eaten. There was a distinctive garlic atmosphere from the kitchen. The celebrated French drip coffee had dripped all over the ragged tablecloths. Soup looked as if it had been seasoned by falling plaster. The oysters might have been rolled in crackers on the floor. The woodwork had wine and weather stains. The sawdust was an inch deep on the floor like a circus cage, and here the wild animals were being fed. Flies, smoke and expectoration urged us to climb the rickety stairs to a room above. We were hungry for food, not art, came to eat and not see, so we closed our eyes and opened our mouths. Everything was delicious and inviting except the sign on the wall which read that nothing was served for less than \$1.50 each. An old cat watched us from the balcony and evidently belonged to the place. She kept some distance from the table and watched us to learn whether we complimented the food or called it ratty. The antique china and silver service had served their day and long since should have decorated the windows of a curio shop. It was old with cracks, nicks and dents. What jokes were cracked over them? What sweet stories had the ears of the sugar-bowl listened to? With what wide astonishment had the mouth of the pitcher gasped at off-color stories? What hands had caressed the neck of vinegar and oil-bottle? What cutting remarks and thrusts the knives and forks suggested! What spooning of callow couples the spoons had witnessed! The old table was superannuated and shaky on its pins, and the chairs had felt so many rounds of pleasure that they were nearly all in with broken backs, twisted feet and bow-legs. The old



CLIFF-DWELLING

ARIZONA



DESERT CACTUS, CAMEL OF PLANTS

ARIZONA

lamps had looked down on eyes of beauty whose light had been shut out by death, and the walls echoed to steps that led down to the grave.

Yet one wearies of specialties, side-dishes, shrimps, oysters and their endless waits. We were often glad to go to a place of quick eats where there was everything and ready at once, and one could just grab a tray and load it with goodies. The average Northerner has less time and inclination than a Southerner to sit around and spend two hours and two dollars for a meal.

To the cooks of this Crescent city we may apply the words of Ben Jonson's masque of "Neptune's Triumph":

"A master-cook! why, he's the man of men,
For a professor! he designs, he draws,
He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish,
Some he dry-ditches, some moats round with broths,
Mounts narrow-bones; cuts fifty-angled custards;
Rears bulwark pies; and, for his outer works,
He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust,
And teacheth all the tactics of one dinner.
What ranks, what files, to put the dishes in,
The whole art military! Then he knows
The influence of the stars upon his meats;
And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,
And so to fit his relishes and sauces!
He has Nature in a pot, 'bove all the chemists,
Or bare-breeched brethren of the Rosy-Cross!
He is an architect, an inginer,
A soldier, a physician, a philosopher,
A general mathematician!"

Yes, this is a great eating city, but too many of the people become mere Lotus-eaters.

The streets in the French Quarter had all been dug up like trenches to lay pipes for sewer and gas, and it made the car passengers and pedestrians long for gas-masks.

The old St. Louis Cathedral looked inside and out as if it had been bombarded by Germans. A sign outside the door

read, "Danger—Keep Out." This was the first time I had seen a church so candid in its admonitions. However, I took a chance and entered. The only procession was of negroes wheeling barrels of dirt from excavations made to strengthen the cypress wood supports which are dry-rotted with the years. No rock foundation had ever been used. The back chapel was open for a funeral and I watched the cortege. The people were all in mourning—even their faces—for it was a colored funeral. Their grief was as sincere as if their skin had been white.

The French market is always an object of interest with its dingy stalls, dogs, dirt, cobwebs, spiders and poverty. It made a good study for an artist who stood on an opposite street corner with an admiring mob of tattered urchins, old men and women critics about him who almost wiped the paint off his canvas with their inquisitive noses, as if to see whether he had painted the odors of the place. This scene and the artist's sketch of an old man selling fruit was as picturesque as anything in the Paris Latin Quarter.

The city's schools were closed on account of lack of fuel, yet the cafés ran full tilt—an example of how people make sacrifices for what they like best. Here it was pleasure instead of pedagogy.

Jack Frost was one of the winter visitors and had dropped in and given his fingers a cold snap in the face of the city that made its nose blue. On curbs and crossings there were little bonfires where newsboys, motormen and workmen huddled to keep warm. Pedestrians without overcoats, and with hands in their pockets, shrunken and shrivelled, hustled along on the sunny side of the street. In doors the people hugged gas-stoves and grates, and with chattering teeth complained of the cold.

EVIL SPIRITS



AFTER a Sunday visit to a Jesuit, Roman Catholic and Baptist church we felt the need of some real spiritual comfort and visited the old Absinthe House. It was Sunday and closed. A little dog stood by the partly opened back door. Instead of barking at us, he beckoned us in with his friendly wagging tail. We followed. The proprietor was surprised but pleased to accommodate visitors and showed us around this refuge rendezvous of the picturesque Bordeaux blacksmith, pirate, smuggler and slave trader, Jean Lafitte, the bold, bad buccaneer who loved beauty, booze and blood and had barrels of money to spend for it. His history fills volumes. He was a moral misfit, threw his enemies and friends into fits, and the most fitting résumé of his pitiful career are Byron's lines on the Corsair:

"He left a corsair's name to other times,
Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

Standing at the little old marble bar we drank a befitting toast to his memory in absinthe.

Absinthe is a compound of alcohol, wormwood, sugar and chlorophyll ingredients which suggest the old pirate's make-up. "Look not upon the absinthe when it is green," yet I have tasted it here and in Paris, though never sufficiently to get the full benefit of excitation, hallucination, terrifying dreams, delirium and idiocy.


We left these spirits to call on those of the Haunted House near by. It was nailed up, so I whistled up the front door keyhole, looked in the windows, but couldn't see or hear ghosts. It was afternoon and a little early—they were probably off haunting some other house. Hark to the blood-curdling tale of this haunted mansion! From the time when Marquis de Lafayette and Napoleon's brother had been entertained as guests, it fell to the hell of a chamber of horrors such as the weird imagination of Poe loved to describe and Cable has pictured in his stories. The house later caught

fire and the neighbors broke in to extinguish it. They found an upper room filled with tools of torture reminiscent of the Inquisition and Nürnberg. Colored slaves were found mutilated, held in sharp-spiked iron bands and chained to the wall. The mad mob wrecked the house and the murderer's merry widow, Mme. Lalaurie, skipped to France where she expiated her sins in a life of charity which was ended by death in a wild boar hunt.

If one has a good imagination or an ear attuned to ghost stories, he may come here at some witching hour of the night and hear steps, whispers, groans and the sound of clanking chains. Alas, poor ghost! Even though the ghost is poor and ashamed to appear, it has been a rich ad for the house, for tourists by thousands have come here and paid good money to guides to see and feel the horrible. Unlike haunted houses which people try to avoid, this draws the curious. But no withered, hollow-eyed, wild-attired, rare or condensed spook has yet been seen. Surely if there was one I would have seen or heard him, or some kind of a one after the absinthe I drank. The only clank was that of a fruit-cart, the only shadow my own on the sidewalk, the only groan the sigh of my disappointment. Lincoln killed slavery so dead that, unlike Banquo's ghost, it will "down" and never have a ghost of a chance in New Orleans or on this continent again.

During our stay in New Orleans the generous citizens were sending relief ships to Guatemala, whose capital had just been overturned by earthquake. Two years before I had sailed from New Orleans for Guatemala and had spent two weeks in the old capital that had been leveled to the ground. I was sincerely sorry for the poor natives who lost their lives, their houses and property. I was sorrier still that the quake had not shaken down the despot ruler and dictator, Cabrera. Let us believe with Dickens' Nell, "It is not in this world that heaven's justice ends," and that some time and somewhere this crafty, cruel, Cabrera, famed and infamous for cruelty, coercion, cupidity and carnality, will get his just deserts.

ECHOES FROM ECUADOR

Y passport to Ecuador was confiscated because of my book on Mexico. Did the government think I would tell the truth about Ecuador on my return? Was there a skeleton in her political closet which Washington feared I might discover, drag out and rattle its bones? Possibly the fact that I was going to a country that had been written up by Baron von Humboldt was sufficient evidence to the Administration that I was pro-German. I tremble when I think of the close call I had at the Department of Justice in New Orleans, for if I had been searched they would have found a Faber pencil made in Germany and a chunk of German sweet chocolate. Undoubtedly the punishment for this would have spirited me away or interned me till the close of the war.

If the U. S. government dislikes my observations on Latin-America and frank criticism of the diplomuts she sent there, it might easily have gotten rid of me by allowing me to go to Ecuador, that bourne whence frequently no traveler returns. If you are not done for with yellow fever, bubonic plague, leprosy, typhoid, dysentery, the multitude of dirt diseases which Ecuador is heir to, or the asphyxiating natural odor of the natives, an obliging earthquake is likely to topple a church roof on your head, or one of the six punctual volcanoes will fume and choke you. Should you live to enter the interior of the country, Indians have a pleasant game of shooting you full of poison arrows or chopping off your head. In addition there are the usual revolutions, not of the earth around the sun, but of bullets through the air daily from ten to two, and the visitor may be the innocent target. If the traveler is a sentimental journeyer like Sterne, it is said to be as difficult for him to break away from the seductive señoritas as it was for Ulysses to get away from Calypso and the sirens. Then, too, if you have a trifling difference of opinion in religious or political matters, you are either put up against an adobe wall for target practice, thrown in jail to die of vermin and starvation, or made to receive the most popular expression of dis-

approval—which is to strip you, tie ropes to your ankles, drag you for hours through the rough cobbled streets, hack you to pieces with machetes and take your head home as a souvenir to adorn the centre-table or mantelpiece. This happened to an ex-president some years ago. Should you be fortunate enough to escape all this, there remains official robbery by the customs, or brigand assault on street. Of course you may be drowned by the torrential rains or brushed off a burro's back on some American precipice. Quien sabe?

In spite of the above inconveniences of travel in Ecuador, I was willing to risk it in order to see the beautiful mountains and tropical scenery of the Andes, to study the custom of the native Indians and sail again on the Pacific.

WHY TRAVEL?



SPECIAL agent of the U. S. government asked me why I left my home town every year. To oblige him and others who are self-centered and satisfied, stuck in a rut, amazed and suspicious if a man leaves his front yard for an hour or two, I will give a few of my reasons.

This world was made to be seen. Often there is no place like away from home. There are other main streets and avenues, other parks and lakes, other libraries and galleries, other social, Christian and patriotic people. One needs rest and recreation, change of clothes, food, drink, climate and ideas. A man grows tired of himself, of everyone and everything else. A vacation of three or six months is absolutely necessary for him to live with himself or with any one else the rest of the year.

Maupassant grew so tired of seeing the Eiffel tower that he packed up and left Paris. If he had lived in Minneapolis I wonder how long our Court House tower would have held him?

The stay-at-home has the same streets, stores, dress, faces, food, drink, cars, offices, business, knavery, jokes, clubs, fur-

niture, formality, books, sermons, thoughts, deeds, pleasures, newspapers, extras and idiotorials. This monotony makes one desperate. You are really a prisoner in a walled city; your home walls are a jail in which you stumble and clank around with the self-made chains of habit. One might as well be in Stillwater prison. It would be a change of place and employment and of some real enjoyment to get away from criminals at large on the street.

I travel to be a citizen of the world, not just of Minneapolis, want to get new views of life and see planes, not mere points of truth. To sail on the sea or climb a mountain and learn that God's sun does not rise or set just in your back yard, is a needed lesson. Some people live like a horse in a treadmill. Their city or state circuit is the limit of their life. They travel no more than a mussel shell on an ocean pier or a vine around a garden trellis. They stay and stand in one place so long that I am surprised their feet have not taken root and sprouted.

One wearies of the English language and the jargon of a South Sea savage is a relief. The same style of dress and architecture is tiresome. For a change let's have palms and leaves instead of telephone poles and wires; trudging oxen and not terrifying autos—let's visit lands where men do up their hair like women, or where men wear skirts and women wear pants. What a delightful change if for one day our women wore their hair loose and flowing down their shoulders, and men walked about with their shirt tails outside. I would rather know the four corners of the globe than the four corners of a prison room or office, or the seven corners of a city.

Travel broadens, deepens, widens and gives one exalted ideas of God and sympathetic feelings towards man. You can't know the world by simply reading a book in the morning and a paper or magazine at night. Travel has had various motives—discontent, curiosity, crusades, commerce, conquest, science, pleasure, exploration, adventure. It costs money, time, patience and heroism.

If a man is economical he can travel and get much for little. Man was made with legs to walk, eyes to see and ears

to hear. There is no fool so foolish, no bigot so bigoted, as the man who has never been anywhere, seen anything or anybody except in his own town.

Emerson calls traveling a fool's paradise, yet that is preferable to the lunatic stay-at-home and stick-in-the-mud with his egotism and exclusiveness. The man who carries a good pair of eyes and ears as well as a valise and letter of credit, doesn't go on a fool's errand.

In his "Sentimental Journey" Sterne gives a list of travelers—idle, inquisitive, lying, proud, vain, splenetic, delinquent and felonious; travelers of necessity; unfortunate, innocent, simple and sentimental travelers. In addition, he says some travel because of infirmity of body, imbecility of mind and inevitable necessity. On sober reflection I refuse to classify myself, though the reader may already have done it.

Climate is a good reason for leaving Minneapolis in January and February, especially if your coal-bin is low. Of course, travel movies have their value, but too often there is too much difference between the price of admission and what you come away with. Alack the day when the cinema crowds out travel as it has literature, drama and art. At best, it is a poor substitute for them.


Go and see, hear and think, write and talk from what you personally know. Be a voice and not an echo, an original and not a copy, a pioneer and not a follower. Use your own gray matter as the Creator intended when he gave it to you. Be from Missouri, demand ocular proof; be your own kodak, negative and graphophone record; see for yourself and judge apart from any dictated report of press agents of the Creel stamp.

Secretary McAdoo seeks to discourage travel by raising rates, regarding it as a luxury in war time. Travel is a necessity. No man can thrill with true patriotism who does not travel and contrast other countries with his own, and compare and constructively criticize for its benefit. What fair-minded man doubts that needed and helpful information would have been given the government if, in the early part of the war, Colonel Roosevelt and Major General Wood had

been officially permitted to go to France, remain there and cable Washington the true state of affairs and what was most imperatively needed to defeat the enemy in the best and quickest manner.

Keep on the move, action is life, rest is death. Everything that is anything moves. Earth, air, water and planets travel. Get a move on you until Death stops you, and then be ready to begin again and never stop. To spend money in travel is to be rich in memory and ideas, and is far better than to put it in a savings bank for some one to fight over when you are dead.

OLD AND NEW ORLEANS

EW ORLEANS spells hospitality and a good time. This suggests my entertaining friend, not Billy Rice of minstrel fame, but William Tietjen, the rice man, who knows *oryza sativa* (rice) from its native home in Asia to Louisiana; recognizes the twenty species of this grass family; is familiar with its growth in water and its two centuries residence in South Carolina; knows it as Paddy in the husk, wine in Japan, cakes, soup and pudding in hotels, and bridal rice showers in one of which he was not long ago caught with the woman who understands how to please her husband and his friends. Mr. Tietjen, with his jovial face and Santa Claus shape, reminds me of the little image of the God of Plenty I saw in Nikko, Japan, carrying two sacks of rice on his shoulders. He entertained us royally at his office, home, café and theatre.

The old time Southerners are gone. They did not have five-reel thriller movies, horse races, prizefights and carnivals, but they did have some simple pleasures with which their simple natures were satisfied—pastimes that beguiled the worn and weary hours. Public executions and hangings were quite the rage then; pirates were hung on the Square for decoration; the heads of negroes were stuck on pikes at the city gates. At the Calaboza there were whipping-posts and hot irons with which the fleur de lis was burned on culprit's

shoulders. The only hangings I saw in New Orleans were of idlers on the corners. Then the old Plaza was the centre of social and commercial life, military fete and the fate of criminals who were shot, nailed alive in their coffins or slowly sawn in half. The attractions were sometimes varied by hanging women on the gallows and breaking men on the wheel.

In those days there were no Sunday jazz bands or vaudeville circuits, but in Congo Square in the open air there were dancing carnivals with half-naked girls and real Voudou dances at Ponchartrain, of the old tom-tom fiddle and gourd drum variety, where they danced themselves crazy and fell into a frothy fit.

What modern social balls can compare with the Indian balls where saffron sirens with sweet look and voice led the dance through love's labyrinth of jealousy! Now there is horse racing and private and polite gambling—then there was wide open faro and roulette, and later the Louisiana lottery.

Women did not possess the beauty of face and figure characteristic of modern New Orleans belles, but their society was very select, in fact they were "selected" from hospitals and correction homes. Later came a shipment of "casket girls," poor girls sent over from Paris by the king as wives. They brought their trousseau in a chest of clothes. This seems very primitive to us now, yet today men pick wives no better than these, and some they choose do not wear clothes enough for a shroud in a coffin.

The city was once a sink or swamp filled with deported galley slaves, trappers, miners, gold-hunters and soldiers whose profession was dice, duelling, idleness and gambling. Today it is the big, beautiful, commercial centre of the South. Once there was fever, filth and filibusters, but these things are no longer in fashion. New Orleans now buys white rice, cotton and sugar—in early days she bought black slaves from San Domingo and Guinea.

Charles Lamb liked old things—he would have enjoyed the old part of town with its bizarre balconies, mountain-peaked roofs, hill-shaped sheds, begrimed, battered stairways, open flowery courts, shady portieres, quaint doorways and ram-

shackle and rickety rows of houses marshalled on both sides of the streets like awkward squads of soldiers. In the quiet streets one looks in doorways where the natives are dozing away life's afternoon and day. The names of the streets are called by saints and sinners after the Madonna, a mother or mistress. The visitor often calls them hard names because he cannot pronounce them.

It is significant that my passport was taken up here on account of my book. What more could one expect in New Orleans when he recalls that here, in a public square, long ago, a writer's books were brought in by negroes and burned for containing the following wicked and treasonable philosophy, "Liberty is the mother of commerce and population. Without liberty there are but few virtues."

This city was founded in 1718 by Bienville. In 1724 the governor published a Black Code one of whose first provisions drove out the Jews from Louisiana and denied any belief that was not Roman Catholic. Any negro whose master was not a member of this church could be confiscated. Thus chains were put on the blacks while spiritual fetters were fastened on the mind. However, the city is very free and easy after such strict rules in the beginning. The natives are listless, lazy lovers of pleasure. In these streets are found beautiful and bewitching beauties, coquettish Creole girls whose baby years were cuddled and cradled in sentimental songs such as, "I love you as a little pig loves the mud."

History repeats itself. Germany today is striving to enslave the world. The eternal fight still goes on for physical, mental and religious freedom. Here in 1789 came Father Antonio from murderous Madrid, as commissary of the Holy Inquisition, demanding that troops should be placed at his disposal whenever he wanted them to arrest the heretics; that is, those who dared to think for themselves. One night when the Reverend Sir had not sent for them, they appeared, grabbed him, hustled him to the levee, put him aboard a vessel sailing for Spain, as an undesirable citizen, and bade him "bon voyage."

MOSS-COVERED



ALL ABOARD for the Sunset Route to the land of the sunset in the spirit of Odysseus,

“My purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars.”

We rattled through Evangeline's land, a good location for the heroine of a Longfellow poem. Evangeline is a sad poem until you hear a husky American schoolboy attempting to declaim it, parse its sentences and understand its tender sentiment. Across this Acadian land we bowled by Evangeline oaks, fields of sugar-cane, cotton and rice, and by miles of swamps full of old cypress trees covered with moss.

Dickens writes, “A dainty plant is the ivy green.” What would he say of the Spanish moss, gray and graceful, airy and fairy, like low trailing clouds caught in the treetops? The trees look like hooded nuns, bearded pirates, or like bushes covered with grass of a subsiding stream. The moss resembles the tatters of a robe of fog or mist. It garlands and drapes the bare limbs of native and live oak trees. These moss-covered forests would make an excellent setting for Dante's “gloomy wood.” Here one would not be surprised to meet Monsieur Melancholy Jacques. What a good place in which to read the story of Young Goodman Brown in Hawthorne's “Mosses from an Old Manse.” I hardly think Queen Mab would hold her revels here. It is more fitting for some witch with her hobgoblin band.

Moss is creepy and crepey. It gathers on barns, buckets and brains, looking well everywhere except on the last with its moss-covered theories of education, politics and religion. Moss drifts like the clouds on the cypress treetops; it festoons ash, elm and sweet gum with gray drapery; climbs from the swamp and marsh to the bank and highland; gropes in the gloom of cypress groves; swings in the wind like a fairy, and shades you like a big umbrella.

Living moss is of a green gray color. One of its tender threads blown to another tree will multiply into tangled skeins on which grow pink little flowers. Like the wind, it seems to come and go of its own sweet will. Big bunches of wasp-net colored moss can grow to feathery length of thirty feet, and I have heard of live oak trees that carried in the arms of their ponderous branches as much as twenty-five tons of green moss. The trees appear to grow long mossy whiskers, and their limbs are twisted and shrunk as if they had contracted malaria and rheumatism from standing in the water.

Spanish moss has been compared to the waving plumes of a hundred hearses, and it produces a most lugubrious landscape. When the tree dies the moss dies and drapes itself in black. Science tells us that moss is a sign of life; that it does not feed as a parasite on the tree but on the air, taking up the poisons of the dying vegetation, purifying the air of malaria and making it salubrious and healthful. It thus becomes a banner of health and salvation to the poor swamp inhabitant.

Moss is in the proverb of the rolling stone, and in the song of the bucket in the well. We have it in our mattresses and pillows by night and in our puddings by day. Why is it called Spanish moss? Probably after some Castilian discoverer who had a long gray beard, or because some stuffing fell out of a sky-mattress and landed on top of a castle in Spain.

Science wanders through a volume to inform us in a voluminous but not luminous manner of the Moss family. It is called "*Tillandsia Neneoides*" and is said to be a veritable "*arcanum naturae*." Arcanum is right. Its real nature is hidden. To me, it looks like a fantastic festoon or dismal drapery of Nature for the fete of some dancing dwarf. Poe's "ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir" must border these Spanish moss forests.

LOUISIANA

WE had a royal time in Louisiana, for the state is named after Louis XIV. It is naturally proud and Parisian in many ways. Mississippi is its reigning mistress for 600 miles. She favors the Greek, having a large Delta below New Orleans, and believes in the culture of agriculture, for the soil is rich in rice, sugar and cotton. The state is thinly timbered. There is plenty of iron ore, sulphur and rock salt. The chief industries are easily known from walking delegates on the streets who represent the tobacco warehouses and distilleries.

The state is wet with swamps and liquor. The topography is mostly on the level, whether the gamblers are or not. Louisiana basks in the smile of the sun o'erhead and the Democratic administration at Washington. The soil is black and rich, judged from what one sees on many colored faces. There is sulphur sufficient for all sorts of U. S. matches; clay for pipes, pots and progeny; petroleum to burn, rock salt in abundance, but not much pepper. The forests contain, pine, cypress, live oak, willow, cottonwood, ash, sweet gum, black walnut, hickory, locust and wood enough for a fleet of aeroplanes and ships.

Louisiana is next to Florida, not geographically but ichthyologically speaking, in shrimp, oysters, trout, catfish, and alligators. In agriculture the sun, soil and showers urge production. The manufactures are refining sugar and molasses, cotton-seed oil and cake, and cleaning and polishing rice. Education is secular and sacred, and the color line separates the schools for blacks and whites. In fact, the state runs to color, for it has the Red river, Vermilion county and Baton Rouge. There are charitable institutions for deaf, blind and dumb, and penal ones whose convicts are employed on public works. The early French population has many descendants, and a sixth part of the inhabitants are Negroes. The government has but one variety—Democratic. The history is a long and interesting story of Spanish and French days, the War of 1812, the Ordinance of Secession, Capture of the Union Forces, Reconstruction, lottery and yellow fever. To get into Louisiana history is like getting lost in a cypress swamp.

I made a Louisiana purchase of food and drink along the route, but the one that will interest you most is the "Louisiana Purchase" of a million square miles. That was a good sum in addition when we added the Purchase to the original thirteen colonies, north to British America, all of the United States west of the Mississippi river except Texas and California, and what we obtained from Mexico by treaty and purchase. We bought this in 1803 from France for about \$15,000,000 and assumed the French spoliation claims, which, I think, were never paid. Louisiana was admitted to the Union in 1812. At New Orleans General Jackson won a big naval victory over the British forces in 1815. In the Civil War more than 100 battles were fought on her soil. Louis and Clark were sent out by President Jefferson in 1804 and 1806 to make their famous exploring expedition through the Louisiana Purchase, with its sandbars, its haunts of romance and alligators.

Like a fly, our train buzzed through the "Sugar Bowl" of the state. Sugar has flies, so here white sugar had many blacks around it. After crossing the ferry, we rode on a part of the rim of this sugar bowl for a hundred miles. We dipped into it. Looking up to the skyline, we saw many sugar mills with tall, smoking chimneys, and here and there rich Southern planters' mansions, white, inviting, shaded by magnolia trees, vines and flowers, and built so as to see the bayous. The country was flat as a negro's foot. There were small towns with one street and store, and rows of black people and white-washed houses; all the villages were taking an afternoon nap. Along the road was seen an occasional auto, old wagon, and postoffice store where citizens came for groceries and war news. Cotton was piled up at the stations, and men stood around with hands in their pockets watching the train go by. They were too lazy to wave to us. There were little farms, with chickens and pigs. Everything appeared more comical than commercial.

TROUBLES



STANDS for Texas and trouble. We entered the big state where they raise mules, murder Mexicans, and select drivers for the Democratic donkey. The word "Texas" means "friends," and was the name given to the Indians by the Spaniards, but nothing but fighting has happened ever since. It is a state of grazing cattle and grazing bullets, Indian riots, rebellions and massacres. The rape of the Sabines occurs in Roman history—here there was a row between the United States and Spain concerning a land named Sabine and the Rio Grande river. However, we dropped clubs and shook hands. In 1830 Mexico invited Americans to settle, and 20,000 came. Texas was a part of Coahuila, Mexico, and naturally objected to Mexico's high-handed outrages of military rule, closing of ports, and anti-slavery and anti-colonization laws. Texas was fighting mad, and we sent General Austin with the request that Texas be made one of the states of the Mexican Union. Mexico's reply was to throw our general into jail, whereupon we sent troops. In 1835 Texas uprose, drove out the Mexicans and proclaimed a republic.

Mexico's president, Santa Ana, cruelly murdered the garrison of the Alamo at San Antonio and he was followed up and defeated by General Houston at San Jacinto. We acknowledged Texan independence in 1839, and annexed Texas to the Union in 1845. A row resulted over the southern boundaries, we claiming the Rio Grande and Mexico to the Nueces. We fought and fixed it in our own favor, and then gave ten million dollars to determine the north and west boundaries. Texas joined the secession in 1861, but was received again into the Union in 1870. Dogfights and scraps are perennial along the border, and have been so from the beginning, especially during the last ten years.



PETRIFIED TREE BRIDGE

ARIZONA



A FRENCH COUNTESS

LYNCHING—A FINE ART



CHARITY begins at home. To make the world safe for democracy, we must inscribe a circle whose center shall be the United States. Recently Americans were deeply stirred by the story of a Canadian soldier who pictured the crucifixion of three Canadians by German fiends. How would the Administration like a brave Negro soldier to make a "four-minute" speech between the acts in our national theatres, and tell of some of the Hunnish, hellish treatment of his countrymen in the South for which they have no redress and for which Washington has no rebuke? This year, at Estill Springs, Tenn., a Negro was burned at the stake after he had been tortured into a confession of murder "by application of red-hot irons." More recently, another Negro was burned in the South after his eyeballs had been seared by red-hot irons. At Valdosta, Ga., a colored woman was hanged by a mob, with no legal evidence of her guilt. She was hanged without one of her sex present, without a clergyman to offer a prayer—hanged without any proof of her guilt—hanged in defiance of law and justice.

These incidents are in the class of the East St. Louis infamy, still unavenged, where Abel's innocent blood cries red-lipped to the white throne of eternal justice. In traveling through Texas and the Southern states I saw and heard things that made me blush as an American citizen—things blacker than the skins of the Negroes en route to fight in Europe that every bondman's chain may be broken. Negro soldiers walked to railroad stations and were herded in stuffy, separate, dirty waiting rooms; they were packed into Jim Crow cars; in public parks they met the sign "Negroes Not Allowed." In a New York George Washington parade the Negroes were first ruled out, and finally only 600 were allowed in line, with the understanding that their colored friends should furnish the food for them on that day.

What did we fight for in the South? What are we fighting for abroad? Is it to make the world safe for democracy? Then let us have a safe kind of democracy for the world. All

these men ask is a square deal, and the Bible and our Constitution guarantee it. Why this insult to God and man? Why this color line of race segregation and un-American discrimination? Some of the best and bravest soldiers in our wars have been black, and their white heat of patriotism has flashed on the battlefield and burned in the trenches of France. "He gave a magnificent example of courage and energy" was the compliment given by a French general of a division to Private Henry Johnson, U. S. A., colored. Of Needham Roberts, colored, it was said publicly, "He was a good and brave soldier." In his official communique, General Pershing affirmed, "Both men fought bravely." Though they were both severely wounded, they beat off an attack by twenty Germans in a listening post, forcing them to retire. The Croix de Guerre was awarded them for their splendid initiative, valor and determination.

It is right that we should refer to what the Negro has done and that he may be depended upon in the future as one who will rise patriotically equal to the emergency. What the Negro wants today, and deserves, is not words, but deeds, not jingo compliments, but considerations of justice. It is said that alien Austrian enemies have received more privileges than Negro soldiers in uniform. No price is too great for our government, in men or money, "to make the world a decent place to live in," where all creeds, colors and conditions may have the life and liberty they are entitled to. At the same time, it is well to remember that in our own resplendent land, where we abolished slavery, we have withheld justice in many ways to a patriotic people who have not received what Lincoln gave them. We have put the word "mock" in democracy and made a mockery of our boasted justice.

Three Negroes recently were lynched in Tennessee on the mere charge that they were stealing hogs. This sounds like Prussia, and the so-called Americans who are so Hun-hearted as to commit these crimes should be shipped over to Germany, for there is no room for them here. Southern governors have been grossly delinquent in punishing these murderous mobs.

Would that the President took as much interest to prevent the lynchings and burning of Negroes as his Attorney-General Gregory did to indict the murderers of Albert Praeger, the

loyal German-American lynched in Illinois. But he plays politics with the South, which he always favors, and by silent indifference cruelly condones the un-Christian, un-American wrongs against citizens who are worthy Americans, if their skin is black.

A FIENDISH FILM



DURING this trip I saw billboards and posters advertising "The Birth of a Nation" film, which only adds fuel to the fire of race hatred.

Thomas Dixon, who furnishes the plot of the film in his novel, "The Clansman," is a Southern minister who talks love with the accent of hate. He tries to make us believe God made the world just for white folks, Christ died for white folks only, and Heaven is the white man's eternal home, to which no black man need apply. Mr. Dixon believes he was born with spurs on his heels, that the black man was born with a saddle on his back, and that it is Dixon's ministerial mission to ride the colored man to the grave here and hell hereafter.

Mr. Dixon is an "unregenerate rebel" who is trying to re-write history and make us believe that slavery was right and freedom wrong; the North an enemy and the South a friend to the Negro; that the black man was better physically, mentally and morally in the cotton fields than now in college or professional life; that the colored man should be disfranchised, the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments abrogated, and the Negro deported to Africa.

Fact, not fiction, tells us slavery was a moral and industrial sin in the body politic, and God sent the sword to cut it out and save our national life. In opposition to Dixon's film story is God's battlefield canvas from Bull Run to Vicksburg, a thousand miles long, a million men in arms, and with the words "Liberty and Union" painted in letters of blood.

Dixon's "Clansman" and film are not only a lie to history, but a libel on the colored race as a whole, who were among the

bravest before the cannon's mouth at Wagner, and elsewhere, and among the most faithful in the South, protecting property and safeguarding the happiness and honor of the Southern women while their husbands and brothers were off to the war.

We are asked to believe that all the colored man lived and labored for was to love some white woman and seek to steal, seduce or force her to marry him. The Negro is not a moral pervert. The Seventh Commandment has more often been violated by the white men and boys against black women and girls than by Negroes against whites. Anyone who knows the meaning of the word "mulatto," and what relations were in war times between white master and black slave, will feel there is little chance for a white man "without sin" to throw stones at a sinful black man. My father was a Union soldier; I have talked to many veterans; lived in the South; read and studied history, and talked with colored women in Minneapolis who have made me believe that when it comes to passionial crime the white man's sin is a burning sun compared to the black man's tallow candle.

Mason and Dixon's line was supposed to have been burned out, together with all the barriers between North and South, but Mr. Thomas Dixon would redraw and rebuild them. His angel children, the Ku Klux Klan, are imps that would have disgraced Hell in its palmiest days. Like some other secret "regulation" societies in the South after the war, they had a single virtue linked to a thousand crimes. They were not the pious Purity Squad of moral police, such as Dixon would have us believe, but a band of hell-hearted assaulters and assassins for whom Nero would have been a fit leader. They stood for killing, kindling and kidnaping. The white men who were bad in Rebellion times were worse in Reconstruction times, and the North had to go South and put them out of bloody business. The Ku Klux Klan wore white robes over black hearts, blessed their damned hate with sacred texts, and began their murderous marauding with the sign of the cross, like the Inquisitors who used to lead heretics to the stake. History is maliciously misinterpreted and perverted, facts distorted, events put in wrong light, half-truths told that are worse than whole lies, outlawry condoned, and lies, looting, lechery and lynching

glorified by a man who prefixes the title "Reverend" to his name. If one were to read his "Clansman," or see its film illustration as a matter of pleasure or fiction, that would be one thing; but to put them forward as sober historic fact and misinform people who are ignorant of the periods of the Rebellion and Reconstruction is a very different and very serious matter.

"The Birth of a Nation" was not at the close of the Civil War in 1864, but in 1787, when the Constitution of the United States was adopted; when the colonists, finding their state government weak and about to fall in thirteen pieces, decided to merge their colonial institutions into one national one. Five years after the close of the Revolutionary War a convention was called to meet in Philadelphia; George Washington was made its president, and a new Constitution was made that bound all the states together into one country, under the rule of a President and Congress. That Constitution embodied the basic principles of free government for which Saxon sires and sons had long contended. Upon the precious stones of free speech, trial by jury, habeas corpus, equity before law, right of petition and representation, rests the imposing structure of our national union.

Dixon's book and film are un-Christian, unkind, unfair, unjust, untrue, and un-American in their insidious attack on ten million colored people, who are not given credit for their marvelous industrial, intellectual and religious progress since the close of the war. The black man was what the white man made him, a slave to labor, passion and superstition. The black man today has made infinitely more and better progress than his white detractors of the Dixon stamp. Were I a colored man, I would feel complimented and cheered at what my race was and is in its march toward the sky, in spite of what the white man has done to drag it down to perdition. Personally, I have much more respect for Booker T. Washington, with his black skin, gray matter in his brain, and white heart, than for the "Reverend" Thomas Dixon, with his white skin, black heart and mud geyser which he calls a brain. The white man was the black man's teacher, by precept and example of the "scal-lawag" of the South and the vicious white "Carpet-Bagger" from the North, who, after the war, led the recently freed

Negroes into lawless acts and corruption. It was the whites, and not the blacks, who even then got the big booze and booty end of it. During the Reconstruction period there were some blacks guilty of lawless conduct and who assaulted and disfranchised the white men and sought to marry or assault some white women. It was the exception, rather than the rule, and what they did they learned from their masters, and did it by way of retaliation. Like priest, like people—like white master, like black slave.

Lincoln drew a black-and-white picture that Minister Dixon should hang up in his study—"There will be some blacks who can remember that, with silent tongue, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation; while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that, with malignant heart and deceitful speech, they strove against it."

It was "with charity for all and malice toward none" that Lincoln fought and gave his life for the freedom of the slave and the maintenance of the Union, declaring, "This country, with its inhabitants, belongs to the people who inhabit it." The night Lee surrendered, Lincoln said to the cheering thousands that crowded in front of the White House, "Now let us sing 'Dixie,' for henceforth 'Dixie' belongs to the North just as the Stars and Stripes belong to the South, for we are one, and brothers."

I have lived in the South, and am prepared to say that the rank and file of their brave men and beautiful women known no rivalry but that of loving duty. As Nature has wiped out the stains of bloody battlefields, so love has made us of one brotherhood. The war freed and unified the South, and today a common enemy would make a common cause. They are loyal to the flag that triumphed.

In the company of Abraham Lincoln, and of Jesus Christ, who came to "set the captive free," "Reverend" Thomas Dixon would feel very lonesome. But let us have no fear. Heaven is a place of love, and a minister of hate will be sent on a mission to another place. In the meantime, for all such race-haters, slanderers, falsifiers, scatterers of firebrands, grave-diggers of the skeleton past, and men who do not venerate the

principles for which the Northern soldiers died, may the Golden Gate of San Francisco swing shut on its hinges, and the Goddess of Liberty in New York thrust out her right hand to smite.

TEXAS TOWNS



OUR next stop was Houston. This city is named after General Sam Houston, who defeated the Mexicans, won Texas independence, was elected its first president, was governor when Texas became a state of the United States, and when he opposed secession was defeated. The city is an important cotton and lumber center, exporting cotton-seed oil and sugar. There are newly discovered oil fields near by.

Texas is called the "Lone Star State," deriving its nickname from a flag with an azure star on a white background. It is equal in size to half a dozen New Yorks, and contains nearly 270,000 square miles. The coast is crescent shaped, has islands of white sand, the indentation of the Gulf of Mexico, and deep lagoons that reach up into the plantations. In the southwest is situated Laguna de Madre, with water so salt that it kills the fish that enter it. The salt deposit on its shore is sufficient for home use and export.

The state is a country all in itself. The density of population is small—whether this refers to the head or not I refer the reader to Texas representatives at Washington. The state produces cotton, corn and cattle. The Comanches roamed here, and were not subjugated until 1874, when placed in reservations. They were fierce savages, were great hunters and fighters, carried their skin lodges with them as they roamed, had medical men, and Niatpol, "my father," was their God.

San Antonio is the largest and most interesting city. It is a health resort for consumptives. There are artesian springs, manufactures, a horse, hide and mule market. Like Philadelphia, it boasts a cradle of liberty—its Alamo, where, for

eleven days, 180 men resisted Santa Ana's army, with its many thousands. Between 1776 and 1836 eight battles were fought for independence under Spanish, French, Mexican and Texan flags.

The Rio Grande river is the boundary, below El Paso, of Texas and Mexico. It is 1,800 miles long, drains 160,000 square miles, and is mostly shallow, though boats can ascend five miles. The river Pecos is its chief tributary, which we crossed over a famous viaduct 320 feet high and 2,184 feet long. The river rises in the San Juan mountains of Colorado, has a length of 800 miles, and carries little water—who would carry much for such a distance? Game is plentiful on both sides of the river, especially snipe and "sniping." The bad lands, of course, are on the Mexican side. Leaving this serpentine river, we reached Marathon, 4,034 feet high. To the south are the Horse Head Hills and the spurs on the north are Sierra Muerte, an Apache range. I wonder where the saddlebacks are? The climate here is said to "approach perfection." Does it ever reach it?

At Marathon the Athenians, under Miltiades, defeated the Persians. In this Marathon there was no fight, though there was the spirit of fight, as told me by some of the U. S. soldiers stationed here. They said they had recently gone out to avenge the murder of Americans by Mexican raiders. A cavalryman swore he liked nothing better than going after the greasy, looting, robbing, raping desparado Mexican neighbors. Texans I met along the border were hot, not simply from the sun above but from anger within. They were anxious to cross over and make Mexico safe for Americans. They boasted that Texas itself could do it, would be glad to do it, and would have done it long ago if the Administration had permitted. The truck-growing region is at Alpine, thirty miles distant, but the truck at Marathon is the U. S. auto truck to the soldiers on the border, and no car is large enough to carry the truculent feelings our boys have toward the Greasers.

Paisano, over 5,000 feet, was the highest point on this route. Here we saw the sun set on the summit of this Sunset Route.

El Paso is the northwest gateway to Mexico on the Rio Grande, and is the "chief pass" between the United States and

Mexico. It has an elevation of over 3,700 feet. There are salt deposits and minerals, mining and smelters. The dry climate makes it a famous health resort. It is a live stock center, and the valley produces fruits and vegetables. As a health resort investors and tourists are most welcome. The arms of hospitality are extended by a hospitable climate to overworked millionaires, government profiteers, overtrained sports, mentally tired ministers and lawyers, stoop-shouldered writers who need a bracing atmosphere, lovelorn wrecks with heart lesions, and all others who may have catarrh, phthisis, bronchitis or asthma. The Pullmans bring many passengers with pulmonary diseases.

Years ago I crossed over to Juarez and saw a bull-fight. That sport is now somewhat blasé and has given way to killing Americans, a pastime enjoyed very much by the Greaser, and not seriously objected to by our government. If you are religious, you may visit the shrine of Guadaloupe; if irreligious, attend a bull-fight; and if historical, go to the ruins of the capital where Benito Juarez had his headquarters during the French occupation.

SMUGGLING



MUGGLING is a high art and profitable profession at El Paso. We were not allowed to cross the border line, but others did and do. It is common for sweet señoritas to smuggle sugar. They have a device like an oblong life-preserver with bulging ridges or ribs. These ribs are filled with sugar and the girls wear it as a corset or old-style bustle. How sweet the dear things must look in it! Women, it is said, do most of the smuggling, because the men inspectors are too modest to examine them. How ungallant!

The men follow suit and smuggle sugar in their under-drawers. Rubber bands hold them close up to the legs, just above the knees, and the sugar is poured into this shapely bag. This should make your coffee taste better. One Mexican was caught smuggling 75 pounds of steak to the American side. He plastered the steak around his waist under his shirt. Onions may have been scarce, but steak smothered this way would be equally odorous and palatable.

MEXICAN ATROCITIES



WHILE we were here survivors were straggling into Arizona and Texas and telling of an attack by Yaquis on their Southern Pacific Mexican train south of Guaymas. It was just one of many similar cases that I had related in my book, "The Devil in Mexico." This deviltry seems as incredible as the fact that the Administration cares and does so little about it. Here are a few details to show that it is a fact and not fancy, truth and not a Carranza subsidized press report.

All those who escaped did so by feigning death. Carlos Estrella, one of the passengers, said that when the train pulled out of Guaymas in the morning it consisted of sixteen coaches. Two coaches, just behind the tender, carried the military escort of about seventy soldiers. Then came the baggage and express cars, seven freight cars and the five well filled passenger coaches. As there had been no train south from Guaymas, the coaches were carrying more than their usual quota of passengers, but it is impossible to approximate their number, for many were traveling on military passes, no count of which had been made. About 9:10 o'clock, when opposite kilometer 46, the train was brought to a halt by the derailing of several of the freight cars, the first few coaches having passed over the spreading rails in safety.

Conductor Parades and many of the passengers alighted to ascertain the cause of the stop, and were confronted by the Indians who immediately opened a murderous fire. Parades ran to the caboose, followed by several Indians who bayoneted him as he tried to mount the steps.

A party of Indians then went through the passenger coaches killing and robbing. It was then that Poe was killed. Calling to the Indians and asking if they wanted money, he reached for his pocket-book, but the Yaquis evidently mistook the move as hostile for they shot him down.

Mrs. Rene then threw herself across the body. Two other gangs of savages passed through the coaches robbing and killing.

An old man, Ignacio Benedivil of Alamosa, pleaded for the life of his two daughters, whereupon an Indian laughingly shot him dead and carried the two girls away.

Estrella says that to make his own concealment more secure, he drew over him the body of a man who had been killed.

The third party of Indians who went through the coaches seemed to be filled with rage because nothing valuable was left, so they fired into the bodies of the dead and wounded, cursing them. This lasted for almost two hours, when the Yaquis took the women and girls, as captives, to the number of about thirty according to the survivors, and fled to the mountains.

In the meantime the engineer and fireman had taken the engine and tender on to Lencho where the news was wired back to Empalme where reinforcements, under command of General Juan Torres, were hastily gathered. Returning, General Torres stopped for the garrison at Oroz station and at Potam, where a volunteer had joined the command. As the reinforcement arrived at the scene of the massacre, the remaining Indians fled, but not until they had massacred every living person in the coaches as they thought, and had rifled every trunk and package in the express and baggage car. The company's safe, however, proved too hard for them to crack.

A relief train that had responded to the hurried call of the engineer, arrived from Guaymas in charge of General Monte, who had hurriedly gathered together his medical staff and a few soldiers, and rushed to the rescue. Naked bodies of the dead and wounded and the few living lay everywhere. Women and children were still screaming and pleading for life as they died.

Immediately the medical staff began to dress the wounds of the living and the remaining soldiers to clear the track and make it possible for the train to proceed South. General Torres took with him on the train the wounded and the few living, as well as the dead who belonged in the south. Many of the dead were buried on the spot. The identified dead and wounded who belonged to the North, were carried back to

Empalme and Guaymas on the relief train. The bodies of Mr. Poe and Alonzo Suarez were buried at Empalme, according to the story of the passengers. Albert Joffroy, the American boy who survived, was wounded three times.

Ralph Spovel, the American railroad auditor, was brought back to Empalme where he died and was buried. Carlos Jarilla, who till recently was employed by A. Carpens of Nogales, suffered the same fate and was also buried at Empalme. Among the unidentified dead there may have been other Americans, for it is known that many are unaccounted for.

The passengers reported that Mrs. Juan Rene, an American woman and wife of a Mazatlan physician, is recovering at Guaymas after her clothing had been stripped off by one of the bandits in an effort to obtain her jewels. That Mrs. Rene is alive is due to her presence of mind in throwing herself across the body of H. J. Poe, the Los Angeles traveling man who was killed. One of the Yaquis tore every garment from her body, then threw her back on the floor among the dead and wounded. Mrs. Rene feigned death and did not move an eyelash during the whole ordeal.

Such is the survivors' account. This is the fate my son and I just escaped 10 months before when our train was held up by bandits in Mexico between Esperanza and Vera Cruz. These butcheries are of common occurrence, yet the U. S. Administration seems to be more anxious to punish those who write and tell the facts than the Mexican fiends who commit them.

Yet today Mexico is the only place in the world I know of where our American missionaries are not permitted to preach, the one place in the world that needs them more than any other. The old Mexican constitution which guaranteed this right has been succeeded by the Carranza constitution which annuls it, and our state department, preoccupied and pressed with the struggle in Europe, allows its rights in Mexico to be utterly ignored without a word of active practical protest. But what can you expect from Venustiano Carranza who rewards our friendship to him by sending the following birthday telegram to the Kaiser, our worst enemy? "To

your Majesty who celebrates his anniversary today with just cause for rejoicing: I have the honor to send your majesty my most cordial congratulations and am pleased to express to you my best wishes for your personal happiness and that of your august family."

KING COTTON



THE S. P. means slow progress, though our train may have been late on account of the undu"lating" country. The boll weevil came into Texas from Mexico, where most troublesome things come from in this region, and annually does millions of dollars damage to the cotton crop. Cotton is king and the only king the state will stand for. Mr. Boll Weevil does not believe in kings and tries to kill him. All our botanical and agricultural detectives are alert to meet and destroy this assassin.

It is a question with some people North, East and West whether this war is to make the world safe for democracy or the South safe and prosperous for the Democratic party. Not long ago I was in the South when the people tearfully begged me to buy a bale of cotton. Now it has doubled and trebled in price until common people, who have never worn silks and satins, may pay as much for cotton aprons and calico dresses. Congress knocked off 80 cents a bushel from the farmer's wheat and fixed the minimum price of his hogs so that it didn't pay to feed them. It looked like a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul for in the meantime the untaxed and increased value of cotton went sky high. The government controls the price of wool, but hasn't pulled the wool over the eyes of some people who ask, "Why exempt cotton from the proportionate war tax?" It is estimated now that the South pays ten per cent of the Federal taxes and the rest of the country ninety. It has been figured that from half to three quarters of a billion dollars could be raised by a war profit tax on cotton alone, yet the political party's policy is apparently, "How not to do it." To the question why this

gross and glaring injustice has been shown the Southern farmer, at the expense of the Western farmer and the manufacturers and middlemen, there is the usual answer. Mr. McAdoo, a Southerner, is in the saddle. The Southerners head all the important committees and the South controls legislation. This is rank injustice. There is no equity in the Administration's attitude. The offense is foul and smells to heaven. Democracy means equal rule and rights of all the people and not only of the Democratic party in power.

WHAT TO TAX?



CAESAR AUGUSTUS decreed that all the Roman world should be taxed, and Joseph and Mary went to Bethlehem. In later years Jesus paid the capitation tax at Capernaum, telling Peter, "Go thou to the sea, and cast a hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money; that take, and give unto them for me and thee."

A tax is a levy on property and persons for the support of the government. From the beginning nations have been taxed and will be to the end, and death itself is simply a tax on life.

The Jews gave taxes on fruits and flocks; Greeks, on mines and imports; Rome, on spoils, grain and citizenship; Europe had taxes on land and import duties; in Asia the office of tax-gatherer was sold to the highest bidder, who proceeded at once to rob the people. Unjust taxation means hate and revolution. Fair taxation means patriotism and prosperity.

Our colonies' motto was, "No taxation without representation" when England tried to tax stamps and tea. Today in a government of, by and for the people we have federal, state and city taxes.

What now should be taxed? Luxuries and not necessities; bachelors and old maids; churches as well as theatres. If the idleness, pride and folly of Americans were taxed there

would be no need of war loans, and we would have money to burn in powder for war, fuel for the freezing and light for darkened homes.

Next to love of mother is love of country.

The liberty we enjoy today was born of suffering, cradled in sacrifice, educated and defended by pious patriotism.

No sacrifice is too much for mother—none should be too great for our country. We are debtors to both, let us gladly pay our debts.

A good citizen does not object to city taxes for streets and lights—if he is a good American citizen he will not resist a national taxation that makes for the paths of future peace and prosperity and the lights of law and liberty.

America's ideal of freedom at home and abroad can only be maintained by an army and navy. This armed force must be paid for. The money must come by Liberty Loan, and the just and intelligent taxation of rich and poor whether they live in the South, or North, East and West. Uncle Sam expects every man to do his duty, and the way he spells it is "d u e" t y.

NEW MEXICO



WE crossed the Rio Grande from El Paso into New Mexico whose early inhabitants were cliff-dwellers, Pueblo Indians and Spaniards. Here the mountains rise twelve thousand feet and the rivers run down south into the Gulf and west into the Pacific. The soil is fertile and produces Indians, cattle, gold, silver, zinc, copper, iron and coal. As to education, the people think more of gold than grammar and of mines than mind. The mountains are high but education is low. In 1900, 33 per cent of the population of ten years of age was illiterate, making the worst showing of any of our states. Yet this is no surprise when we learn there are so many Spanish customs and Mexican people who have not learned that wisdom is wealth. Pedagogically speaking, New Mexico is punk, geologically it is great.

Around Deming we saw a fine cattle-raising country and at the nearby Camp Cody Uncle Sam, in his national training camp, is raising his boys to be soldiers.

RELICS



GAUL was divided into three parts and Arizona est divisa into plains, mountains and canyons. The name "Arizona" is from the Indian "Arizonak," meaning natural features of land and water. From its looks it appears to be derived from "arid" and "zone," in spite of the big Colorado and Gila rivers. The state raises mules, cattle, sheep, wheat and hay, and mines gold, copper, coal and wolframite from which we procure tungsten.

We made our bow to Bowie, a place that suggests a heavy sheath knife and not a city, though it was the centre of early western cowboy and camp life. Colonel James Bowie of Texas has the honor of inventing the bowie knife. He is said to have made the blade out of the back of a wornout file with which he had already killed his man. In this vicinity the tooth of a mastodon was discovered and a skull of an elephant, showing that long before our party reached here some Pleistocene tourists had been over the ground and died, whether of tooth ache or brain fever is not known. Perhaps it may have been the result of the war-food menu on the western diners. I feared I might leave one of my teeth broken on the rocky bill of fares. The dining company was inclined to camouflage. Flags and patriotic mottoes were conspicuous to divert attention from the business of eating. The amounts were divided and the prices doubled. Magnifying glasses were needed to find the food and rock crushers to break it. The cattle out of the window looked good, but on my plate bad. Menus were miserable. They would have turned the stomach of a statue. Out here I expected a game dinner. Instead of that some of the hotels offered a poker game.

Bowie is known for nearby prehistoric ruins and an old historic fort. From here we journeyed north to Globe on an Arizona-Eastern road. The sun rose as usual, but to us it was

an unusual sunrise. Its glory leaped from peak to peak, turning the plain into a field of gold and making the hills look like piles of solid gold. Along the tracks were "wickiups" and their Apache occupants were up and wrapped up in blankets from which protruded shocks of black hair. Their dull mahogany faces were very tame from what I had expected from Dime novel descriptions. They are very reserved on this San Carlos reservation where 5000 Apaches, devoid of war paint and arms, stand like wooden Indians looking at the train. What were their thoughts? No matter. We passed through safely. These "Injuns" did not lasso the engine, rob the express or murder and scalp us. My great expectations were disappointed.

The Apache tents, or wickups, are rounded on top resembling half of a gigantic grape fruit, or a toadstool or wagon umbrella. From the looks of the tents, wraps and robes, all patched, they were well named Apache.

This tribe had the reputation of being fierce, predatory and ranging. They are now held in check by the government so that the proverb has lost its point, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian."

It began to sprinkle and I asked the conductor if it often rained in the desert. He looked astonished and replied, "This is no desert, but the most fertile part of Arizona." I admitted there was an excellent crop of rocks, sage brush and wickiups. Yet this soil, when irrigated, blossoms and bears fruit, I was told.

The engine had a hard time climbing the grade and wet rails because of the grade of coal, or because the big fellows had been drafted by Uncle Sam to Eastern service, and the little engines with little draft had too much to carry.

UNDER GROUND



UR train was too slow to resemble Puck and "put a girdle round the Globe in forty minutes." We finally made the Globe town. Naturally we stopped off since we were globe-trotters, though all that was of value and worth seeing here was a thousand feet under foot.

Globe is a reformed mining camp and near the city are large copper mines that turn out 4,000,000 pounds of ore monthly. Copper is king and he had a retinue of U. S. soldiers guarding his dominion from I. W. W's. At the Old Dominion smelter I was stopped by a U. S. guard, but allowed to proceed when I showed a letter to the superintendent. The guard told me that I. W. W's. had stormed the place last year for two days and kept the employes as prisoners so they could not get food. Passing some government troops we entered the office and received permits to enter the mine.

Our guide took us to the entrance, gave a signal and up came the cage with a man looking like an Imp from the inferno. We entered, he signalled and down, down, 1800 feet we went. Gallery after gallery was passed, it grew warmer and felt as though we were headed for Hades. We went 1800 feet although I know many people who for copper or gold have kept on going down till they landed in a literal hell. I wanted some copper souvenirs and unintentionally received some in the form of wet and yellow mud on my coat. Ulysses, Aeneas and Dante started afoot into the lower regions—I had the advantage of an elevator in my descent. The sensation was depressing. It was a *facilis descensus*. We exchanged the sleet and snow air above for the hot furnace breath beneath. It was like falling down a chimney. The sensation of jumping off the edge of the world into Night would be the same.

Like Dives, I was thirsty down here and longed for a few drops of the cold rain I had left above. I had been in salt, coal and copper mines before, but never so far below. I informed the elevator man that I wasn't permitted to leave the country and that he had better stop before he landed in

China, since I had no passport. Finally we climbed out of the cage, walked through long illuminated tunnels and discovered an underground river, a regular Phlegethon or Styx. I have been over the top of the world, but never explored its viscera. Globe was busy above yet busier below. Monster engines on this low level were pumping out millions of gallons of water to keep the men and mine from flood. There was a spider work of track over which small cars of ore moved about like flies.

Miners with lights on their caps groped about like gnomes and dwarfs. These were the true mountain kings, fit inspiration for some Grieg to paint with sound. What a buried city this was with its forests of timber supports and miles of tunnels. I listened to all the mine facts and philosophy of copper metallurgy, viewed the sections at work and the various appliances, but was thinking of getting out alive, that many never do, and no grave-digger is ever necessary. One has different thoughts under the crust of the earth than those under the sky's canopy.

COPPER



COPPER has many uses which have existed from earliest times. "Copper" means policeman, and like the officers, it is often very hard to find. In Egypt or elsewhere copper means to place chips in faro and bet against. A copperhead is the nomenclature of a red-headed, brown, triangular marked snake, with no rattles, four feet long, that loves rocky and dry places and is sluggish but poisonous. The term "copperhead" was applied by Unionists to Democrats who opposed war measures, believing we could not conquer the South. The Knights of the Golden Circle came under this head of copperhead and its chief apostle was C. L. Vallandigham.

Copper is obtained by "wet" and "dry" process, and thefts of junkmen. It is a bright red metal, ductile, malleable and tenacious. It is the chief constituent of brass, bronze and gun metal, a compound for paints, preserving timber, and

its sulphate is used in dyeing, printing and for insecticide. As a conductor of heat and electricity it beats Dan Cupid, and is used for coins, ships, arts, stills, domestic utensils, tubular boilers, electrotyping and electrocuting.

After circumnavigating this lower portion of the Globe, we came up and out from the mine, glad to see the sky again and breathe the Arizona ozone. On arrival at earth's crust I made this reflection—animals bore in the ground but man is the biggest bore on earth or in it. Man thinks he is the self-elected monarch of the animal, vegetable and mineral world, of bird of sky and fish of sea, of the heavens above and the earth beneath.

GLOBE-TROTTING




IN a city window we saw original specimens of asbestos taken from adjacent mountains. When needed, I have arranged to secure some of it for pages of my next book, since paper is scarce and inflammable. This asbestos belongs to the hornblende family. It is of fine fibre, like flax and wool, incombustible, soft to touch and in color runs to gray, green, brown, red and black. Cloth is made of it. The old Romans wrapped their dead in it when placed on the funeral pyre, and the ashes were retained, unlike the custom of the Hindus who throw them away. This fibre is used for pipes, safes, fireproof paint, and theatre curtains which frequently prevent the audience from "firing" unordered menu of antique eggs and vegetables at the actors.

Globe once had a reputation that circled 'round the globe, but those dear mining times are "ore." Did we tourist prospectors find hold ups on corners, exchange of shots across the streets, lynchings on street corners, dead men cut up in alleys, gambling, faro and roulette dens thick as sin, brothels and concert dives full day and night, saloons pouring money in tills as the drinkers tilted their heads and poured booze down their throats, jails jammed, and coppers in the copper town? No, gentle reader, these things are not, and at eight p. m.,

the town is as dead as the most pious New England village. Now the saloons sell pop and buttermilk, the scarlet woman has received a blue ticket, the evening's most exciting amusement is the movies. We peered into lighted rooms filled with men playing innocent Y. M. C. A. games. Instead of spots on character there were dirt splashes on suits, for the mud was soft and plentiful. The Globe citizens were no Wild West desperadoes, but people who looked kindly, answered questions in a friendly way and politely gave you more than the right of way. When my wife and I started across the street the one auto there, instead of splashing mud on us or running over us, as is the custom in the cultured East, slowed, stopped and signalled to cross at leisure.

In every part of the globe visited I found John Chinaman, so I was not surprised to find him here in this part of the Globe. As usual he was waiting and willing to wash your clothes outside or fill your hunger inside. The meal John served was for miners and Majors and its quality, quantity and price put to shame all the "win the war" food fakes his white Christian brother had served us. Another tempting and exciting pleasure in this woolly town was the purchase of some apples and postcards from some rosy cheeked girls. My good time was interrupted by the breaking of my watch main spring. Leaving it in the care of a trusty jeweler, I returned after this dissipation to the Old Dominion hotel and lay down to dream that the cage broke its mine shaft moorings and fell like Lucifer never to get up. When I awoke I was in a feather bed and not down to bed rock.

THE APACHE TRAIL

EXT morning at eight we hit the Apache Trail. It was Thursday, not Sunday, not a sawdust trail, but a trail on which we saw dust that trailed "clouds of glory" when the sun struck it. Our party rode in Wes Hill's Packard auto stage. Hill is a good name for a mountain stage and Packard for a big pack load. On the first stage of the trip the thing we most noticed was the cold.

The first inspiration was the Inspiration Copper Smelter at Miami, a Florida name for a frosty place. For thirteen miles we ran by Pinal Creek. David killed the giant Goliath and we snap shot the giant cactus Sahauro. Alone or in groups, this cactus ranges from 30 to 50 feet high. The trunk is fluted and full of sharp spines, one or more of the branches being as large as the trunk. It bears a pretty red flower which is the state flower of Arizona. It is the camel of plants and desert reservoir, having a sponge interior cistern to absorb and hold water.

Our desert ship with Fred at the wheel sailed up 3700 feet. For a time it seemed the trail was laid out, not by Indians but by snakes, it was so winding. We turned, twisted and met ourselves coming and going. In the distance was discovered an asbestos mine high up on the range, resembling a bank of snow. I was hunting for pleasure, but in the near forests, where they obtained the big timbers for the dam, there is a region for such game as deer, cougar and bear, which you may hunt if you are not afraid to be hunted. A snow storm threatened us but we outran it. Four peaks we saw in the distance are over 7000 feet high and land marks for the surrounding country. At the summit we caught a glimpse of Roosevelt Lake 27 miles away. We needed no glass to see it, for the clear air of Arizona is a good binocular. Across this lake, and rising 5000 feet, was the "Dutch Woman" butte. Her red face was wrinkled with age and she was far from being a "beaut." Next we passed a peak where the Tonto Apaches once had signal fires. It was called Smoke Signal Peak. The wood and the hands that lighted them are ashes, and the only signals now are when the rising and setting sun flashes red. The monument of the famous Apache Kid is a mountain bearing his name. Here this outlaw red-skin, red-handed, slaughtering savage, made his hunt and haunt.

After the May rains, this region is carpeted with brilliant flowers, asters, acacia, cat's claw and Palo Verde. This time of the year we saw no such carpet, but did find a "rug"ged landscape.

There are said to be 28 varieties of cactus—I didn't count them, because I leave that to some scientific Knight "prick-

ing" o'er the plain. We were in a fast car but plainly saw varieties of cactus commonly called Spanish bayonet, Coach Whip and Barrel. My memory of the cactus is limited to some I later fell in and was stuck with, and to a sort of "sticky" cactus candy sold at Phoenix that makes a fine desert dessert. It is related that tourists, travelers and miners who were lost in the desert had lived on cactus alone. Did they get stuck on it and so couldn't get away like a Simon Stylites?

HIGH LIVERS

HIGH above us on a mountain side, like a limpet on a rock washed up by some old flood, stood a castle in the air, but substantial as stone. I drew a bead on it with my glasses—it was a cliff-dwelling. What a pity that a dwelling with such a fine location and view should be unoccupied. Who was the first contractor, and was he honest? Was it the house of a hermit or the mansion of some antediluvian aristocrat? Did people come her for the summer months' vacation or was it a sort of half-way resort hotel? Did the Toltec tourists stop here on their trip to Mexico, and were the rates at this Cliff House as high and steep as the path to it? It taxes one strength to climb up—I wonder what the taxes were.

The dwelling was first discovered in 1540 by Coronado's scouts and then as now was vacant, having a "For Rent" sign on it. Not even the Apaches in their legends tell of the race which inhabited it. Did the Spanish sightseers, globe-trotters, gold-hunters and conquistadores of Coronado sleep her over night on their way and dream of castles in Spain, those "Seven Cities of Cibola" with their fabled wealth of turquoise and gold? Did a hermit crab stop here? I wonder why the Jesuit and Franciscan fathers, gloomy in thought and garb, did not make this a site for some miracle-shrine. Was it built by a misanthrope to get away from the world, as a place of defense or an observatory? Were these cave-men related to those of far-away date and place who courted with

a club? How far did the lover fall when the father kicked him off the front steps? Did the grocer, in absence of rear delivery, hoist the stuff with rope and pulley as in Holland? Perchance this cliff-dwelling was a military prison and place of banishment. The man was some goat who could get up here. The gray walls were crumbled as if Earthquake had made a visit, and were guarded by cactus and sage, and occupied by birds, lizards and snakes.

This cliff-dwelling was easy of access, however, compared with some in the surrounding country and Colorado Canyon that are 800 feet sheer up and above the base of the cliff. How would you like to be the iceman or tax collector there? They are admirable for fresh air sanitariums, but not for people with weak hearts, and the burglars in those days had to be acrobats. It is thought that the inhabitants of these high dwellings were ancestors of the Pueblos.

The structures are built in ledges of rock and put in, it would seem, by legerdemain. They are built of stone and lime from two to three stories high and with square doors and windows. They were hard to build and the work must have been as dizzy and dangerous as sky-scraper building now. To reach them one climbed up ladders of rope or wood or by niches cut into the face of the rocks. These dwellings were often overhung by rocks so as to be invisible to the enemy above. The paths were only a foot wide and doubled to deceive.


These lodges of masonry were made of black stone and adobe mortar—their rites are still a mystery. In the villages there were walls, gates, towers, small look-out windows, and doors so low that one stoops to conquer entrance. I query whether the cliff cities were up in the air at elections, if the candidates made platforms, and if the reformers held up high ideals. This style of architecture has been shelved and is now a thing of the past. Its rocks are of interest to the geologists, and its strata of society to the archeologists.

The general cliff-dwelling was on a level. The Cavate houses were natural openings or excavated recesses. The antiquity of the dwellers is shrouded in much myth. Nothing definite or final has been settled. There is no authority

for supposing that these people were a primitive race or that they go farther back than ancestors of the Pueblo Indians.

We met some Apaches on the road, not with tomahawks but shovels. They were working for the government.

ROOSEVELT DAM


ATURE is not the only thing that can do big things out here. Man, not to be outdone, has made a lake 30 miles long and 4 miles across. It is impounded by the waters of the Salt River and Tonto Creek. Its surface serves as a pocket-mirror for the star-eyed heaven, the puffed out cheeks of the clouds, and the rough red faces of the mountains. Beneath this lake lies an ancient cliff-dwelling city buried in a watery grave. This artificial lake contains such fish as salmon and black bass swimming over these castle and cliff cave ruins like gold-fish around the toy castles in a glass globe. The fish are the only gamey warriors now on this submerged battlefield. It is estimated that if there were a five year drought and not a drop of rain, there is enough water in this inland sea to irrigate 230,000 acres.

The site of the Roosevelt Lake and dam site is beautiful, big and strong like the man it is named after. Theodore Roosevelt is a national hero down here and any one who says a word against him has to lick or be licked. While the T. R. dam is here there will be no one to damn T. R. The dimensions of the dam are 284 feet high with a crest length of 1125 feet. We autoed on its splendid boulevard top, looked over its great stone precipice of man-made masonry, which looked small compared with the enclosing cliffs. It is one of the world's modern wonders. By it one million acres of soil will be redeemed and that should lead to grateful soul redemption. Colored, fantastic, craggy cliffs rise on either side of the dam for seven hundred feet. Round and above fly the swallows with endless chants to slake their thirst, vultures

wheel above to swoop on them, and on each side is a splashing spillway falling into silent foam, a big spill of water, from a reservoir bowl, falling from a height 60 feet greater than Niagara and making a plunge of over 200 feet.

Abraham's or Ruth's lodge had no such surroundings as the one here. Ruth embraced Naomi when she wanted to lodge with her. This lodge is embraced by the two arms of the Roosevelt Lake. The view is sublime and you may feed your soul on scenery or your stomach with food. There is a collection of Indian curios for the curious, such as arrows, baskets, feathers, pottery, blankets and beads. We wanted to see the living relics of departed Indian worth on the hill side.

SCOUTING

NEAKING out, we scrambled like goats up the hill to look for Indians. But their scouts had seen our approach, and instead of giving the signal to attack, passed the word that drove them into the hiding of their wickiup. What is a wickiup? It is an Indian tepee or tent with pole frames bent over and so covered as to resemble a huge trap or a shock of hay. The ribs are covered with rags, long grass and tin. Never before was I in so wild an encampment of biscuit boxes, lard pails and tin cans. We skirted some bushes that were hung with the brightest skirts and duds of Indian women and children. The scenery was wild, so were our exclamations, but the Apaches were very tame.

Our expedition was to get pictures, so we stealthily crept along the rocks, by bushes and cans, but could not take them by surprise. Don't try to entice civilized Apaches by chromos, glass beads and a stick of gum. This may do for their simple brothers and sisters in the Andes—the only thing to make these savages come out of their tents and be civil enough to stand or sit for a picture, is to give them mazuma, to scatter coin as you do corn for chickens. There were some kids by the lake and from the strata of dirt on the ledges of their faces,

the tide of this lake's high water mark had never reached their feet or foreheads. I suppose a sun bath and their hair combed by the wind is sufficient toilet. I bribed some little Apache kids, whose hair was in shocks and their clothes in a shocking condition, to permit me to stand them against the wall and shoot them. An old squaw appeared with two dogs at her heels which did not lose the scent any more than she did the nickels we tossed her.

Attention from this witch was withdrawn to a bewitching Pocahontas with long braids of black hair flowing down her back. She was dressed in a red skirt and shawl and held a woozy, papoosy baby in her arms. We tried to bag this game but she escaped and hid in her wickiup. We followed to the canvas entrance but were stopped by the spiney ribs of the cactus supports that upheld the tent and were good protectors. In the tent sat the contented mother with babe at her breast, and a squatting old squaw preparing dinner for the bucks who were working for the government on the road at \$5 a day.

I motioned to the baby and kodak and offered one dollar for a picture. My banker friend Hechtman, of Osseo, Minn., who was enroute to Honolulu with his wife, offered another but she scornfully smiled. Then we put up three and she shut us up by raising her hand, extending five fingers and saying, "Five dollars, five dollars." That was enough to go around for all the Apaches round there. She should have offered me the whole establishment for that price. The tourist had humored and spoiled her until she put on more airs than Pocahontas or Minnehaha.

A Liberty Loan poster was tacked on a shack. If these Apaches get as much from the travelers as they did from us, I think their quota should be set high up in the New York and Chicago class.

ON THE WARPATH



ALT RIVER canyon shoots a stream of fresh water for seven miles and our auto ran along until it stopped at Fish Creek station. We had thrown the Old Woman Shoe mountain behind our shoulder and left the mountain menagerie with its group of Eagle and Lion head rocks. This twenty mile drive gave us an Arizona appetite, and we felt as empty as a canyon or the tin cans along the route. The definition of man as a biped who lives on canned goods was doubtless made by some one who lived in Arizona. Our journey here was through a procession of gaping cans and canyons. We had come by gorges but our meal was the biggest gorge of all. There were no fish at Fish Creek, only canned stuff.

In the distance rose Lion Head rock, and in the front yard of our pilgrim's rest crouched a real live mountain lion with a screen wire fence around her. She had been caught as a cub and trained to be as gentle and playful as a kitten. A chauffeur entered and pussy hissed at him from her box seat. He quickly left the stage of action. Then her owner went in. Instead of feeding her chunks of meat, he courted her favor by breaking nice fresh eggs and allowing her to suck them from the shells in his hands. The boss was thin and when I was asked to enter I feared my fat might be too tempting and she might be inclined to change her egg diet. I politely refused to be introduced to her and remained outside the wire.

Off again, not with black care, but with Comfort, Pleasure and Wonder. "Nil admirari" would not have been Horace's motto if he had been one of our party. Canyons to right of us, left, in front and behind our auto volleyed and thundered with gasoline explosion. Climbing through these mountain fastnesses we were compelled to drive slow. At Horseshoe bend we slipped across the bridge of Fish Creek and began to crawl like a fly up the face of the cliff. The car made a short curve and nearly collided with a four-horse truck team on the narrow trail. Fred killed the car instead of killing us, put on the emergency brake, allowed it to pass, and then

had a hard time to start up. He had to slide back before he could start ahead, and all this time we were balancing on the brink of a 900 foot chasm. It was not encouraging or comforting to see the remains of auto wrecks that had gone over the side here. The danger is not savages but smash ups. From now on wrecked autos were the mile posts and as familiar as the cactus and canyons. On this literal high way Death was the bandit to rob one of life. This was some scenery and sensation. One is glad his soul is saved and his life insurance premium paid. These chasms were like yawning graves and suggested grave thoughts.

Lookout Point was at the right. We had to look out suddenly and nervously and felt easier when we could deliberately and delightfully look out at the mighty and magnificent picture of cavernous chasms, grotesque gorges and colored cliffs. Nature is beautiful in deformity and the panorama was as weird as the mountains of the moon through a telescope. Standing here at mid-day and gazing at Arrowhead mountain, we were targets shot through and through by the burning arrows of Phoebus, not Geronimo.

The Summit view shows Mazatazal range and Four Peaks. One finds the Satanic name of Diablo but the Creator is supreme. This is a real No Man's Land—it belongs to God. My eyes were red, either from the dust of the ride, or because they were drunk with the scenery. Our eyes galloped around the mesa over many miles of winding road, roads fine for autos and horses and especially so for a Pegasus with poetic inspiration. At school I was averse to scanning verse, but not here when it comes to scanning this rugged natural poetry of Arizona scenery. This was not the Grand Canyon, only a baby grand canyon where the golden and silver fingers of day and night played symphonies and nocturnes in most harmonious colors.

Along this warpath the mountain formations are like battlements, turrets and parapets. The colored canyons looked like sunset clouds. They were most brilliant sermons in stone, and just as dry and barren as the sermons of some high-salaried ministers.

Along the mountain paths of Europe and South America are many man-made shrines for the image of the Madonna. Here on the face of a very high cliff is the likeness of a full length statue of the Virgin Mary chiselled out by sun, frost and shower. As on Sunday in church there come week-day and wicked distracting thoughts, so in this stony cathedral, whose silence is the audience chamber of God, we found this Virgin figure placed between the Canyon Diablo on the left and the "One-Eyed Giant" on the right.

In Creation's morning when the fire was hot, Mother Nature poured out her red and gray rock into many curious forms. The Bull Frog looks natural enough to croak and what a croak would echo if he did. The Gila monster, climbing to get over the top of a cliff, is a giant lizard and looks like the petrified remains of some prehistoric plesiosaurus tossed up and left high and dry when the wave of Oblivion engulfed this region.

Tortilla Flat creek is a station to pause at if hungry or thirsty. The first dam was located here. The creek is spanned by a very creaky, loose, wobbly bridge which swung with the weight of an Indian girl walking towards us. She shot an inviting arrowy glance and we all regretted there was no time to pause and have her make some flat tortillas.

There are no blood-thirsty people on the trail but there are very many booze-thirsty ones. Arizona is naturally dry and needs irrigation—so are the people, not for natural water from the dam, but from imported fire-water. Bootleggers get it from neighboring states and smuggle it in by autos. Your Uncle Sam is on their trail and makes it hot for these moral outlaws.

Swirling by whirlpool rock to right of us, making observation of Little Alps to the left, and bouncing down Boulder Canyon, we reached Mormon Flat where a party of early Mormon emigrant campers were massacred by the Apaches. These Indians, first in alphabet, cunning and cruelty, swooped down like vultures on the defenseless pilgrims.

Here the Salt River gets up from its gorgeous bed, goes across the flat and for change explores another rock-walled

canyon. To left yawns sleepy Black Canyon and then Apache Gap meets us. This is the historic place where in 1886 the Apaches were made to hit the trail of defeat by Lieutenant Lawton, 7th U. S. Cavalry.

Looping, lassoing, curving and corkscrewing, we chugged down to the floor level of the Salt River valley. It was a puzzle, labyrinth, maze and tangle of trail and we finally came safely through—thanks to Providence, who with temptations as mountains, always has a way of escape. Then we sigh relief, rested ourselves and gave the auto a drink at the oasis of the Government Well.

Goldfield Mine was a wealth of golden glitter in the sunshine; Weaver's Needle of sharp rock was knitting up the ravelled edges of the clouds; Superstitious Mountain loomed with its shadow suggestive of many mountains of superstition still on the map of the mind that can only be removed by some awful blast or quake of intelligence. There is a legend that nine Indians climbed Mt. Superstition and all mysteriously disappeared. Like Moses on Nebo, they never came down. Their ghosts haunt the place and all but Apaches give it the go-by. I have seen an Apache dance in Paris tough quarters, and wish I could have seen the old annual sacred devil dance in front of this mountain. They peopled it with Satanic spirits, cried to them, were answered by them, and, filled with revival spirit, went out to desperate marauding and murder, ten fold more the children of the devil than before. This mountain is the last sentinel we passed on the mountain trail before entering the desert.

THE DESERT



THE desert is a dry subject poets love to describe from a distance. Omar, Byron and a bunch of bards have pretended to love it and have written about it, but they never stayed in it any longer than necessary. Of course, every summer Harold Bell Wright lives in a tent out in the Arizona desert and writes novels, yet who dares

call him a great writer except to the amount of the check he is able to write. People who dwell in deserts may be picturesque and poetic to write about, but just think what the words Bedouin, Indian, Fakir and Brigand suggest.

The desert may be defined as a place of dust, cactus and centipedes; a wilderness, a solitude, a vast stony sandy stretch void of vegetation and moisture; an uninhabited tract of land; a place where people attempt to run away from the world; a resort for fools and wise men, savages and sages.

The desert is a place of bare rocks, white sand and crevices. Instead of snow there is scorching sand; in lieu of birds there are serpents; you hear the hiss of snake and hot wind. During the day the traveler sees shapes of ships, spires, walls and towers in the mountain crags and listens in vain for a word from stone lips petrified with silence. At sunset he journeys through the clouds in thought and sails rivers of gold. What is this world but a desert, and humanity a cloud of dust that passes away! Time has written Arizona history on its rocky leaves—its drifting sands are the hour-glass for those who have gone from time to eternity. What wonderful pictures one sees in the desert where the brushes of the air paint from the palette of the golden sun and silver moon. The desert is a land of passion and repose, of dreams and endless calm.

How many men, sick in stomach and soul, are glad to be self-sentenced exiles to the desert, anxious to get away from life's dreary turmoil of fears and frowns, meanness and malice, folly and falseness.

To some the desert is an empire of emptiness only inhabited by the spirits of Famine and Fire. There is no river, brook nor fountain—'tis an endless horizon of burning sky and barren earth.

To the desert come thugs, thieves and brutes. Others come thirsting for gold and adventure only to die of thirst. No matter how much you gush about the scenery, you long for a gush of water. The saint loves the sighing night winds and burning, bright stars. Like Elijah at Horeb, God is in the still small voice, saying to his child, "Man is distant but God is near."

Most of earth's surface is sea and sand. The traveler learns how many deserted places this world has and each has a charm and beauty all its own. One sometimes asks the question why was the desert put here, or anywhere, and what's its use? I don't know except to get out of. If Bacon were living he could give the final cause reason. Perhaps the desert is just a sun-burn tan or fever blister on the body of Mother Earth.

Some flee to the desert with the words on their lips, "Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world." They are always better off away than at home. They hate home and love travel, they prefer solitude to the multitude, and sick of their surroundings, like souls, they enter other lives.

The desert is the Elysium of the outlaw, tramp, poet, ascetic, nomad, Indian, hermit, anchorite, invalid, miner, as well as of the scorpion, lizard, vulture, snake, jackall, camel and lion.

I have seen deserts, that like steel mirrors, reflected the light of sky and earth on fire. Some seemed like winding sheets of sand for a dead world. It is a domain of Death where dwell Fear, Famine, Thirst and Terror. It is the majestic throne of Silence and Immensity—a stage with setting of mirage where pageants of colored clouds march on forever.

In the desert your shadow is your only companion. Here you wish for nothing, aspire to nothing and regret nothing. You are the slave of circumstance as the desert is the slave of the sun. The souvenirs one carries away from this land of Death are whitened bones. Desert silence is broken by the tinkle of the camel-bell and screech of the vulture. Far from the madding crowd, the desert encroaches on your thought until color becomes deified.

In the desert one may be alone but not lonely. The lover of crowds, banquets and balls stays but a short time, unless like Cain he is a fugitive. To me, the man is empty-minded who says the desert is empty. One may not have all human comforts, yet he may receive divine consolation. There is no room or flat except all outdoors; no decorated ceiling and electric lights, just God's sky, sun, moon and stars; no gra-

phophone, but the music of wind and sand; no easy chairs and beds, but Jacob's pillow with divine dreams; no movies and stage, but an amphitheatre of shifting scenes; no oil paintings, but sunrise, sunset and cloud; the architecture is rocks, the library, geology. The mental horizon is bigger just as the physical one is. The desert has its blessings—no alarm clock, or bath, or shave, or newspaper, or cook, or trolley, or office, or business, or club, or golf, or banquet, or concert, or lecture, or theatre, or sermon, or war-movie, or problem play, or visits. Man should be thankful for an occasional Robinson Crusoe existence. Desert change is beneficial. It is well to leave man's hand-made hell of crowded, smelly, grimy cities for God's open, large, clean desert.

The desert is an oven by day and an ice-box by night. The wells one is sure to find are the wells of perspiration. As we crossed the desert our auto was a motor-boat and on this sandy sea we were covered with dusty spray. We brushed along the road and the brush most needed was the clothes brush. In the desert one finds cactus, carcasses and rattlesnakes, the last being a poor toy for a child.

Artists love nude models—is this the reason why the naked and bare desert furnishes them with so many paintings? I have seen the desert sand yellow as butter and on my lips it tasted bitter as death. The dust fires your eyes, fills your ears and makes your nose bleed. After the sun has traveled across the desert all day I have noticed he goes to bed red-eyed from the dust.

Desert music is diversified, whether it comes from the Oriental howling dervish, the yell of the tiger, the melody of Egypt's Memnon statues, the jingle of the camel-bell, or the wind harping on an animal or human skeleton.

Solitude and desert are synonymous. Landor called solitude the audience chamber of God. It is the meeting place of living and dead. In calm rather than crash, we rightly measure the real value of the things we strive for. John went to the desert to see God face to face and leave the city buried under ritual form and creed. We should open the eyes and ears of our heart to the sights and sounds of nature that speaks of the Creator to the soul as no teacher of books can.

John went from the slavery of the city to the freedom of the desert. Silent day here echoes the airy voices of the dead; silvery night bathes the soul in holy quiet, in the desert where the living visit and the dead abide.

One cannot make a solitude and call it peace, or quiet his restless soul by fleeing to the desert. Sand, rock and cave were no shelter to the ascetic hermit, Rufinus, who fled the surging, sinful society of city life for spiritual safety. He could not get away from himself or the thought of the fair face and form which had fired his dreams and thrilled every nerve of passion. So he left the desert and rushed back again to the city. In Eber's "Homo Sum," pious Paulus and saintly Stephanus exiled themselves from the charm of the wicked city to the desert sand and silence of solitude. But fastings, prayers and scourgings could not drive out evil desires. Temptation within was stronger than outward ascetic vow. Paulus, betrayed into wrong, traces with dying fingers a request for prayer. Stephanus, suddenly meeting an old enemy, forgets forgiveness, clutches him by the throat and goes down over the precipice with him, crying, "He shall be damned! He shall be damned!" Flaubert paints a picture of St. Anthony in the desert and his many temptations in dreams to wealth, pleasure and death.

As we passed Superstition mountain, I seemed to see in the lengthening shadows of the setting sun spectre forms of dusky Apaches galloping along the horizon on their ponies, while the wind echoed their blood-curdling warcry as they swooped down on some warlike tribe or peaceful emigrant to lay them low.

I have crossed deserts by dromedaries in Africa, bullock-carts in India, but here your packhorse is a Packard. The only camel seen is Camel-Back mountain, and it was at this point that our well behaved car acted strangely. It breathed hard, and moved irregularly and slowly. So near our journey's end, this should have been the last place for it to cut up. Nevertheless, it did, Fred grew anxious, and found that its life-blood, gasoline, had nearly ebbed away. A camel may do without water in the desert, but an auto must have its gasoline. It was a close call, but the car managed to last until we crossed the sands and reached a relief station in the shape of a farmhouse.

We hailed a boy, who went to a field where a man was driving a tractor. He returned with a pitcher full of gas, which lasted till we reached Mesa, a filling station, where Fred tanked up.

The thirsty machine gassed, he hit her up to 40 miles an hour, to enable some of our passengers to make a train at Phoenix. We rushed madly by Mesa, and then Tempe, dark, dusty, flat and prosaic—not the one of poetic temperament in classic Greece that looked up to Mt. Ossa and Pelion, and through whose vale the river Peneus flowed into the sea. We flew across the state highway bridge over the Salt river, down avenues, outdistancing other autos and speed-cops, and pulled up at the Phoenix depot five minutes before the train left. The ride was wilder than Tam O'Shanter's. So ended this "day-tour" through the heart of the Apache country, which throbs with beauty, mystery, romance and history—a land not only rich in minerals but in legendary lore.

The Highland canal, twenty-five miles from Phoenix, showed us what water could do for the desert. The Big water we had seen in the morning was here in the evening, making the desert a rose garden of beauty. There was life, green freshness and productivity, acres of alfalfa, fields of corn, orchards of fruit, plums, peaches, pears, dates and figs, and tall, clean, strong, white balls of cotton from Egyptian seed. It looked like the Nile valley—all it lacked was the pyramids silhouetted in the distance. We saw cotton gins, the only kind of gin allowed in dry Arizona; Arizona, the oldest America, but our newest state.

PHOENIXIANA



HAT ancient globe-trotter and truthful tale-teller, Herodotus, was the first to write about Phoenix. 'Twas a bird of a story, and his flight of fancy has given it in classic winged words. He lays the legend in Heliopolis, the city of the sun—but when I was there I found no light on it. Herodotus calmly informs us that once every five hundred years a bird came to Egypt and buried its father in a sanctuary there, in an egg made of myrrh. This bird belonged to the order of

eagles, a game bird and a high flier, and was covered with red and gold feathers. It grieves me greatly to say that, while I have visited Heliopolis twice, I have missed it both times.

Mythology, as truthful an historian as Herodotus, says there was only one Phoenix at a time, and when he was ready to die he made a nest out of which a new Phoenix grew, the bird coming to life in Arabia. There is one other account of Phoenix so abundantly proved by historical eye-witnesses and editors that it is indisputable. It is known that when the Phoenix was dying it threw itself into the flames, and from its burned feathers and bones a new bird arose, stronger and more beautiful than the other.

There are many Phoenixes. The fruit Phoenix, a genus of tropical palm under whose fruitful shade we have not time to linger; Phoenix, the southern constellation which Bayer located between Grus and Eridanus, whose brightest star performers form a curved line. In the theatre of space these stars sing as they shine up to the listening Gods in the boxes. Then I have sailed by a group of islands called Phoenix, over a thousand miles northeast of cannibal Fiji. I must not forget repeated visits to Phoenix park, Dublin. Here one sees a palatial sward of nearly 2,000 acres. I covered it with a side-open jaunting car whose good-natured jarvey pointed out the zoological garden, Wellington testimonial and Viceregal lodge whose green was blood-stained in 1882 by the foul assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish, chief secretary of Ireland, and Thomas H. Burke, the under secretary.

The reason for this digression on Phoenix is because the city of Phoenix, Arizona, which I started to write about, has nothing more interesting, to me at least, than the aforesaid enumerated things and places suggested by its name. How could one write a classic description of Phoenix without mentioning Herodotus, the Father of History? The other added digressions are a side-dish to the city's regular menu.

Phoenix, Arizona, was first established in 1867, near some prehistoric ruins, and moved to its present location in 1870. The old city hall looks as it were one of the ruins brought with them. The town was settled in 1875, but the dust has never been settled. It is an in"‘dust”rious town.

The climate is mild, and is a tonic that makes you feel poetically Mil-tonic. Phoenix is noted for its South African and Nubian ostriches and American octogenarians. The products are mines, live stock, hay, grain, honey, wine, oranges, cattle ranges, sheep runs and ostrich farms. A commodious and comfortable insane asylum has been erected here for those who come to Phoenix believing all the railroads, real estate and mining sharks have told them.

One remembers Tempe as the haunt of beauty and the gods—but, ye gods! how he is shocked when he comes here, to find that Tempe, Arizona, has a Government Agricultural Experiment Station devoted to the culture of a variety of Morocco dates.

Here are some bald facts and thoughts about Phoenix—the kind to be expected from a bald-headed writer. The State Capitol is the big show-place of the city. It stands at the end of the palm-shaded Washington street leading to it, like another Taj Mahal. Travelers who have seen both will note the great dissimilarity. No doubt it was located so far from town that it might discourage the daily visits of peripatetic politicians and office-seekers. It stands in a beautiful grass-green park with trees, flowers, foliage and walks that make it a veritable oasis in the desert. Within the domed building are the official offices of the governor and staff, a waiting place for hungry politicians, and a nice lunch-counter within easy reach. Here the ever self-sacrificing patriots may get a hand-me-down sandwich, cup of coffee, cut of pie or cheese without going way home for it and thus wasting much valuable time and car-fare which they are consecrating to their dear country's needs.

The Water Users Building is just what one expects in a prohibition town. It is the headquarters of the U. S. Reclamation service, irrigation system and Roosevelt dam. The Phoenixians have a unique way of sprinkling the streets. All day long men stand on the leading corners, line up along the curbs and expectorate as gentlemen by laying the dust with tobacco juice. This is their respite and Nepenthe.

Sunday morning I was moved by a sermon given by an old-time Methodist exhorter, but the wildest amusement is the the movies. The Wild West here is now found on the picture

screen, not on the street. In front of one house there was a poster of Indians holding up a stage-coach. Standing before the poster was a group of Apaches in civilized suits, shoes, felt hats, white shirts and ties. They looked at the colored ad as if wondering whether it were true, or as if they admired their brave ancestors and sadly lamented the quiet civilized state to which they themselves had fallen.

Buildings such as hotels, banks, theatres, schools, churches are found, but the main building and the most important is the garage. Gasoline is the life-blood of the town. The cowboy, horse and Apache pony have given way to the auto and chauffeur in the streets. To enter this brightly lighted city from the desert is as great a surprise as the camel-rider in the Sahara feels when he comes to an oasis. Phoenix is a modern caravansary where autos load up on gas, oil, tires, air, electricity and many other necessities. Everywhere you see desert dust-covered Bedouin cars snorting smelly gas, breathing hard, rushing down the streets. On corner lots one finds scores of second-hand and junk autos for sale. They are wrecks from the awful wear and tear of the rough trail desert trips. Sanitariums and hospitals have made Phoenix famous, but the auto hospital is the leading institution for tubercular tubes, tired tires, broken bodies, worn-out frames, one-lunged cylinders, battered batteries, degenerate generators, stripped gears, asthmatic horns and motors with loco-motor ataxia.

Vice-President Marshall, third-term shouter, has a winter home near Phoenix, a good corral for the sub-driver of the Democratic Donkey that brayed so loud in Wisconsin that it scared away its followers and made them rush for Lenroot.

THE DEATH PENALTY



ARIZONA always had Cain descendants, and the forewarned traveler was forearmed. Today the red stream of blood flows over its red rocks. It is said that since the abolition of the death penalty for murder homicide has increased 100 per cent, and this in spite of the fact

that prohibition is in effect, save for some lawless bottleggers. Crime is increasing at a big ratio, and the many murders since prohibition went into effect prove that lax law against murder is responsible and that men will run amuck when they know they are not to be punished by the death penalty.

Sentimental governors, political misrepresentatives and their constituents who vote to abolish capital punishment are particeps criminis to lawless murder. No government is possible without law, law without penalty is nil, and the penalty that does not fit the crime multiplies crime. Fools who profess to be wiser than God, and some knaves pretending to be more tender-hearted than the Redeemer, have ignored the Bible murder penalty, of substance in the Old Testament and of spirit in the New Testament, until today in the United States about one murderer out of seventy-four receives the death penalty, and the average life sentence of the murderer is reduced to seven years.

CIVILIZED SAVAGES



IN the Phoenix Indian School Uncle Sam has collected, from forty different tribes, members of his original and aboriginal family. Boys and girls, aged 14 to 20, come here for a term of three to five years. It costs the Federal Government over \$135,000 annually, but it is a fine investment, and the students are willing to work half the time at books and the other half at practical employment. Time is not frittered away with vacations, but spent in avocations tending to self-support, honor and efficiency in later years. Students must know the three R's, plus a public school course, and, since most of them will not occupy government salaried positions in town, but are destined to live in rural homes in villages, the knowledge of industrial and domestic values is imperative. The boys become farmers and mechanics, the girls housewives.

Riding out three miles from the city over a flat country, we came to the Indian school, with sky-line mountains in

the background. It is said that there is no royal road to learning, yet the big double rows of palms made it seem so as they extended their open palms of welcome.

I met a nut-brown Indian maid who introduced me to Dr. John B. Brown, the superintendent, who gave me information about the institution and a guide to take me about the school grounds and buildings. I saw my first Indian fight in a classroom, where an Apache was murdering the king's English. Some were killing time. The instructor's idea was to teach the pupils how to shoot ideas, and not arrows. From the number of classes round about, I was sure the Redman would be well read. One brave was making a brave attempt to lead a column of figures across the blackboard.

On the way to the Vocational School, we saw several girls illustrating a lesson on cleanliness by sweeping steps and walks. It is not too sweeping a statement to say that what they were doing was as important as studying Greek. Their dresses were deep blue and matched the sky above them. Their suits were not as scenic as blankets, but much more sanitary, and they made a good picture for some blue prints as the wind blew their hair. In another room girls were sewing, doing millinery and needle work and making hats and dresses. In the auditorium they learn to make addresses, sing and play, and give their college yell, something far different from a carnage yell.

Boys in the printshop were setting up type, printing programs, folders and pamphlets. They issue a magazine entitled "The Native American." It appeared in attractive type that proves there is a new type of Indian today. They showed me a cut of printer's "pi." These Indian boys deserve feathers in their caps. The tailor shop was interesting. The boys may not have read Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," "Tailor Retailed," though some of their brothers may have at the Carlisle Indian School. The suits they made were suitable for school work.

Apache mental capacity is great, yet their food capacity is greater. Their study course is primary pre-vocational and vocational. Of course, like us, they like the dinner course. When the whistle blew at 12, two separate streams of hungry

humanity poured into the immense dining-room. Students were segregated, boys on one side and girls on the other. They stood at their tables, sang a prayer of thanks in sweet unison, then sat down and fell to keeping time with knives and forks to the music of a graphophone. At the end of the dinig hall there was a large painted motto, "No Excellence Without Labor," and the pupils illustrated it when they fell to work and gave an excellent performance of eating. The meal was plain, no reason to complain, and there was plenty of wholesome food. There was no vacant seat, or I certainly would have filled it. We went out to the kitchen and spoke to the Indian cooks and butchers. The chef had a class of boys, and his chef d'oeuvre was a large chart of a beef, with its choice cuts named and numbered, a sort of a map with lines to make it go as far as possible.

An item in one of their magazines stated that an Apache had found a five-dollar bill on the school campus and turned it over to the owner. It would seem that his education is not yet complete or equal to that of his white brothers.

These Indian students were patriotic in buying Liberty Bonds to help the Great White Father. They were enlisting and investing in the Red Cross service. The widow, Azul Geronimo, and son of the old crafty and cruel Geronimo who for so long was an unholy terror to Uncle Sam, have bought Liberty Bonds at the government reservation near Tularosa, N. M.

A study of the Indian problem shows that some of the old primitive savages are left; that two-thirds have given up old customs for modern dress, making a loss to the artist but a gain to the tailor; and that one-third attend church. There are over 300,000 Indians in the United States, included in 217 tribes and bands. Oklahoma is the big Indian state, with more than 100,000 Indians. Arizona coming next with 42,000.

The word "Apache" meant "enemy," according to Zuni. They were warlike and powerful and always in war with the whites. They surrendered in 1886 and were deported to Florida and Alabama, where they underwent military imprisonment. The Apaches are of Athabascan stock, and there is a mixture with Spanish blood, due to captives. They were thieves and murderers from the middle of the sixteenth century. Between 1870 and 1886 there were violent outbreaks under such

braves as Cachise, Victorio, Geronimo, Nana and Nakaidoklini, when several hundred whites in Mexico and New Mexico were killed and their property stolen. As late as 1900 the Apaches made a murderous raid on the Mormon settlers in Chihuahua.

Apache blood was good in Geronimo—it was better in Dr. Carlos Montaguina, who was full-blooded and an educated doctor at several government Indian agencies, later a doctor in Chicago, and a professor in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. His career was scientific, and instead of the tomahawk he wielded the scalpel. The doctor believed in education. It was high time to teach his tribe English, when the word for stove polish in the Indian tongue is “Deyeknonhsedehrihadasterasterahetakwa.”

Apache Geronimo was too wily for General Crook, and led him a wild warpath chase. Finally General Nelson A. Miles was appointed. Day and night he chased the Apaches through desert and mountain, till at last he cornered and captured them. Geronimo and his chiefs were taken to Fort Sill as military prisoners. This was the end of the Apache warpath.

A SAVAGE ATTACK



HARLES DICKENS raises the dickens in his “Noble Savage” when he tells what he thinks about the Indian, though what he satirically said of the Redman then may be applied to his civilized white brother now. This diatribe on the savage tribe is a flattering picture of the human race. He declares the Indian is savage, cruel, false, thievish, murderous; addicted to beastly customs; a wild animal with the questionable gift of boasting; a conceited, tiresome, bloodthirsty, monotonous humbug, squatting, sitting, spitting, and dancing miserable jigs; no pleasure in anything but a war of extermination; diabolical, with no moral feelings of any kind, sort or description; lazy and makes his women work. The novelist concludes, “His virtues are a fable, his happiness a delusion, his nobility nonsense; he passes away

before an immeasurably higher and better power than ever ran wild in any earthly woods, and the world will be all the better when his place knows him no more."

The Indian believes that after death his faithful dog will keep him company in the Happy Hunting Ground. I am savage brute enough to declare that I would much rather spend eternity with my faithful, little, white, obedient and affectionate dog that died two years ago than with some human cynics I know who run on our streets unmuzzled, snarling, barking and biting everyone they meet.

In dress, the Indian loves to wear feathers and paint, expose his breast, arms and legs. There are others.

His chief delight is to smoke, sit around and spit. Are there no signs of this high art in clubs, corner curbs, grocery stores and streetcar platforms? Then, too, he has devil dances to harsh music, but not half so devilish as some modern society rags to jazz accompaniments. His dances are usually religious, which cannot be said of any of ours.

He believes in a Great Spirit; worships the sun, symbolizing force and power. This is better than those who worship the trinity of pelf, power and pleasure. He believes in the medicine man—so do city folks—there is nothing strange about that. There is a place for Totemism in his creed, for he believes in the family and individual guardian spirits; so do many other little society folks, who always "tote" in the spirits of their famous ancestors.

The word "pow-wow" to the Indian meant to heal with noise and dancing. We ridicule the idea, but what of our noisy political pow-wows, when, instead of burying the hatchet, we get out our knives and tomahawks?

In art, he is decorative and symbolic, his decorations showing geometric designs on textiles, baskets, pottery and embroidery. Mentally and socially considered, his characteristics are sullen, tacit, weary and impassive. The old Indian's idea of education never included an institution of learning where man scientifically learned to kill, torture, deceive and destroy. The Redman is a believer in home, and his social and political body is based on the family idea. The social unit was the head man or chief. These units made a tribe and were governed by

a council where each tribe was represented. The man and woman each has property, the mother's inherited by the children, the father's going back to the tribe.

The Indian's vices were primitive and coarse. He learned his refined vices from the white man, such as cheating, drinking and gambling. Of course, it is a sad affliction that the Indian lives out in the open where he can breathe, run, and see the stars and mountains, instead of cooping himself up in a sooty, stuffy city and jailing himself in a flat. But then, he is only a savage, thank the Lord!

ARIZONA'S FOSSIL FORESTS



ARIZONA is A-No. 1 in scenery. The Petrified Forest is in Apache county, where Nature has gone on the warpath and leveled her giant trees. I had seen all kinds of human fossils and was anxious to view the more interesting vegetable ones of a petrified forest.

We left Phoenix at sunset and saw the sun rise on a desert wrapped in a blanket of snow. The Painted Desert was done in white, and the cactus was blossoming with snowballs. While our train stopped at a wayside station, an Indian entered our car with an armful of earthenware pottery. As a souvenir collector, I was ready to buy one for my wife. As I was about to ask for one, he began to unload and distribute them one under each seat. To my chagrin, I found they were nothing but cupidors. Since I was not a consumptive, it was unnecessary to purchase one.

We got off at Adamana, a Lonelyville-looking place, and the only sign I saw of a petrified forest was a large painted one on a shed roof reading, "Petrified Forest Six Miles." The train pulled out, no one got off except our party, and we stood lonesome and forlorn until a tall blonde man with cowboy hat and boots approached. He picked up our bags and, like Anna Held, said, "Follow Me." This we gladly did until we came to a long, low building resembling a Scotch manse, built by Mr. C. B. Campbell with no hump on it. The logs were burning in the

grate and great petrified logs were on the porch, as well as in the rooms arrayed with Indian curios and souvenirs. We had a savage appetite, and it was appeased by an Apache belle, a ringer of a cook who had the wild Indian name "Josephine." She stealthily moved in and out, serving us with oatmeal, bacon, eggs, pancakes, bread and coffee. Ye gods and ghosts of this mysterious region, this Indian descendant of thine was worthy of thee!

I asked the name of my host proprietor, and he answered that when he was a cowpuncher it was "Rawhide Bill." I later learned that he was a professor, artist, astronomer, geologist and traveler, and that his name was Nelson, a common name of a most uncommon man. He confessed he came to the desert to escape the aristocratic society in his own country. He preferred to herd cattle here rather than to live with human cattle over there; the stars in the sky to those on the stage, and the barren desert to the empty brain.

The petrified forests were not standing up, but lying down, and we couldn't see where they were or how to get there. So our scientific expedition started out with an auto, gun, broom, shovel, two kodaks, and plenty of enthusiasm. For rugs and robes we had Navajo blankets. Their red color was warm, though the sharp wind shot arrows through them. We pulled out in the snow, by shrubs and bushes wearing white snow blankets, then passed across the mesa, level as Minnesota, toward a table-land. Suddenly the car slid down toward a little gulley, and I yelled, "Stop! the bridge is out!"—for I could only see two small parallel boards across it and all was open between. The professor said this was the way they built bridges here, so the cattle could not cross, though an auto might. It was a slippery and shaky trip, yet we got over. He said that was easy. Then we came to a big river bed, and this time we didn't hit the wood rails right, and slipped through, but stopped before we went over the bank. We shoveled snow and sand, the wheels stuck and we made a non-skid chain of ropes. Finally extraction followed suppressed execration; we got on the wood track, and were soon over—but not over our trouble, for there appeared the annoying difficulty of a hill looking like a young iceberg. Here we indulged in the

Norway sport of chugging up and sliding back, something that would have made a good hit in a comedy film. It was far from funny to us, who felt we would be hit hard if thrown out. Up at last, and the only spectator who saw us cross this Alps was a cowardly coyote, who slunk away as we came over the top. Alas! we had arrived too late! This desert dog, carrion scavenger, whose ancestors would eat anything the Indians left, had committed foul murder. There on the white snow lay a dead, pudgy porcupine, his warm blood staining the snow as it oozed from his throat where the razor teeth of the coyote had bitten through. He had put up a good fight, judged by the number of quills scattered around. I hope Mr. Coyote's nose resembled a pincushion. Rawhide Bill said, "Alas, poor Porcupine, I knew him well, for he lived down in the ravine spanned by a bridge formed of a monarch petrified tree, and was always around when visitors came to see the sights." Bill's gun was loaded, and he would gladly have avenged the murder of his quondam quill friend.

This natural petrified log bridge is one of the most interesting things here. It spans a chasm 60 feet wide, a precious stone bridge of agate and jasper that the Revelator John would have admired. Time was the contractor who built it, and it required centuries. I think our Third Avenue bridge in Minneapolis was built under the same contract. The years and seasons have passed over this log bridge, and the only repairs necessary have been an undercoating of cement to keep the portions of cracked trunk from falling down and in. I have walked over wet river logs, but this was as slippery, and the fall would have been worse, for there was an ice pool beneath.

In this First Forest are the deposit remains of petrified wood, from an agate chip of an inch in size to trunks and branches 200 feet long. These forests are over 5,000 feet above sea level, and are famous for their color. Scattered about through the desert, they look as though the arch of a rainbow had fallen down and smashed to bits.

The weather was bad, we breathed hard, the auto took a bad cold and coughed all the way for two and a half miles to the next forest. Leaving Eagle's Nest, Snow Lady and Dewey's Canyon, we saw the table-lands where Nature has spread

a variety of colors for the eye to devour. The Second Forest contains about 2,000 acres. Hundreds of broken trees, scattered in the snow, resembled giant clinkers of coal dropped out of the fiery furnace of the sun. The Twin Sisters here are very old girls, stony-hearted and very interesting. We trudged our way through the snow to the hilltop where stands a pavilion, a four-square wooden building with open sides and roof. What a place for a picnic! The tables had a coverlet of snow, on which were appetizingly placed chunks of petrified rock nearly as hard as some of the biscuits I have eaten at Sunday school picnics. After looking at an empty green bottle and other refreshments, we strolled out to interview the remains of the fossil forest.

One large, crimson-colored rock looked like a butcher-block where Time had been killed. Another slab resembled a slice of tough steak. I climbed a huge pulpit rock, where, instead of making remarks, my only eloquence was silence. Stump speeches should be fluent, but on this stump I was stumped for words. The snow was a blessing in disguise. Usually the rock colors are dusty and gray, but the sun melted the snow on the face of the rock, making it flush with clean red beauty. This was the first time I ever saw a wet log glow with hidden fire. The colors of the Fall are brilliant, but those of these fallen trees are indescribable. With a broom as a brush, I smeared the snow over the stones, securing greater color effects than any brush wielded by Turner or Titian. The rock became a petrified palette of yellow, blue and green stone. In the heart of one stone trunk was the perfect form of a red cross, proving that long ago this sister tree was a Red Cross member in good standing. Scores of trunks were packed with stones precious to the scientist.



"NING PO," PIRATE SLAVE SHIP

CATALINA



LANDING A 480-POUND SEA BASS
NEWPORT BEACH, CALIFORNIA

HARDWOOD QUESTIONS



AS a boy, I often had to saw wood, and it was hard work. I saw this, the hardest wood I ever saw, and I wondered who cut these trees, and how.

This is the only forest primeval coeval with creation. Maybe these trees grew in the Garden of Eden. Were Adam and Eve here as caretakers? Did the serpent beguile them here? Were monkeys at home in the higher branches? Did ancestral apes swing in these treetops? Were they used as hitching posts for dinosaurs? Did any ancient Rosalind carve her name upon the bark? These trees are older than history. No sign is necessary here of "Woodman, spare that tree," for they are tree-mendously hard and would turn any edge.

The sacred Bo of Ceylon is one of the world's oldest trees. I have seen the olives of Gethsemane, cedars of Lebanon, redwoods in the Yosemite, but these trees are earth's oldest settlers. Royalty and wealth collect antiques of jewelry, painting, statuary, furniture, and lace, but these petrified trees are the true antiquities.

Mythology speaks of trees that talk—if only these trees had tongues to tell of perished centuries and generations spent and dead. Who courted under them? Did the extinct dodo bird perch in their branches? What ancient Warner made them a back-log study? I pity the tramp who had to cut this wood to earn his breakfast.

Babes were lost in the woods and though these trees are down, without your guide you would be lost in the desert. We were already lost in wonder and speculation.

In the Third Forest there are hundreds of trees more than 200 feet long and of rainbow colored agate. Some of these logs would make lovely fireplace ornaments. The Blue Forest, with its blue tint of trees, was discovered by Professor Muir. This region has been a government preserve, or national monument, since 1906 and is protected against spoliation or theft. You are allowed a few souvenirs for yourself and by special permission, may secure larger ones for museums and institutions.

These trees are a log-jam which has floated down the stream of time—the only one they could float on. It is a shadeless forest, a poor place for a picnic. The only shade is one of color and the past. Birds do not nest or sing in these stone trees; no winds murmur through their boughs. There is no fuel in the trunks—they are fossil and petrified like some heads of the Fuel Administration.

What fury felled this forest? These monoliths look like columns that some fabulous Samson had pulled down. The only will-o'-the-wisp that hovers over these "putrified" logs (as my Pullman porter called them) is the fire of Fancy. What nomadic Nimrod hunted here, and what? What prehistoric bugologist or botanist took specimens from the trees? A blast of wind once might have knocked over these trees; only dynamite can do it now. Time's tooth, which devours all, will get an ache or break if it tackles these trunks. Hercules had some hard tasks, and it would have been a difficult one to have built a log-cabin from these materials. There are hard woods like hickory, oak, iron and lignite, but, with the exception of some wood in the Washington Administration Cabinet, these trees are the hardest I ever saw. A woodpecker would fracture his beak on them at the first peck. Why not use these forests for our new stone warships?

The Gorgon was a fabled monster of antiquity. Did it make this forest its home and, with the hard glance of its goo-goo eyes, turn these trees to stone? These stony scenes recall the fable of the enchanted palace of Arabia where everything was stricken with a marble paralysis.

The forest has been excavated and its dead brought to light by the tireless diggers of sun, whirling sand, wind and rain. Lying in the basin bed of a once old sea, these chips, blocks and trunks that sparkle like jewels are from the earliest genealogical tree—it is a knotty question how old they are. Sterne said he could love a tree in the desert—how would he feel here where there are acres of them, quarries of onyx and marble? Against this tree bark scientists have barked their shins. Some say they always grew here and then settled down half a mile. Once they were about 240 feet high, and may have been laid low by cyclone, freshet and submergence. Then they were covered

by a volcanic sea. Pressure changed the firewood to flint. The fall of the trees was orderly, not as if by wind or water, but thrown by an earthquake moving south from the crest of the continent. Later there was a cross-cut by frosts and shocks, then they became fossilized and afterward broken. To be plain, "Some time during the stupendous subsidences of the Jurassic Period, this prone Mesozoic forest sank to where the vast later sediments of the Cretaceous Era could wash down upon it a mile deep." Into this tree fibre pressure pumped solutions of silica, paste of chalcedony, springs of salt, copper, iron and sulphur. Some pressure, suggesting what is brought to bear on newspapers to distort, politics to deceive, business to swindle, lovers to court on park benches, or church committees to steal a pastor from one church and then throw him out to none.

Science then points us to the Tertiary Age when this forest, dead asleep in its rocky bed, was called up like Lazarus, with its sand shrouds upon it, which in later eons were removed by hands of erosion and corrosion, those twin brothers of destruction.


So, today, after an age mathematics cannot number, on a mile plain so high that geologists stumble, surrounded by cliffs 150 feet high, with cut ravines and sloping mesas painted with sandstone, clay and shale, the forest has come up to look at the light and listen to the breeze as it had so long ago that only the eternal Creator knows when. Father Time, now bent and wearing a long beard, must have been a small, smooth-faced kid when these trees lived. Serene they were, and are, and will be when you and I are dust, and the memories of present nations, with their wealth, war, power and learning, are a mere myth or a child's fairy tale.

Leaving this Stonehenge and Stone Age, we chugged back to the hotel with pockets full of specimens and a mind full of memories. The sun had turned the snow-covered bushes into fountains of running jewels colored like the agate and quartz we had just left. After a successful attack on the dinner, we started on a scouting tour to see the many warpath curios collected in the hotel and museum by Mr. Campbell and Nelson.

There were bows, arrows, knives, blankets, rugs, dolls, belts, tomahawks, eagles, beads, wampum, flint, arrow-heads, feathers,

moccasins, baskets, pottery, and many other things that appealed to the Apache's heart and the tourist pocketbook. We mused in this museum, regarding it as an illustrated history of the Apache tribes. Here a single doll or arrow summed up a tribe's love or hate, all widely written on by savants and sages whose dust-covered books lie unread in the libraries. Yet, how small and ephemeral all these relics seemed compared with the relics of the departed world we had just left. Why, even this earth clod of ours is but a child's toy in the museum of space filled with millions of worlds.

THE "ROLE" OF THE DRUM

HE most interesting and valuable relic we saw was an ancient Indian war drum, made from a sheepskin stretched over a hollowed out log, the original bark covering the sides. It had been in the possession of an illustrious Indian, who, when dying, gave it to a white trader who had helped him. The tribe later tried to get it back, but in vain; and no man's money has yet tempted it away from Adamana. I looked at it, thumped it and listened to the echo of its beating heart, a heart with a language all its own.

When a small boy, I remember how Johnny came marching home and we all felt gay. The soldiers came in freight cars from Washington. I used to run by the side of the railroad tracks and give them sugar and cake from the pantry in exchange for hardtack and canteen souvenirs. But it was their drums that fired my heart. On several occasions I was permitted to play them, and when they went away I wanted one for myself. The family naturally and wisely objected, for I was already too strenuous, and a drum would be unendurable. Feeling that life had little enjoyment, I recorded my disappointment by scratching my name on the piano legs. Later I found the legs of an old baby chair which I improvised into drumsticks. We neighbor boys made a procession, and from morning to night it was "rub-a-dub-dub" on barrels, kettles,

fences, stoops and doors. We received all kinds of expressions from the public in the shape of water, ashes, oaths and watch-dogs, but took our chances and, like Macduff, laid on, with no profane "enough" until under the head of a public nuisance we were all threatened with arrest. If the officer on this beat had not been a member of my father's church he would have clubbed us into silence or tempered our ardor in the cooler.

These were my earliest impressions of a drum. Later in world-wide travel I have seen and heard all the drums big and little, round, cylindrical, high and low, loud and soft, queer and weird, played by head, hand and foot, played fast and slow in life and death, peace and war, played by savage and by civilized man in the desert or orchestra hall.

Savages, whose natural argument was a blow on the head to beat out their enemies' brains, naturally fell into a percussion style of music and invented the drum, often the sole as well as the chief musical instrument. The drum figures in this world from religion to ragtime—from the Salvation Army to the jazz band. The history of the drum is not hum-drum.

Music is a universal language and the despised, unmusical drum has a polyglot tongue. All other musical instruments have their speech of sentiment, love and emotion, but the voice of the drum knows the eloquent language of liberty and can get more volunteers for God, home and native land than all the orators. The roll of the drum, like that of the sea, fills the soul's shore-line and its every bay and gulf. Heine says that the history of the storming of the Bastille cannot be correctly understood until we know how the drumming was done. The French Le Grand taught him on a drum all French and modern history.

The reveille of the drum means that it is time to get up, and there is a fable of its resurrection meaning in the old legend of soldiers, fallen in battle, who by night rose from the grave in the battle field, and with drummer at their head, marched back to their native home.

There is a pathetic story in French history of Napoleon's nameless drummer-boy being swept from the ranks, by the sudden dash of an avalanche, into an Alpine valley. He was

uninjured and the drum still hung suspended from his neck. He waved his hands to the soldiers 200 feet above him and began to drum, playing the tattoo, the reveille, the advance and the charge. But there was no time to rescue him, the soldiers passed on and the last thing they heard in the clear cold air was the beat of a funeral march. Then the little drummer boy lay on the snow bank to die with the snow for his shroud and the falling night for his pall. For years the veterans of the Italian campaign hushed their voices at the campfire, as they told the story of Napoleon's drummer-boy whose slender body lay frozen beside his drum in the silent solitudes of the snowy Alps.


Deborah's timbrel was a sort of drum. The old tom-tom I have heard at an Indian snake-charming, doubtless had its counterpart in Egypt in 1600 B. C., and I have listened to that same noise in modern Cairo. The dull sound that waked my dreams in the Alhambra was from a drum the Moors had brought from the East after a crusade.

The ear-drum recognizes the sound of a drum whether the instrument is side, snare, bass or kettle. In patriotic art we have the spirit of '76. Germany has used the drum as a favorite means to raise recruits—we have done it against her and by God's grace, will give her a drum-head court martial before long. The drum now thrills and throbs with the words "enlist, enlist," though the world is waiting for the time Tennyson speaks of, "When the war-drum throbs no longer."

The drum is the heart-beat of a liberty-loving humanity. The Fourth of July drum recalls the spirit of 1917 when Uncle Sam started to make the world habitable and we prayed that the drum-sticks of the American eagle might beat out the brains of Germany's two-headed vulture; recalls the spirit of the Spanish War to give Cuba and the Philippines human rights; recalls the War of the Rebellion for the union of all creeds, colors and conditions; recalls the war of Mexico for a square deal for Americans which they are not receiving to-day; recalls the war of 1812 for free commerce of our ships upon the high seas; recalls the war of 1776 for liberty by the noble colonists whom our present pacifist Secretary of War

paid tribute to as tramps and thieves. I believe in the drum. Can you beat it? Hurrah, for Uncle Sam, the drum-major of the world in the march for freedom of body, mind and soul, always and everywhere.

AUTO STOPS

F only the roads to learning in California were as royal and smooth as the auto one from Los Angeles to San Diego! Leaving Santa Ana, we passed through overturned walnut orchards. Was it the result of an earthquake or had a storm blown them over? No. They had been torn up to make room for lima and navy beans for the army and navy. The orchards and vineyards I looked for in the valleys along the route, were not there—everything was beans, just beans. Why? Because there was more money in it. Uncle Sam was willing to pay the price and his slogan was “Beans will win the war.” Then, too, prohibition on economical as well as ethical grounds, had changed the point of view. Future poets of California will revise their verses, and instead of singing praises to Bacchus, the god of the grape, and Pomona, the presiding goddess of the fruit trees, they will fall to celebrating the plebeian bean which the wise Greek philosopher Pythagoras urged this followers to abstain from. His admonition was later expressed in the Latin “Nota Bene,” translated “not a bean.”

We looked in the direction of Modjeska's majestic home. It had an excellent stage setting of Saddle Back, Canyon and ocean. One looks for tropical climate in this Southern California, but in an auto going forty miles an hour and an ocean wind as many more, it was not difficult to imagine we were members of the Peary party in search of the North Pole. Travellers who come to California to see beautiful, and at times sublime scenery of the ocean shore and surf-beaten rock, the curve of hill and dent of vale from Los Angeles to San Diego, may get an occasional glimpse of it through the small isin-glass window of the flapping auto-curtain. It was only by

begging and bribing that we could see what we had come so far for. The chauffeur explained it was customary to keep the auto battened up like a ship in a storm. On other rides to beaches the drivers were not so obliging and refused to lift the stage curtain hiding the superb views.

Of course, if you don't like this, you may go by boat, train or private auto, but not owning any of these we went by stage. The cars are large and strong and the chauffeurs skillful, all of which is evidenced by the large number of passengers they pack in one car, piling up the bags and bundles around them. There is some pleasure in a front seat even if three are crowded into it, one occupying half of yours and the driver's lap. When you are in the back seat, however, and five adults and three children are sardined around you, one's mind is necessarily diverted from the scenery.

This Camino Real auto road was first laid out by the padres as a way to their missions. It is far from being a pious path now. Autos rush up and down like Satanic Jehus, in spite of warning signs to go slow. We had a close call on a steep grade curve and passed many evidences of auto wrecks due to auto-intoxication, that subjective state of mind induced by the mania of speed, spirits and recklessness. There are houses and hotel resorts along the route, high and low like the ocean tide, in front of them.

The Torrey pines, the last of their race in exile on the cliffs, sadly waved their five-spine fingers to us as we passed. They are literally pining away as they gaze out sorrowfully to the sea.

La Jolla is well known for its ocean caves which are inviting to a picnicker, or to Polyphemus, that old Cyclops that devoured some of Ulysses' (not Grant's) companions on their return from Troy (not New York.) Don't you remember how Poly was thirsty as well as hungry, and drank some very strong wine (not California) and when drunk was in good shape to have Ulysses punch out his eye with a burning pole? Delightful pleasantries, these. Out from the shore there is a large rock that suggests the big stone Cyclops hurled at Ulysses who gave him the laugh when sailing from the

shore. According to a literal Greek translation of Homer's classic, he said, "This is what you get for your dirty work—I'm the guy who closed your lamp."

Along the route we met many interesting people, among them the son of Ulysses S. Grant who gave the Cyclops of slavery a black eye; and the queen of a Gypsy camp who hailed us with bright smile and dress and was anxious to tell our fortunes.

SAN DIEGO, NOW AND THEN



SAN DIEGO dates from 1835. It is the oldest municipality in California. Its mild and equable climate makes it a national resort. The land-locked harbor of 20 square miles makes it second only to 'Frisco. We found the Exposition Park of 14,000 acres had been given over to the sailors. The soldiers were at Fort Rosecrans. San Diego exports fruit, olive oil and citric acid. Gold and gems are found nearby.

Tia Juana, Mexico, is just across the line, and it was forbidden to step across without a passport. Nevertheless different auto men said they could get us across and I met some people who had just been over. But our government had forbidden it and that was enough for me, since I never was a law-breaker. Besides, the year before I had seen all of Mexico I cared to. Years ago I found Tia Juana a city of chance, drink, fist, cock and bull fights, and other Mexican virtues.

Next morning we visited a sort of municipal museum of some of the good things of the surrounding country. The big world's exposition park had been captured by the sailors, but the exposition of them drilling was the best exhibit the big beautiful park had ever witnessed. Mission Cliff Gardens are very attractive and the valley below unrolls a splendid panorama. At the ostrich farm the keeper put some of the birds into a race to show us they could do something more than grow "fine feathers."


There is a beautiful palm park and fountain in the Plaza opposite the Grant Hotel. It is a place to bake and loaf and be comfortable if one has a bun on. Hoboes filled the outlying benches, but kept as far away as possible from the fountain in the Plaza centre. Later the city gave warning that unless they found work it would give them a free auto ride out of town.

Old Town, San Diego, has many first editions of many interesting things—the first olive press, the first brick house, the first jail and the first cross planted by the brown-robed Franciscan, Junipero Serra. In 1769 he established the first chain of 21 Mission links, a chain of spiritual slavery among the Indians that has since been broken, and is now viewed as a relic by the tourist, and only interesting as such. The palm tree here was planted 147 years ago, but the best thing ever raised here was the American flag by General Fremont in 1846.

The old mission church bells still ring of the Castilian belle, Ramona Gonzaga, the simple sweet girl whom Helen Hunt Jackson has made the heroine of her historical and hysterical novel. We visited Ramona's Marriage Place. If all the world loves a lover, that part of it which comes to San Diego is anxious to come here. As in Latin America the church has built up shrines on the baseless fabric of some holy fairy tale to get the money from the poor peon, so here this Place has been built around Ramona's marriage until it has become a museum and exhibition by the church of halos and prayer sticks; paintings of the Holy Trinity, Father Joseph and the Christ Child, the Soul of the Virgin, the Virgin of Guadalupe; bead work, Santa Maria, an old crucifix, the treasures of old Father Horton and religious pictures and histories. Among this pious deposit is much profane stuff of Indian curios—carettas, Spanish ovens, a crystal gazing ball, and an arbor rest of green grape vine from Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena. In superstitious keeping with all this is the Wishing Well where you drop a coin and drink a drop with the good luck wish to come here again. Trees, fruits and flowers were an interesting and refreshing diversion. The Old Plaza was

an ancient bull-ring and the tourists are bulled here now. At Old Town Californian civilization was born, though now it has escaped the ecclesiastical danger of its childhood.

“THEOSOPHISTRY”

 AN auto whirled us to Point Loma, where is situated the Theosophical Homestead. The Government now occupies the point, and this is as near the point of Theosophy as I ever reached. I was no nearer in Benares at Annie Besant's Hindu college where the students were expected to combine athletic with mental and moral culture. According to report the “moral” phase had been exchanged for a post-graduate course in corrupting practices that lead the British government to censure her and withdraw her boy pupils.

This doctrine of theosophy, “wisdom concerning God,” has had a long journey from India to Point Loma and a tough time to reach us poor ignorant mortals. The dictionary defines it as a god-knowledge, a system of religion that comes by ecstasy or direct intuition; an intercourse with God and superior spirits and consequent attainment of superhuman knowledge, by physical processes, as by the theurgic operations of some ancient Platonists, or by the chemical processes of the German fire philosophers. This should be clear to all those who are willing to accept every book but the Bible, and every Saviour but Mary's blessed Son, on the ground that there is so much “mystery.”

Madam Blavatsky brought this ethereal doctrine from Thibet to New York desiring to accomplish three things, “To unite humanity in a universal brotherhood; to show the essential union of religions; to develop the latent spiritual powers of mankind.” She professed to be in on the “occult” secrets of Eastern devotees and in her “Isis Unveiled” lifts the lid off ancient science and theology. Believing it to be a good thing that should be passed along, she and Colonel Olcott carried it over to India for a propaganda. It later found soil in Europe. Then she died and her Elijah mantle fell on Annie Besant.

So far from having divine wisdom from God, the leaders did not know enough to get along together with man and woman. Breaches were made in the various branches of the society that claimed to be in touch with some unknown responsible master. Finally Mrs. Tingley laid her hands on the American society's branch, the organization withered, and is thought by many to be more private than national, earthly than heavenly and financial than spiritual.

The Point Loma lighthouse was put down below from point above on account of the fog that obscured it, making it impossible for vessels to enter the harbor. Even so there is so much psychometric phenomena fog about this astral light theosophy—it is so high up in its soul and secret science, so mixed up with Buddhism, Brahmanism, Pythagoreanism, Greek mysteries, Isis worship of the Roman Empire, Gnostic and Neoplatonic philosophies, to say nothing of the Cabbala of mediaeval Judaism—that Theosophy will have to get off its perch and come down from speculative philosophy to brass tacks before people with ordinary bodies, minds and souls can see it. A bas this Blavatsky bunk, Egotism hiding under a cloak of deity!

HUMAN BIRDS




THE American war-eagles have made an aviation nest at San Diego. I saw some eaglets learning to fly, but I wished they were as many as the birds off Guano Island, Peru, that covered our boat like a cloud, so that our aviators abroad might bomb-drop the Kaiser out of business.

Man has always wanted to fly. He had feet and longed for wings. Rather than miss the chance of flying after he is dead, he invented the aeroplane. In spite of the failures of Icarus and Darius Green, he has experimented right and left till he now rises and soars, skims over water and flies overland like a big bird of prey looking for some enemy to pounce on and kill. This flying is a high art practiced to bring low.

Years ago I was offered a ride in a Zeppelin at Frankfort, but was as distrustful as the Greeks of the Trojan horse, and I remained on terra firma. At the beginning of the war we were handicapped, failing to get a "flying" start in our aeroplane race. The only air plane we had the first few months of the war was plain hot air.

The flying of our eagle-eyed birdmen makes the bare-back riding of Bellerophon on Pegasus and Ariosto's Rogero on a hippogriff tame in comparison. Hail the day when we can flutter from country to country here, from planet to planet in the hereafter.

RICH MAN'S RETREAT

L CORONADO was named after Mr. F. V. Coronado, a gentleman from Spain, who came to Mexico and America in the middle of the sixteenth century to increase his bank account. 'Tis said he was lured on by a big tale of some new gold and silver mine discovery. Perhaps. The tale would sound no more fabulous than the prospect stories of some modern mines here which are just so many holes in the ground to bury your money. Had Mr. C. found it all, it would doubtless have been little more than a month's board bill at the hotel here bearing his name. If his bill was too high, he could go to the aviation school conveniently nearby, get an acroplane and reach it.

Hotel Coronado is half an hour from San Diego by ferry and trolley. The only bather we saw was old Sol taking his daily plunge in the Pacific. The sunset effect was a picture, in fact a whole gallery of them, and by the time we reached the hotel, with its palms and beach surroundings, it was dusk and Hesperus had pulled down the shades of night.

Though the castle-like hotel, pleasure-lovers' palace, winked and blinked its many electric eyes, the season was dull. We rambled through this rambling structure, admiring the large lobby, the corridors, and paintings and antiques not half as painted and antique as some of the human specimens sitting

around. We slid over the slippery floor of the bell-shaped ball room at imminent danger of breaking our necks, and then sat down and watched a fancy dance rehearsal on the part of two professionals, an athletic young man and agile young lady, who gave all the latest wrinkles, twists and contortions of the season. The swell society people were writing, reading or promenading. However, the real dancers and swells were the waves on the beach, and I never tire looking at them.


There are many pleasures for many people. You may ride, golf, play polo, swim, ride in a hydroplane, fish for yellow-tail, barracuda and tuna in nearby waters, or launch over to the Coronado Islands and visit the wild birds, pelicans and seals.

Coronado is a Lotus island. Clear blue sky, gorgeous flower gardens, splendid palm and pine trees, colored birds, (not black birds) musical breezes, shouting waves, fresh air, a big appetite and good night's sleep are all advertised to give pleasure to the weary business man and society-fagged woman at so much per day. Do you like to bask? This is a great place for baskers, under the palms, on the beach or porch, in the sunlight on the sand, or in the reflected light of gold, wealth and diamonds.

Rabelais' Abbey of the Thelemites, built by Gargantua, was a free and easy Inn where the strictest rule of the order was, "Do what thou wilt." Coronado is built on this plan. Get up in the morning when you want to; go to bed when you want to; and between these two divisions of the day do just what you want to. Human nature enjoys what is not allowed, and since everything is permitted, time doubtless weighs heavy on many hands. But over the great gate of the Thelemites' abbey was written that which, if placed over this modern hostelry, would soon require another sign, "For Rent." The old inscription read: "Here enter not hypocrites, attorneys, pinching usurers, pelf-lickers, coin-grippers, deformed sots, jealous curs, drunkards, liars, cowards, cheaters, thieves and the covetous." The inscription included many other classes, yet this enumeration is sufficient to exclude the patrons of all big hotels today.

I left this millionaire's playground and social swim with the feeling that it was a modern Aladdin's palace for beauty of surroundings, and that one could be entertained for more than one thousand and one Arabian nights if he cared to. Still, he might prefer solitude in a South Sea isle, in a thatched hut with a palm tree for a sun shade, cocoanut for a drink, bread fruit for food, and a tapa cloth and grass skirt society that often wears more clothes than ball room beauties. There gold disturbs no dreams, the hour-glass is the sea sand, the music the bird in the tree and the wave on the beach. There is "not seen Dissimulation's reign, the prayers of Abel linked to deeds of Cain."

SOLDIERS' MORALS

HE San Diego police told me night-life was perfectly dead. Being a clergyman, I walked around thinking I might be able to render some funereal service. But the city was a lively corpse. Two squares from the Plaza there were big open bars filled with drinking men and women, a miniature Munich affair. Further on I saw a U. S. sailor with club in hand standing at the door of a cabaret. He told me he had orders to keep all the sailors away from the tender damsels who were sitting at the tables drinking hard drinks, and with siren speech and looks were attempting to make moral shipwrecks of the boys. Two blocks further on I was invited into a cabaret. I looked in. It was a dark brunette affair. Colored men made up the orchestra, the manager was a negro, the waitresses were dusky. Some of our white army and navy boys were present and between the soft drinks served them they arose and waltzed these dark dames around. A black girl stood outside and invited us to enter. This was a low grade affair.

Nothing is too good for our soldier boys, but so long as fastidious and indifferent families give the cold shoulder to them while away from home, and are unwilling to permit them

to visit their homes and associate with their boys and girls, so long will the government morals commission have a big problem on its hands.

We have thousands of soldiers to protect our country but our soldiers need protection.

Something good must be done for our boys or they will be shot to pieces by the enemy of drunkenness, disease and debauchery before they ever reach the front.

Let civic and church organizations unite to give our soldier boys the best books, magazines, pictures, music and athletics to offset temptations that lay siege to their body, mind and soul.

Uncle Sam is at war. If he is going to be victorious he must have strong soldiers. Strong soldiers have passions which must be regenerated or regulated. The mere closing of cafes where liquor is served will not safeguard the soldier's morals. Uncle Sam should do here what I have seen him do in Panama and Honolulu—substitute a military and medically supervised segregated district for lawless, scattered resorts of virulent vice.

Returning to the hotel we passed a small hotel entrance. At the head of this lighted stairway, and over the registry desk, appeared a sign with letters six inches tall and large enough to be read from the street below. It was as follows: "HAVE WE ANY GIRLS HERE? NO." It is well to have this bit of information before love's labor is lost and climbs the stairs in vain. I have been in hotels around and across the world, but never before read such a notice. When hotels advertise in this manner, one is in little doubt as to the state of morals.

A hot tamale restaurant looked inviting, and entering we were greeted with the sign, "No profanity or vulgar talk allowed." Imagine our surprise when the demure little waitress remarked to the chef, as she handed me my order, "I'll be ——— before I let any man alive be my boss and tell me where to get off and on." In this early evening tour of an hour we were shocked to find this city so naughty and acting so like her big sister up the coast.



A "BONNY" BATHER
NEWPORT BEACH, CALIFORNIA

After leaving San Diego we had not gone far when three men rushed out on the road, stopped our auto, ordered the passengers to alight, seized our grips and searched them. "Hold up!" I cried and told them I was a minister. That only made them more suspicious. These highway men were U. S. custom officials in search of opium, which like many other bad things was being smuggled over the line from Mexico. I asked them what they wanted to do with it. I knew that a dope fiend would resort to anything to get it, yet never before had I seen any one resort to such high handed means to secure it.

CAPISTRANO



CAPISTRANO lies between San Diego and Los Angeles and one can't help seeing it whether he wishes to or not and whether he goes by auto or train. The auto road, Camino de Real, is not lined with palms but with majestic bill boards advertising the Palm Cafe. Arriving at Capistrano you can scarcely see the Mission on account of the many cafes and garages. The air is not one of godliness but gasoline, grease and Spanish cookery. The instant I stepped out of the auto I was grabbed by a restaurateur, who seized kodaks, umbrellas and bags and hustled them into the dining room. I told him we had just finished a good breakfast and had come to see the Mission, not the menu, but my words were of no avail. The only way I shook him was to promise to return and dine at his place after my visit to the chapel.

Here, as in the other missions, the main mission is the admission fee. This is a sad admission, but the paying investment continues. As the Mission grew rich from the enforced labor of the poor Indian, so now it is a mint of money collected from the traveling saint and sinner who must put up or be shut out. This keeps the missions in an excellent state of preservation—very necessary lest they kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

Ruins to be picturesque should be ruins—here they are ruining the only good feature it ever had, its ruins, by dolling it up with new stone and cement. It would seem nature cared no more for this style of ecclesiastical architecture than that of Central and South America which she has overturned and buried by quake. Why not respect her wishes? The quake in Capistrano was in 1812, when the world was quaking under the foot of Bonaparte. The Mission fell in a mass during the celebration of its first mass, December 8th. The upper nave was shaken down and some of the knaves under it were shaken up and killed. The two bell-ringers perished, yet enough of their race remains in Latin countries to make the traveler long for other quakes. I saw the four bells of various sizes whose inscriptions do not ring with the inscribed praises of the world's gracious Redeemer, but of his mother. A sign read, "Don't ring the bell." I needed no word vocal or printed to keep me from Maryolatry.

THE DOUBLE CROSS



WITHIN the entrance stood a statue to Father Serra. A cross rises from a pedestal and just beneath its cross beam the Father stands with one hand pointing up to the cross, while with the other he hugs a young Indian boy to his breast in a kind of strangle hold. Presumably he is telling him what the cross stands for. What it really means is painfully plain to the student of church history in Latin America, where under the sign of the cross the church gave the poor Indian the double cross by enslaving, robbing, torturing and crucifying him.

At Capistrano the fathers instituted some religious amusements for the savage Indians whose feelings they were trying to refine. One was the bull fight. The holy fathers carefully distinguished between torturing and killing the bull. It was pagan to kill him in the bull ring in the patio—that must be done outside—yet it was proper and pious to tease, torture and twist his tail in the Mission enclosure. The spectators sat on the roof of the Mission, laughing, applauding and yelling

“bully” for the bullfighter when he threw the bull, inwardly thanking God for sending the padres who gave them such heavenly sport.

The useful industries taught the Indians long ago in the patio shops were making soap (did they make them use it?); candles, to lighten the church or their dark hours; blankets, to roll up in and dream of happy bygone days. Then, too, they made hats, either for style or to doff when bowing before their superiors; shoes, to save their dirty soles or to sell to the Spaniards; and harness for longer hauls and shorter rests.

Whether the building of the Mission comes under the head of “useful industries” is a question, but no doubt remains that men, women and children, (there were no child labor laws in those days) had to walk from the quarries bearing stones on their head or in their hands. In the construction of the Mission rawhide was used—which was the rawer, the human or animal? Tiles were burned in the kilns which may still be seen, the product of killing labor. Iron was used in bars, locks and bolts as though for a jail. Too frequently churches are prison houses of thought. It may be right to make people penitent, but it is wrong to make any church a penitentiary of a place. The Indians were called “neophytes” by the church, that is, converted heathen. The only “fight” they had after they joined the church was in the name it gave them.

The history of the California Indians dates from Father Junipero Serra in 1769 when he founded San Diego, and continues to the end of San Francisco Solano in 1823. There were 23 missions among the Indians that flourished until withered by civilization and enlightenment. In 1834 the Mexican government expelled the friars and took over the establishment to themselves. The fathers had over 30,000 Indian subjects and abjects, hundreds of thousands of cattle, horses, mules, sheep, hogs, goats and granaries of wheat and corn. There were buildings of brick and stone for churches, chapels and schools, also for work shops where Lo was taught the arts and industries to be useful and ornamental, a very unpleasant task for a dirty, lazy Indian. There were farms, orchards and vineyards which were thoroughly worked and utilized by the good fathers who waxed so fat that the Indians kicked. Contact with civili-

zation and religion hurt them. Clerical colonies might do in South America, but not in North America. Devotion, dirt and disease thinned their ranks. The American occupation of California finished the matter. The good Indians were dead and 70 years of love's labor was lost. In 1908 only 3,000 mission Indians were left.

In our journey through the Capistrano Mission we saw many evidences of priestcraft and graft. There were faded pictures—where the brush most needed to retouch them was a dust brush; wooden-headed statues; dusty confessionals; musty religious furniture; cobwebbed candlesticks; mildewed Madonnas; plastered saints with peeling faces, and rich investments in old vestments. We meandered through corroded corridors; saw the broken arches made by Time's foot, the dumps of adobe where lizards lounged in the long grass, and crumbling courts where Decay sits enthroned.

Like some of the people who saw it, there was a one-lunged cabinet organ here. I played a few chords and found that by moving a lever, the key of a set piece of music could be transposed high or low. Our guide was reverent as he led our procession and talked with unctuous accent. He tiptoed softly as a ghost, bowing and scraping all the time as he told ludicrous legends in a sepulchral voice. Finally we entered the holy of holies—the sacred souvenir salesroom. We had previously been hurried, but now he gave us all the time and liberty we wanted. I had enough of this and sailed right through to keep my promise with the café proprietor. The food was Spanish in taste, and the señoritas who served it were tastefully dressed.

Next to the dinner, the thing that pleased us most was the astounding, stupefying discovery made in an adjacent Mexican hut. What do you think it was? A washtub and a washboard. This is the true mission furniture, of more moral worth than all the chapel possessed. Its mission is cleanliness outside which is next to godliness inside. I shall remember this when I forget everything else. This fact was worth all the pious fiction with which the guide had flooded our ears for an hour. We pulled out from Capistrano in high spirits and high gear for Los Angeles, stopping en route at Santa Ana.

THE HAPPY VALLEY



SANTA ANA is the name of a famous general, a beautiful valley, a disagreeable dirt wind and a thriving town. It is the home of an all around good fellow, Dr. Ball, who left his dying patients in the care of the undertaker while he whisked us in his touring car to a heaven-kissing hill where he showed us all the glories of valley, mountain and sea. One of the real devils in California is the real estate dealer who makes tempting offers for the tourist to fall down before. Dr. Ball is not in this class. Familiar with this region's history, mines, values and fruits, he pictured it as a veritable Happy Valley of Rasselas with little discontent other than labor troubles. In the distance we saw the airships that were able to fly and make no such failures as Dr. Johnson tells us happened to the flying machine of the artist on which Rasselas wanted to escape.

APPLES OF HESPERIDES



I FOUND it as difficult to buy an orange in California as it was to get a cup of tea in Ceylon or cup of coffee in Java. I saw oranges on train folders and in orchards from train windows—oranges everywhere but not one to buy or eat. They were as hard to get as the golden apples (oranges) of Hesperides which Hercules found to be the toughest of his labors. In the city the prices were prohibitive and on the beaches there were none. Visiting the town of Orange in Orange County, I entered a store and asked for some oranges. The clerk eyed me as if I were an escaped lunatic or German spy and replied he had no oranges to sell. I managed to buy a few tangerines and several things in the shape of oranges—apples. Across the street I saw the sign "Orange Supply Co.," and with lips drawn up like a navel orange, at the thought of its sweetness, I hurried over to sadly find it was nothing but a gasoline station. From what you read and hear I expected to get as big and juicy oranges as I

had in Joppa, Florida, China, Brazil, Italy and Spain. I thought the Californian children played ball with them, that one could walk along and pick them up or off. Did I not come here to see their green-leaved beauty, breathe their blossomed fragrance, press their sun-kissed faces to my lips, and eat a fruit and drink a seedless nectar that made the ambrosia of the Gods taste like stale buttermilk in comparison? Woe is me, I didn't even glimpse an orange sunset.

When the Eighth Annual Orange Carnival was advertised to be held at San Bernardino, I went as a last chance. The Sunday trolley ride from Los Angeles was a scenic fiesta of hill, valley, orchard and mountain. The streets of San Berdo, that mountain-guarded town, were gay with fluttering banners and thronged with auto tourists. The first golden fruit I saw was beyond my reach—in a jeweler's window. It was behind bars, protected along with silver and precious stones to keep it from the theft of the covetous traveler. Really, oranges here were as priceless as black diamond coal in the East.

The Citrus Circus had a Pike or Amusement Alley with the usual gambling, fake girl clairvoyants and red hot attractions. There were some side-show navel orange dancers. Two young girls beckoned "L" and me to come in their tent and learn our physical and spiritual contents, according to the inviting sign over the door, "Know Thyself." A word to the wise was sufficient and we kept out, knowing enough of ourselves, for back of them was another sign, with the magic words, "I Love You."

Then we strolled into the big show tent, where 90,000 visitors had flocked during the week. We saw thousands of lemons and grape fruit in designs and displays representing hanging gardens, flowing fountains, ships, etc. There was a Court of the Allies advertised to be made up of the most beautiful girls of Southern California—but they were not in evidence and I don't know whether they were lost, strayed or stolen. Their absence was compensated for by many other wonderful and thrilling features—such as crowds of city and country fair folk, stands of ice-cream and lemonade, lunch counters, bands of music, a tent full of autos for sale, exhibits of produce and machinery, and a lovely display of lemons and

grapefruit. We missed the "peaches," California's prettiest girls, advertised as the state's finest fruit. But of the thing which gave the Carnival its name, there wasn't much. The small select number of orange booths was outclassed by 24 boxes of classy lemons that for size, color and acidity won the prize. I had been given many lemons in life before, but none so fine as these. Yet I didn't make a sour face, for I'm like the optimist who made lemonade of the lemons that were handed him.

In fable the orange is known as the Apple of Hesperides; in history we read of William of Orange; in politics and religion, Ulster suggests the Orange men; in geography the word recalls the Orange River Colony of South Africa, and East Orange, N. J., where I used to visit and spend my boyhood Saturdays; in friendly soda philanthropy we have orange ade. In botany we learn the orange was transplanted from Asia to Europe; that the trees grow 350 years old; that they are large and shady, or dwarfed as potplants; that one tree is a gold mine bearing as many as ten or twelve thousand fruit a year; and that the fruit is fragrant and juicy, whether round or flattened, seedy or seedless, or tangerine, kumquat, or navel.

The orange is a little world in itself. Its glassy green leaves decorate the graves of the dead and its white fragrant blossoms deck the brow of the bride. In the South Seas some oranges are ripe when green. Who can forget my lady's kid-glove orange? What midddy will not fight for a navel orange? Among the tragic events of the world war, and one of the awful sacrifices our English cousins have nobly made, is the enforced absence of orange marmalade from their breakfast table. The color of the orange is cheerful and optimistic. It is pleasant to the eye, lip and nose. Who cares a fig for other fruits if he has an orange!

In poetry it is the favorite of the bards, and in Lalla Rookh Moore sings,

"Beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together free,
Like age aplay with infancy "

The orange tree is of middle size, has green leaves and brown bark. The fruit is round and yellow divided into eight or ten compartments, and is anything but flat with its pulpy, sugary juice. Fragrant oil is made from the leaves, rind and flowers. Its fine-grained compact wood takes polish and is used in the arts.

Know ye the land of the citrus fruit, Myrtle? The China orange is sweet, the Seville bitter, the Maltese is red-pulped, the Mandarin has the flavor of a clove, and the Tangerine and St. Michaels are distinct.

The word orange in verbal combination is used to apply to a butterfly, thorn, root, ship, apple, tea, peel, pear and oil. The orange is always in danger and requires as much care as a child. Its beauty is ravaged by a scaly insect called the "*Mitilapsis Citricola*" which has to be sprayed. When the fruit is attacked by Jack Frost the gardeners hustle to smoke him out.

I remember the Orangery at San Souci, Potsdam, that Prussian Versailles of Frederick the Great. I viewed its fountains and climbed the staircase with the orange trees on either side; entered the music room and struck a chord on the old spinet that had thrilled and throbbed under the master fingers of Bach; and visited the royal study Voltaire had frequented, that great French wit and poet whom the young Frederick had sent for to come and tutor him. That friendship was short-lived. Frederick wanted Voltaire to criticize his verses and Voltaire replied, "The king sends me his soiled linen to wash." Voltaire incidentally said that the Prussian language made up for the scarcity of their ideas by the length of their words and the superfluity of their consonants. Frederick called Voltaire a "blackguard" and "vagabond," but Voltaire flashed back a verbal volt shock, "Coquettes, kings and poets are accustomed to flattery. Frederick combines these three characters. It is not possible that Truth can pierce this triple wall of self-esteem."

Jaffa is famous for its oranges. One afternoon I walked out to its cemetery and while resting refreshed myself by eating a dozen. What better place for a grave than the orange grove in the vicinity with its ornament of orange blossoms

and the murmuring requiem of the Mediterranean? If I die in California, or some tropic far-off land, instead of having a cow, goat or sheep visit my grave to nibble the grass, I believe my bones would rest easier in my coffin if I knew an orange tree was growing above me. Then the weary, thirsty traveler could sit on my grave, lean his back against the foot of my tombstone, and while looking at my head stone initials G. L. M., refresh himself with oranges and pray that my soul might find rest under the boughs of the tree of life in the paradise above. Better this than any stone urn or gloomy cypress. Let some Anacreon have a tombstone as a trellis for a grape-vine—but give me the orange tree.

LUTHER AND LIBERTY



DURING our stay in Los Angeles there was a Luther celebration in press, pulpit and lecture hall and I recalled my visit to his home.

In the market place at Eisleben, you stand before the statue of Martin Luther, one of the world's greatest characters in history. Here Charles V., Frederick the Great, Peter of Russia, Napoleon, Kaiser Wilhelm, and many others have stood with respect and reverence—but their influence of military might has been as nothing compared with the moral power of Martin Luther, who wielded the sword of the Spirit, and lives today in the memory and heart of the world.

Though dead, Luther speaks in religion, education, literature, music and government. His name is a synonym of physical, mental and moral liberty—the liberty, fraternity and equality the world struggles for today.

No life story is more interesting than his. We see him studying and singing at school in Eisenach; later reading Law at Erfurt; studying theology in the Augustinian Convent and preaching and lecturing to the people and students; at Rome climbing to heaven on no Scala Saneta but on the Bible ladder of, "The Just shall live by Faith;" at Juterbok hurling anathemas on Tetzels selling indulgences and promising freedom from purgatorial punishment; at Worms, boldly meeting his

political and clerical accusers, saying, "Here I stand; I cannot otherwise; God help me;" held safe by his friends in the Wartburg castle from his enemies; marrying Katharine Von Bora and setting up a home of happy usefulness; translating the Bible into German, and making songs which echoed in millions of hearts, and after a life of strength, study, sensibility, and spirituality, closing his eyes in death, whispering, "Into Thy hands, O Christ, I commit my spirit; for Thou hast redeemed me."

Ignoring pomp, pretense, parade and prelatical power, Luther stood for what Protestantism stands today—freedom of conscience, an open Bible, and the doctrine of justification by faith.

He believed that Christ was the foundation, corner-stone and super-structure of the Church, with no Saint intercessor or confessor between Him and the worshipper; that the Bible was the revealed Will and Word of God to Man as a perfect rule of human conduct, and free for every man to read and follow for his soul's salvation and sanctification; and that freedom meant individual life and a personal responsibility that went straight to God for orders without any ecclesiastical interference from any Church.

The map of the Christian world today was drawn by Martin Luther, and it is bounded North, South, East and West by Protestant nations.

The creed of Protestantism is: Heaven is the Eternal city; Christ is the Supreme Pontiff; the Bible is final; the hierarchy is a procession of Christian workers; the cathedral is consecrated lives; the music, "Thy sins are forgiven thee;" the litany, "Save us from Slavery of Mind and Soul;" its gloria, "Jesus Only."

L stands for Luther and Liberty; that Church and State exist for the people and not the people for state or Church; that Republican government means self-government; that Democracy is a government of and by the people as well as for the people; that Absolutism is opposed to Individualism and Vaticanism is as un-American as Imperialism.

Were Luther living today in America, he would oppose the union of Church and State; demand freedom of speech and

press; defend the public school, and send his children to it; insist on the right of everyone to religious liberty against all clerical intolerance; protest by voice and pen against the supreme sovereignty of any king or minister which, in temporal or spiritual affairs, set up its commands against the Constitution of the United States, and from its throne in Europe demanded American allegiance.

America is against Prussian militarism and opposes Kaiser William in the spirit of German Martin Luther, who in his day led the march of freedom, liberated the mind and soul Germany once possessed and, please God, she and all the world and made possible the mental, moral, and material prosperity shall have once more and forever.

MOVIE—MADNESS



SHAKESPEARE'S "All the world's a stage," is changed to "All the world's a movie screen and scream." In Los Angeles one dodges movie actors and operators. Picture houses are as numerous as saloons along the squares. At the beaches people imitate Theda Bara, very bare, and everywhere you meet boys with a Charley Chaplin smile and shuffle and girls wearing Mary Pickford hats and curls. You flee this picture plague to the mountain, yet you no sooner leave this angel city than you come to movie studios at every point of the compass, with all their papier mache palaces and cities. I fled fifty miles to an ocean beach only to find scenic barges, boats and floats, and what I hoped to be a lovely cove, rock or shore, with no man Friday to mar my solicitude, turned out to be the haunt of the ubiquitous movie operator with a bevy of vampire and sea nymph performers.

Many of the studios were closed on account of the war, and others because of the practise of spies going around to steal plots. Visitors were not welcome. I managed to get into Fox's, who has been called the Hearst of the movies. It was almost as difficult to gain admittance as for those who

wish to be stars. We made it because the manager learned we had been with his company at Kingston, Jamaica. In addition, my card as chaplain of the Actor's Alliance served as an open Sesame.

Fox is a magician who can put up everything from the fall of the Bastille to the Barbary coast. Abroad I had seen ancient ruins, but here within easy kodak shooting distance I viewed everything from the streets of Paris in the seventeenth century to old Cairo. These canvas cities and streets looked as though Kaiser Bill's heavenly hosts had been directing the movie operations with big guns, or as if they had been swept up by a Kansas cyclone or California earthquake.

There stood poor old Liberty alone, bruised and battered and significantly sitting on a board scaffolding. She was thrown out and forgotten, symbolic of much of our boasted liberty today which has been junked. The movie builders were busy erecting an Oriental city and surroundings for sensuous "Salome." Instead of the Bible story and its lesson of Herod's sin, John's rebuke, and the wanton wife who in angry retaliation used her daughter Herodias to dance off John's head, the theme is the sensual infatuation of the profligate girl for the pious prophet, based on the version and perversion of Oscar Wilde's poetry and Strauss' seductive music. A guard followed us as faithfully as though we were in Mexico or Moscow. He showed me store-rooms, settings, paraphernalia and machinery enough to produce any time, place or girl in history.

Lastly, we entered a studio where they were making real movie pictures. Here were all quarters and classes—gentlemen of leisure in luxurious rooms, with ghastly powdered visage; convicts in striped suits; parlors furnished in the style of Louis XIV, where villainy pursues virtue, which threatens to fly away. It was the most interesting movie I ever saw. Great calcium lights flashed on the scene, the operator turned a crank, the manager sat with the manuscript, chewing cigar stubs and giving directions. The girl rushed across the room, the villain pursued and tried to grab her, both of them saying little with their lips but much with the moving expression of their eyes, mouths and hands. The heroine sprang onto a

window-sill, made a few faces at her pursuer, doubly crossed herself, and then made a mad, wild leap into the darkness, just six inches below on the other side. Then the manager yelled "Cut it!" to the operator, and tried it over and over again. It was better than a London Punch and Judy show, and was surely worth the admission, which we had obtained for nothing. I fear this film will bring a film of tears to the eyes of movie maidens all over the land, yet to us it was laughable.

When "Cleopatra" landed in Los Angeles there were more than 100,000 admirers who paid high prices to see this wily sorceress of the Nile. To show the value of advertising here, they give the people what they want. An ocean of printer's ink flowed over every billboard with a sickening, sensational slush and gush. This is the way they do it: "See the production in which red blood and brute strength make their laws"; "A photo-play showing man as God made him"; "The most sensational picture ever produced"; "A story of primitive passions and the freedom of natural instincts"; "The most thrilling spectacle ever shown on a moving picture screen"; "A dream of uncurbed impulses."

Rousseau wrote his "Confessions," and I must now write mine. After all these years of innocent travel, I followed the crowd and fell in line to see some of the stars in this movie firmament, and for the first time beheld Mary Pickford, Theda Bara, Douglas Fairbanks, etc., in all their flickering glory. If kind heaven will forgive this waste of time and money, I will never do it again.

A travel, scientific or educational film has a certain value, but it is ridiculous to think one can know the literary value of Shakespeare and the classics through a film version. Ancient history is so antique that if Cleopatra's sacred bones had not already been weighted down with Sahara sand they would have risen, got together and come over here to protest against this ludicrous and time-out-of-joint portrayal. I have been to Egypt often enough to know what the Nile boats, palms, pyramids, Sphinx and natives look like. Cleopatra, according to ancient writers, is pictured as of Egyptian and Macedonian descent, swarthy, plastic, profligate, daring, dev-

ilish, alluring, adulterous, familiar, sly and sensuous. In all her posing this modern Theda fell far short of this Oriental ideal. In perfect keeping with the California beach Egyptian scenery, the orchestra played the Lucia Sextette for an overture, probably because it was a sex film. The pasteboard pyramid, jack-in-the-box Sphinx, Balboa Actium battle and sea beach chariot race would make a Pharaoh mummy smile. But in the audience the gray-haired old ladies and bald-headed veterans, who formed the greater part, thought it was wonderful. The old Cleopatra siren, ambitious, able, brave, bad, is with great difficulty portrayed by angel-food and malted-milk fed actresses of today. This screen star was not the kind to conquer a Caesar, Antony or Augustus with heart-sighs, and, failing in this, to place a poisonous asp on her bosom and die. No, modern screen stars are pleasant society girls who spend plenty of money for clothes, flirt, knit and perhaps teach a Sunday school class, but for the old serpent of the Nile they are nil.

I met the scenario writer of one film that held the mirror up to Nature. It was put on by the fighting parson of 'Frisco who cleared out the notorious tenderloin district, after which the women of the underworld marched in a body to his church and demanded that he give them some decent way of making a living. It was a strong sermon, and if what does good is good, it is a good film. There was fact as a basis, a reason for its existence. It was not the mere empty amusement kind of film, or one in which under-garlanded beauty seduces and makes destruction please.

California is one big, beautiful movie studio. The only way to avoid it is to leave the state. As we boarded the ship at San Pedro, we were blocked at the gangway by a crowd gazing at a distinguished looking Jap with the airs of the emperor and a Russian princess who appeared to be running away. I imagined there had been some quick change in history, that these royal people were to be our passengers, and I hoped to be introduced and so obtain some state or stateroom news that would edify and electrify the world. Pshaw! It was a movie scene, a sham, a show, only this, and nothing more.

Billboard cinema figures disfigure and often disgust as much as board-bill duns. People pack the movies. No artist, musician or orator is such a good money-getter as the movie man.

Arthur Brisbane, world-famed writer, pays the movies this compliment:

“Moving pictures is only a money-making proposition. Its success is based upon the stupidity and lack of intellectual development of the human race. We are a race of animals who have been standing on our hind legs only 500,000 years, using speech about 100,000 years, and really using the written word generally only about 50 years. The success of the moving picture of today can be readily understood when all of that is taken into account. The moving picture saves the humans the intellectual effort of making their own pictures as they must when reading or listening to the spoken drama. A man who will not read Shakespeare now sits an hour and a half in front of a screen ruining his eyes. In an industry where hundreds of millions have been invested, if you cannot list six or even sixty great works you haven't gone very far.”

CLIMATE WORSHIPPERS



ALIFORNIA climate is excellent for consumptives, cinemas and autos. If the people were as good as their climate, one wouldn't have to die to go to heaven. Should the local boosters perchance enter Paradise, they might object to the atmosphere, complain that the scenery was less beautiful, the fruits not so luscious, and the golden streets less suitable for touring than their own boulevards. People die to see California, and die seeing it. Invalids, in the eve of life when Death's shadow is lengthening, go to this land of the sunset and say "good-night" and, in some brighter clime, bid "good-morning." Never before have I seen so many people hopping about with one foot in the grave.

California is long on climate, movies and cafeterias, but short on culture. "C" is the first letter in California and begins her creed, which is, "There is but one California, and climate is its profit." Sing it, ye poets; print it, ye papers; advertise it, ye folders; declare it, ye waters; preach it, ye ministers; boost it, ye real estate dealers; flash it, ye sun, moon and stars; howl it, ye winds; roar it, ye oceans; and let the birds trill it, and the autos honk it, and the bells ring it, and the flowers and trees breathe it, and let earth quake it, and let everything that hath breath declare it. Californians deify their climate. Sunday, instead of reading a Psalm in the sanctuary, they auto and sing and say, "Let everything that hath breath praise the climate—praise ye the climate." If you do not fall down and worship the climate, some of the natives would scarcely hesitate to cast you into a literal fiery furnace. California's coat of arms should be a thermometer, her patriotic national air "Hail California," and her doxology, "Praise climate, from which all blessings flow."

Much of California's hot air comes from boosters. People with weak lungs are strong for climate. Climate is the *multum in parvo*, the *sine qua non*, the *in hoc signo vinces*, the *sum-mum bonum*, the *e pluribus unum*, in fine, the beginning, middle and end of all things. Here was Eden's Paradise, Utopia, Arcadia, Elysium and New Atlantis.

Thunder storms and tornadoes are unknown—but occasionally earthquakes make deep impressions. Cool trade-winds and the modifying influence of warm westerly winds fan the native's brow. To a weather statistician and invalid it may be interesting to know that the thermometer has only gone below 32 degrees a few times in forty years, that the rainfall about Los Angeles for the past twenty-five years has averaged 14.36 inches, the lowest 4.83, the highest 29.9, and that for an average of 309 days the sun is but partly obscured, while the ocean has a temperature of 61 degrees in January.

All that Californians say about their climate may be true, but a good press agent from Alaska could do as much to boost his climate. Here everything grows big and easily—the redwood trees of the Yosemite, and the beets and lettuce the year round. Like these are the tall stories of the acclimated

falsifier who makes Munchausen a comparative seeker after truth. And, strange, they tell it over so often they come to believe it, and look you in the eye without a blink, swearing on their mother's Bible that all they say is Gospel truth. Is it strange that the good old farmer from Iowa and Kansas swallows this line of talk, hook, sinker and all? However, the world globe-trotter is from Missouri, and California will have to show him mountains equal to the Andes or Himalayas and tropical fruits, flowers and foliage finer than those of Ceylon and Java, the South Seas, Hawaii, or the East and West Indies.

California has flowers the year round, but the rain this year was late and most of the flowers I saw were growing on the curbs and cement sidewalks at Los Angeles. Violets, carnations, roses and freesias were few as angel visits, because you can't grow anything useful or beautiful in California without water from the heavens above or from the irrigation ditches beneath.

Cold figures give California a warm climate. Southern California is a great sanitarium; but how many great men has she produced? Cloudless suns and trade-winds are enervating and lack the intellectual stimulus of a colder clime with its bracing atmosphere. Climate means zones, and according to the old geography there were thirty, fifteen each way from the equator to the poles. California has a monopoly of them, and under the baton of the year they all rehearse and play. Free love is not a stranger here according to the proverb—Cold climate, cold lovers; warm climate, warm lovers. We may occasionally overlook the naughty winter that lingers in the lap of Spring, but the season is a big harem. All months talk about the same language and wear the same fine flower-decked garb. Summer doesn't come, like the tourist, for a three-months camp, but lives here the year round. Winter and autumn are lost. Here it is bud and fruit, flower and blossom, red and yellow, green and brown, with Thompson's Seasons multiplied by three. The air stimulates like wine, but the pulse is physical more than mental and moral, spurring to passion and urging more to eating and drinking than studying. Boys and girls are lovers, fathers and mothers at an early age.

In spite of all that is said of the climate, I think I should be willing to spend only a part of eternity here. The surt is icewater, compared with the South Seas, and at night, instead of being lapped in Lydian airs, you need a good wool blanket. The climate rains, pours, frosts, freezes, fogs, snows, blows, and does all the climatic stunts the weather man performs over the world. It is often just cold enough to be disagreeable and not balmy enough to be delightful.

The pongee and white duck suits I had started with to Ecuador remained in the bottom of my trunk, and my scarf, overcoat, raincoat and steamer rug were my celestial wardrobe in the City of the Angels. In saying this I speak in no spirit of criticism or witticism, but of cold fact, doubtless owing to the fact that I live in the state of frigidity, Minnesota, a sort of icebox the greater part of the year, and so am qualified to note every disagreeable variation of temperature. Really and truly, I enjoyed every hour of California climate—and was glad it was no worse. Yet my spirits were never so depressed as those of the Bacchus bunch, whose feelings were low, as indicated by the liquor “bar”ometer, which had gone way down at the storm of disapproval and prohibition tidal wave sweeping over the state. John Barleycorn was going out of business, shutting up shop and urging his friends to come in and see him with a friendly final call.

IN AN EARTHQUAKE



AMONG the shocks I received at some California beaches was a short, sharp earthquake, one which seemed disposed to topple my seaside hotel into the breakers. Fortunately, it was quite harmless. The damage was limited to the breaking of dishes, fewer than a good strong servant girl smashes the first day in her new place.

An earthquake is the motion of the earth's solid crust by active forces beneath. It is usually found near active volcanoes, though quake-shaken vibrations have been felt in nearly every part of the globe.

I had visited the cities of Lisbon, Callao, Caracas, Valparaiso and Kingston, where quake, fire and tidal wave had sent hundreds of thousands to their death. Recently in Central America I saw what destruction had been wrought at Antigua and Cartago, and learned how the superstitious natives had cried, prayed, made pilgrimages, given offerings and even baptized the volcanoes, but all in vain. Some of the "shaky" experiences I had heard and read of I practically experienced in an earthquake at Colon, Panama. It lasted one minute and twenty seconds, and it felt as if the earth had been picked up by a giant hand and shaken like a naughty child. My bed was rocked and let down with a thump. Terra firma became terra mota, a terrible sensation, unlike anything experienced on sea or land before, and I was in a position to appreciate the meaning of Addison's lines, "The war of the elements, the crush of matter and the wreck of worlds."

Philippi was the Macedonian city which King Philip had repaired and beautified; Augustus made a Roman colony; where the great battle was fought B. C. 42, when Brutus and Cassius were overthrown by Octavius and Anthony and Rome's republic was ended; where Paul was led in vision from Troas to preach the gospel; where Lydia was converted, and a model Christian church sprang up.

Paul and Silas were scourged and cast into prison because they had cast out the devil of divination from a young girl who had "brought her masters much gain by soothsaying." Touch a man's pocketbook, put a crimp in his bank account and interfere with his dirty money-making schemes, and you may expect to be persecuted, punched and put in prison if he can land you there.

Jails in the Far East were filthy, crowded and inhuman. Law, not love, ruled, and the object was to break the prisoner's spirit and his back. Today we seek to remedy, and not revenge; to help, not hurt, and so influence character that the criminal may go and "sin no more." Yet it is a question whether we do not often coddle the criminal, excuse his sin, blame others, make him feel he is wronged, apologize for him,

try and shorten his manslaughter sentence and give more of a good time with music, flowers, games and movies than he is entitled to, in the light of his crime.

The jailer was responsible for his prisoners, and as he saw them freed by the earthquake he was about to commit suicide, when Paul said, "Do thyself no harm." Terrified and repentant, he replied, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

He called the Apostles "Sirs," not tramps, anarchists, firebrands or trouble-makers.

He asked what he should "do," not imagine, think or dream.

He said "I," not my wife, mother-in-law or neighbor.

He asked to be "saved," instead of begging for comfort, quiet, clothes, food or money.

The question was born of his trouble, the earthquake, the flight of the prisoners, and his fear of punishment. Thus men wait for age, sickness, poverty and calamity and ask for what should have been settled in the peace and prosperity of earlier days. Life's leading question is not food, drink, money, position, pleasure, the tariff, the war in Europe, or who will be President, but "Am I saved?" In fifty years what will it matter whether we walked or rode in an auto or street car; wore a hand-me-down or a tailor-made suit; ate a fifteen-cent lunch or a dollar dinner?

Men are lost to health, mind, money, position, friends, reputation, character and their souls.

To be saved is to be free from the power and penalty of sin, and to receive the gift of eternal life and happiness.

We are "bought with a price." Things are valued, whether a home, picture or statue, according to their cost. The price of our forgiveness was Christ's humble birth, His awful temptation, His mock trial and His infamous crucifixion.

Saving faith includes the assent of the intellect and the consent of the will. It is historic, and accepts the birth, life and death of Christ; theologic, believing the divinity of His mission and teaching; poetic, feeling the Christ influence in literature, art and music; and evangelic, believing that Christ "died the just for the unjust" to make atonement for human transgression.

Greater than shake of mountain, splash of sea or ruin of buildings will be the hour of our death, when earth, home and friends are passing. Now is the accepted time to ask the question, "What must I do to be saved?" There are many roads to hell, but the saddest is that which runs by the Bible, past the cross and through the warning of daily life.

CATALINA



CATALINA was discovered by the Spanish navigator, Cabrillo, in 1542, who found many native Indians on the island. Today the wild things are goats, which smell much as the Indians did. Later, Viscaino came in 1602. In the early days, the island was the haunt of freebooters, adventurers and pirates, who sailed out and robbed the rich galleons engaged in the Philippine trade. These pirates have present descendants who are on the lookout for the money of the idle rich. The high spots of the island are Mounts Orizaba and Black Jack that rise 2,000 feet.

The city of Avalon, Catalina, is unlike the island valley of Avalon in Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur," that paradise where the good Celtic heroes went. The journey there formed one of the sources of Dante's poem. If Dante could visit Catalina's Avalon in season, he might be able to add another canto to his Inferno. I have never visited the Avalon of romance and tradition, but have seen the one at Catalina, with its prose reality and billboards advertising gum, food, drink, kodaks, billiards, ice-cream and dry goods. A sign I distinctly remember was one that pointed a moral, "Our Soda Is as Cold as Charity." This sign is understood and unquestioned by the tight-wad travelers who come here. Classic Avalon had magic apples—what I found here were prickly pears which Mephisto's magic had created to torment.

Avalon is situated on the landward side of the island, thus protected from the winds and also absolutely shut off from sunset and surf. It makes up for loss of ocean wind by Boreal breaths that keep travelers huddled around a log fire


or steam radiator. Our visit found it truthfully advertised as a "winter" resort. The city is made up of cafés, restaurants, apartments, markets, delicatessens, bath-houses, hotels and tiers of cottages on the mountain-side that bring tears to the eyes of the beauty-lover.

Catalina lies beautiful in the 27-mile distance, and is a charming little sail from San Pedro—if the weather is good. On near approach one finds the island is bare of foliage, for goats and globe-trotters have worn it off by scampering over its hills.

Tourists come here to fish and flirt, to bathe and bum. You may live in a hotel, or camp in tents, sit in the open-air Greek theatre, listen to music, go to the movies, tramp or auto to the Summit, the Ranch and Isthmus. Of course, we sailed out in the glass-bottom boats to see the submarine gardens of shell, plant and fish. They are very pretty, but like a cabbage to a rose compared with Nassau or Fiji. The Seal Rocks suggest 'Frisco. These seals and the pelican on the wharf were the most interesting inhabitants we met. The seals bask, flap, flop, wink, make a baby cry and vie in style with the rich in the beauty of their sealskins.

Uncle Sam has a "submarine" garden at Long Beach, where we saw one of its specimens floating in the water and diving like a fish. Catalina has its submarine gardens that grow in the green-blue water and raise a crop of kelp and abalone shells. Here dart fish, green, gold and red, in a natural aquarium. They flash through waving forests and foliage. For the benefit of the tourist, who thinks the abalone shell naturally smooth and found in the shape of souvenir spoons, cuff-links and stickpins, the boat managers employ a diver to stealthily drop over the side of the boat rough abalone shells with the meat cut out. The diver then swims down and brings them up for 25 cents each. He is a good swimmer, but expert fish, the efficient swimmers, give him a glass-eye glance, flip their tails and swish off in disgust. The abalone clings to the rocks as close as a miser to his pocketbook. The Japs go out at low tide and pry them off.

KELP

HE California kelp beds are where the fish and crabs rest at night. As you look through the glassy window of the waves the kelp makes you feel envious of the fish, and you wish you were a mermaid. Kelp is the festoon decoration for Neptune's court, the grass skirt or head-dress crown of the mermaids when they go to deep sea balls or fish balls.


One of the water sprites in Scottish legend is the "Kelpie." It is said that when one approaches his drowning fate the Kelpie rises from the wave and pronounces his death sentence.

This kelp impresses itself in the sand most beautifully. For mural decoration design there is nothing prettier. As it rises and falls with the tide, it is the picture of the Three Graces. Clouds of gnats rise like incense from its bowl-shaped roots when they lie on the shore. At times it resembles a ball and chain some sea monster has slipped off from his hands and feet.

Chemically, kelp has use as well as beauty, being valuable for sodium carbonate, potash and iodine contents. It is also used as a fertilizer. Seaweed now takes the place of oats for horses in France. We watched the kelp government "cutters" between San Pedro and San Diego sailing the kelp beds with their mowing machine knives, lawn mowers of the sea, to cut, collect and carry the weed to the government plants. This kelp, when transformed into potash, is necessary to put Perlmutter Wilhelm out of business.


Many curious curios are made from kelp—bells, bags, baskets, trays, bowls, smoking sets, dishes, vases, little men and women, canoes, pots, pitchers, and gondolas. The kelp leaves are the color and substance of glue.

A FRENCH COUNTESS

T Catalina we met a genuine French countess and her sister, who had done Red Cross work in France. The portrait of the elder was in the Luxembourg Gallery in France, and she had acted for some movies on the coast. Hollywood was her temporary home, where "L"

and I called and were regaled with tea, fresh cakes and a veritable Madame de Stael (not stale) vivacious conversation on travel, music, art, literature, patriotism, and religion. Although she was French, I fully understood her good English accent and gesture, as I did the meaning of her young sister, who went to the piano and sang "I Love You."

ISLAND VIEWS

HE guide points out the beauty spots as you sail around the island. One prominent point that attracted the nose as well as the eye was Garbage Point. A chapter should be added to the guidebook folder to describe how the tin cans flash in the sun, and to expatiate on the fragrance of the decaying vegetables that are scattered in picturesque profusion down the hillside to the water's edge.


The views from the 2,000-foot peaks of this island, along the winding mountain roads, are superb. This auto ride made me feel like writing a postscript to De Quincey's "Glory of Motion." The only wild and woolly thing we saw was a sheep standing in the middle of the road disputing our right to the mountain pass. Since it was no Leonidas, we got by. We passed close enough to an eagle aery to see an eagle and his eagle eye. He was as immovable as if mounted on the rock by a taxidermist. We saw and heard a herd of 100 wild goats. The chauffeur took a shot at them. He missed, and I was glad, for he aimed at a poor, frightened little kid that could scarcely keep up with its "ma-ma." These goats browse on the brows of the hills.

A French shepherd lives at the Ranch. He cares for the sheep and the goats, and more tenderly and intelligently than some parents for their children. He showed us a red fox he had shot, and said he would get enough money for the pelt to buy his wife an afternoon fox-trot dancing dress. He told us how the crows and eagles picked out the little lambs' eyes while asleep, unless the mother sheep watched. He related that some sheep mothers were as refractory as some society

ones. He placed the mothers in a pen and let the lambs nurse through the fence, thus forcing them to take care of their young. After this treatment they were better than the usual lamb mothers. Forcible detainment in the nursery might be tried by some Child's Betterment Society on many inhuman human mothers who run away, neglect their children and leave them to the tender care of a foreign maid and a big milk bottle.

This keeper had a dog that understood French and sheep. He would make a good dog of war to slip our boys over there. His doggerel was "parles vous," and if you didn't he couldn't.

FINE POINTS OF CACTUS

 FOR Catalina and cactus. Along the route we noticed some prickly pears and determined to taste them. This fruit belongs to the vegetable porcupine family. I had never studied this sort of botany, and in my eagerness to taste this mountain fruit I handled it indiscreetly. Trying to get the prickles out of my hand, I slipped on the rocky hillside, falling flat into the cactus bush. Now I know how Gulliver felt when the Lilliputians stuck him full of arrows. I was a human pincushion. A paper of needles is as dull as a handful of nails in comparison. Do you get the point? Possession is nine points of the law, but, though I had all on my side, I felt lawless, for ninety-nine points pierced my gloves, shoes and anatomy. For days I spent my vacation in extracting the needle briars. I was worse than nettled—it put me in a prickly heat of anger. There was one good compensation—my wife got a sticker in her tongue, and for weeks she was able to talk only half as much as usual.

Cactus is used for fruit and confection. One who gathers it should be clad in a suit of armor, wear gauntlets and take hold of it with discretion and sand-paper. Never again! To me, it is a forbidden fruit. I wonder whether Adam would have fallen for a prickly pear instead of an apple.

ABOARD A PIRATE SHIP



IN 1912 I was in China and sailed up the Pearl river from Hongkong to Canton on a steamer that had been fired on by Chinese pirates the night before. We stopped off at the old opium-making town of Macao, where 500 Chinese passengers, huddled in the hold of our ship, were thoroughly searched for smuggled goods before they were allowed to disembark. The day we spent in Canton 500 rebel revolutionists were killed. We visited the execution grounds, saw the chief executioner, and, to get a photo, I bared my neck to his knife, which in thirty years had beheaded about 300,000 victims.

These Chinese memories came to mind when I crossed the Catalina Isthmus and looked down at the old, historic junk, Ning Po, pirate ship, slaver and opium-smuggler. Although she was stuck in the mud, she carried me back to China, and I saw again the Yellow man and Sea, pirate caves, mountains, towns and sampans.

Like an old sea-dog, I enjoyed the bark, and, after wading through a Yellow Sea of mud, climbed the ladder and crawled over the side of the vessel as nimbly as any pirate. It was a wood ship made in 1753 of camphor and ironwood that didn't rust. The only rust was on the old chains and cannon on her deck. The odor of camphor had been smothered by the scent of blood that had washed her deck. Though built crudely and long ago, its deck boards were held together, not by oakum, but by a sort of cement that now is one of the lost arts. This Old Ironsides may not be proof against a submarine torpedo, but is against the toredo, that bore of a little worm that augurs ill for modern wooden ships. A sign on the deck said it was "extremely dangerous" to walk around the decks, on account of the broken timbers, open hatches and débris. Ning Po means "Peaceful Wave," yet I thought of its blood-red record, how it had been literally launched on a wave of crime, and how her big, rough camphor ribs had shaken with diabolical glee at the torture of slaves and outlaws.

Our party (for I was afraid to be alone) went down into an officer's room and brought up some old square bamboo

stools. The table board was a board of the deck, and on it we piled enough food for a crew. Here we sat and ate our fill. Our meal was not composed of chop suey, rice, fish, chicken, tea, birds' nests, nuts and ginger, but of coffee, pickles, eggs, sandwiches, cakes, cookies, cheese, crackers, etc. Zest was given to our appetites because we sat stuffing by the side of the "Kee Long," or Starvation Cage, where poor victims had been imprisoned like a chicken in a coop with its head fastened outside. They were denied food and drink until enforced fast led to slow death.

The stern of this junk was very gay with colored fantastic figures resembling a Chinese puzzle. The most striking ornament was a huge yellow-painted dragon with twisted tail. What a fitting mascot for a pirate ship, never deserting the ship as it sank and rose, and looking like a sea-serpent on the surface of the wave. The artist who painted it must have been inspired with some of the smuggled opium the ship carried. There were some ropes dangling over the stern, and at a distance it looked as though some sailors had caught the dragon, but were unable to land him on deck. The immense coils of rattan and bamboo ropes on the deck seemed like other sea-serpents coiled and ready to strike.

The Ning Po was a real sea dragon in shape according to her builder's plans. The open bow was the mouth, the big, bulging eyes outlined the head, the sails and masts were the fins, the fantastically carved high stern was the big tail, while the wake of the sea appeared to be a slimy trail.

Down, down we groped into a dark, damp, dungeon hold where prisoners had been thrown, branded and kept hungry like wild beasts in a cage. Here, cabined and confined, with clank of chain and oath, these Chinese devils were held. I flashed my lantern over bunks and holes dark as the deeds that had been committed. Not a sound or sight of life, not even a rat in this old human trap. Parts of the ship were as dry as a remainder biscuit after a sea voyage, others were damp. From deck to keel we discovered some nine water compartments said to be the first models in ship-building.

A derelict craft for derelicts! What water and blood-soaked mats, what opium-dreams, what a hell-craft manned

by fiends! From this living death dungeon men were glad to be brought up on deck and pay the extreme penalty, to wear the "Kang" board collars around their necks, to be hung up in the "Kee Long" starvation cage, to have confessions torn out of them by thumb-screws, to be whipped with iron flails, to have their limbs crushed with bone-breakers, to be made a target for spears, or be beheaded with ugly big knives. If ghosts return to favored haunts, I am certain they give this ship a wide berth.

I picked up a small Chinese sandal lying in a cob-webbed corner of the boat. Whose was it and why there, on what errand of smuggled mercy or murder had it come? I kept it as a cheerful souvenir.

What a pleasure yacht this was with its dance of death and music of torment. The Ning Po was sister ship to that other floating hell, the "Success." There was a joss-house at the stern hatch entrance to the lower deck dungeon. It was built like a dog-house. I suppose the pious executioner prayed here for a skilful strong arm to hack off the heads of the prisoners. The cruelest savages always have the most striking creed. Not all the Gods of the Chinese heaven could condone the crimes committed on this boat by these smug smugglers who offered prayers for success in new deviltry.

The poor Ning Po is now idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean. When she was launched in 1753 she was called "Kin Tai Fong." She was very fleet and used as a Chinese merchant ship. She was so fast as to elude all other ships and easily became a smuggler, slaver and pirate ship, attacking whatever she found afloat and even warring against unprotected coast villages. She was the best armed craft of her time and landed on everything big and small, afloat or on shore. Rebellious outbreaks were frequent, and being speedy, she became a warship and interfered with the opium trade of the British East Indies that up to 1834 had a monopoly of the opium trade. Pious England wanted all, pirate Ning Po wanted some, so Lord Napier came over to arbitrate the matter and at once demanded the seizure of the pirate Ning Po. The Lord died in 1835 and six years later the Ning Po launched into a new sea of crime, making the green and

yellow one red. Then the Chinese government went after this wanton pirate mistress of the sea, captured her and made her a prison-ship for smugglers and pirates at the mouth of the Tetsieh river. But there were so many aboard, the cost of living so high, that the Hooverizing captain cut down the food by cutting off the heads of the 158 pirate and smuggler prisoners. What a bloody business—what gruesome deck sports—what a shuffle-board game as Death took these pigtail celebrities and shuffled off their mortal coil!

During the Taiping rebellion in 1861 the rebels seized old Ning Po, and because of her size and speed, converted her into a transport. Still it was a losing game. Colonel "Chinese" Gordon, in command of the imperial forces against the Taiping rebels, disliked the heathen name "Kin Tai Fong," changing it to Ning Po after the city of that name.

The name of the ship was changed, but not her nature. From 1864 to 1910 the N. P. was N. G. and by turns a smuggler and pirate. Her decks were cleared for military service in the rebellion against the Manchus, when she brought her old guns and shot up the Republicans. Her flag at the mainmast was called, "Pah Kwa," which I suppose is equal to "Skull and crossbones." It was designed by Fuh-Hi some few years before (3222 B. C.). As the Ancient Mariner was punished for his crime against the albatross, so this ship was punished for her sins against men.

June 6, 1912, she sailed from Shanghai and six days later was wrecked in a typhoon, losing two of her white crew. Forced to put back to Shanghai for repairs, she set out again September 16th with a crew of Chinese. Nine days later she was wrecked in another typhoon during which time the crew mutinied and left her a mere floating hulk without rudder or sails. Then her mate and three Chinese rowed three hundred and twenty miles to Shimidzu and hailed a cruiser to tow the old girl into port. Her deserting mutinous crew was put in irons and sent back to China. Then came the grand finale. A white crew was signed and once more she headed out, December 22nd, 1912, reaching San Pedro February, 19th, 1913, after sailing 7,000 miles in 58 days. The Americans bought her, made her a show boat and an object lesson.

Poor Ning Po, still in the mud, thy old hulk reflected in the rising tide and with no thrill of life along thy keel! What dost thou think of thy tempest-tossed career, thy ups and downs, thy stirring scenes and visits to far-away climes? Dost thou long for further venture quest, or hast thou confessed and forsaken thy sins of warship and art now in they peaceful haven of worship? Chinese pirate-junk! thou Junker-spirited craft, can all the waters of thy oft-sailed Pacific cleanse thee from thy blood-stained past? Yet as a Chinese sea monster thou art outclassed and out-cursed forever by the infernal German submarine that sent the Lusitania to her Atlantic grave.

FISH TALES



THE ban should be placed on the Banning Steamship Co. which owns Catalina. Not satisfied with disfiguring the beauty of the bay and surrounding hills with ugly hostelries, the company dynamited Sugar Loaf, one of the characteristic formations the island is known by in photo and art at home and abroad. They tore it down to build a hotel in its place, but Nature resented it and refused to give them a strong foundation for the projected hotel site. So now the beauty of the point is lost, as well as the site, the money and the work. Yet one of the horns remains. It resembles a rhino's. The Banning's attacked one horn of the dilemma, and I am confident they will let this one alone.

The long pier that appears to be just a boat dock, is a fish pier whose fishermen are the peers of any Isaac Waltons. The wharf is loaded with fishermen, who are not fishing for anything except the tourist. They guarantee you poles, bait, launch, grounds, and everything but fish, for \$10.00 a day.

We went out with "Yellowtail John" in his Dragon Launch, starting in the morning at seven and returning at twelve. He is called Yellowtail, not from the color of his shirt, but because he has the record for catching the most yellowtail. Asked what a yellowtail was, he replied, "Any

carangoid fish of the genus *seriola*." He further informed us that the *Seriola Dorsalis* and *Sebastichthys flavidus* were native to the Californian coast and valuable for food.

Early in the cold and rough sea morning the Dragon took us out five miles. 'Tis said a dolphin took Arion and his lyre on his back to the shore—the Dragon took us back to the shore with the liar who said he was sure we would get some fish. The only fish we had were those we took for bait. We had the best of everything, a modern expensive launch, forty-dollar fishpole and eighteen-dollar reel and line. Our yellow-tail fisherman chugged by kelp beds and threw over enticing fish-bait, but it was a little too early for the big fellows to get up from their ocean bed for breakfast. They had evidently attended a fish function the night before.

The boat rolled, we trolled, grew cold and felt sold. About lunch time when the sun came out and made me sleepy, I got a bite. Zing—went the reel, singing, "yellowtail, barracuda, bonita, tarpon, Jew, swordfish." The line went out about 300 feet. I braced my two feet to pull him in and Yellowtail John hurried over to me, after stopping the boat. He said, "O, you got a bigga one." Then he placed a leather belt and socket around my waist. I thought he was about to put a flag pole in it on which to run up a signal of distress for fear we might be carried out to sea by this monster of the deep. Instead, he put my fish pole in the socket and then showed me how to play fast and loose with the fish, reeling in as I lowered the pole. When I had him within 100 feet and John was reaching for the gaff to land him, my line went plumb down 300 feet. From the strength of the pull my guide said it was a 50-pound fish at least. My, how I wanted him! I grew hot, "L" dropped his pole, leaning over the side of the boat with his kodak to snap the fish as I landed him. Then, sad to relate, the fish made off with my bait, line and hook, and John consoled me by saying that a shark had gobbled up my 50-pound catch. This all happened very quickly and recalled Shakespeare's lines:

"Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones."

Thus ends my yellow fish tale. Returning, we saw another fisherman who had the same bad luck of losing fish. He felt bad. I am sorry to say I felt a little better, for in this lonely world of ours misery loves company. This was my Jonah day, though it was the Dragon and no "whale" that took me ashore.

These Catalina waters sport a leaping tuna that weighs from 80 to 250 pounds and can make record jumps. There is the sword fish, a good fighter who weighs from 100 to 350 pounds. The albicore, a small tuna, is from 15 to 60 pounds and like him in weight is the yellowtail. Then there is the white sea bass from 30 to 70 pounds, and the black sea bass who tips the scales from 100 to 450 pounds. Take your choice of barracuda, bonita, rock bass, sheepshead, whitefish and others and you may tackle them all with light tackle. While here at Avalon I saw these varieties of fish—dried and stuffed for ornament by taxidermists, or pictured on postal cards.

There are many big fish in this Pacific fish pond. At Newport Beach one morning I watched two boat crews harpooning a whale. It was great sport and all the beach people were there to see it. I lacked just one thing to make it complete, a case of Massolt's famous "Whale Brand Ginger Ale." But that whale, like my big fish, got away and perhaps the two are giving us the laugh and comparing hooks and nooks. At one time I saw 17 Jap fish boats draw in 30 tons of smelt. These were the Jap-baiters I liked—I detest the other California kind. Many a time the Newport Beach boys went out and brought in nets of fish that netted them big money.

There is some Jew-baiting here but of a peaceful nature—baiting hooks for Jew-fish. I saw one tip the scales at 250 pounds, and the day before I left California I helped haul a 480 pounder through the breakers. When he was first towed into the breakers he made a break for liberty, but once drawn up on shore he was killed and carved. His stomach was filled with young sharks, stingarees, mackerel and many other kinds of fish. He was a whole fish market in himself. He is called "Jew-fish," perhaps, from his prominent nose, the golden color of his scales and the jewelry he wears.

Here is a true fish story. Listen! This is the fishing ground of the world. I was skeptical after my failure at Catalina, but became converted later when I caught fish without going out to sea. I caught them all cleaned, boiled, spiced in oil and put up in cans. These fish came in schools down by a school house on the beach. I am not surprised because it was a beautiful building, the teachers are very attractive, the course efficient, and the scholars well-behaved and receptive. All I had to do was to walk out on the beach and catch these fish, in oblong cans such as I had often paid 15 to 30 cents for. I gathered such a pile of them that I went back for a fisherman's net bag, packed up several dozen and could have had more. This is a flight of fact not fancy. If you belong to the family of doubting Thomases you may talk to any fisherman between San Pedro and Laguna who will grind his bare brown heel upon the sand and say, "Sure."

I brought my catch to the wharf and by chance met the official fish inspector. He explained the catch by saying that when the fish were not satisfactory in size and weight to the factory canners, they were "canned," that is, taken out into a boat, dumped into the sea, and so eventually washed ashore. Fishermen along these beaches can foretell the run of canned fish. This isn't ptomaine stuff, for they eat them and sell their fresh catch. The cannery waste of fish is a shining example of much food conservation along the coast. In order to conserve food I went down to the big pier which has more legs than a centipede. It sounds paradoxical, but its weak legs and supports have well developed "mussels" of which they make excellent soup.

HUMAN SHARKS



THE traveler finds many sharks in sea and on land. The man-eating fish destroys the body but the land-shark destroys the soul.

The name "shark" refers to sharp teeth which can cut and kill. There are over 150 species of sharks, the fierce man-eaters being the white shark 25 feet long and the

blue shark from 15 to 20 feet. One of the best known is the "basking shark" that grows to the length of 35 and 40 feet, though he is less voracious and vicious than some of the other members of his family.

While the home of the shark is generally in warm seas he occasionally visits our Atlantic sea-board for a vacation and amuses himself in the surf by eating up the bathers. However, the biter is sometimes bitten and when caught and killed is put to good use. His rough skin is used for sand-paper, his fins for gelatin, liver for oil, teeth for ornaments and spine for canes.

In the South Seas I found he had been worshiped as a god, books of legends have been written about him, and temples were built in his honor where sacred keepers protected him as a patron deity. The natives' belief in transmigration led them to feed the dead bodies of the worshipers to their favorite shark gods.

Like the sea gulls, the "white wings" of the air, he is the scavenger of the deep and follows the ship for the refuse food cast overboard. We dread his murderous sharkship, but the natives of the South Seas have no fear and will jump from their canoes and do him battle. In Rarotonga they have shark hunts and visit some deep sea cavern where the shark is taking his noon nap, tickle him on his sides, put a rope around his tail and pull him up.

Of the human "shark" nothing nice or serviceable can be said. He is defined as a swindler and a trickster and the mention of his name generally suggests the usurer who loans money at a high rate of interest.

As the water sharks are variously called "hammerheads," "dog-fish," "sand," "mackerel" and "thresher," so the human shark is known by different names. In the legend the shark god can take any shape he chooses, even human form. So sin takes attractive form and seems most a saint when most a devil. If a man is what he does, the following are some of the sharks that prey on society always and everywhere:

BAD BOOKS that laugh at old age, mock at sin, scorn the Bible and its Saviour, scoff at marriage and encourage infidelity, anarchy, impurity and dishonesty.

BOOZE that men drink without reason and abuse and so are led by degenerating steps from mild pleasure to murderous passion. Mixed drinks taken in summer to cool and in winter to warm are also taken for insomnia, appetite, life's wedding or death's funeral.

GAMBLING—Men who can't afford the time or money, try to get something for nothing, or much for little, and are often urged to the desperation of stealing and suicide.

GIRLS—The most dangerous girl at the seaside resort is not a mere maid, but a merry mermaid and sharky siren who makes destruction please with an impurity that touches man's body, mind and soul.

POLITICS—Politicians with party and no principle, with penitentiary convictions and no convictions of patriotism, shout for peace or war, God or Devil, as it suits them, and lie in wait for the ignorant voter.

PLEASURES—Joy-rides, beach familiarities, ballroom undraperies, sex-thrill dancing are dangers as deadly as those of the sharky deep.

COMMERCE—Business is the shark that takes a man for a sucker or client, sells him city lots under water, loans him money at compound interest, mortgages the little farm or home, and in a hundred different ways tries to catch his victim and pull him under.

CHURCH—No monster of the deep is so horrible and murderous as anything under the guise of religion and salvation that damns the human family's body to slavery, mind to ignorance and soul to superstition.

Avoid the shark on land and sea—don't court danger and death—don't wade into the deep and dangerous waters for pleasure, when you may stay nearer the shore with satisfaction and safety.

AN ACCOMPLISHED ARCHANGEL



AN GABRIEL MISSION is dedicated to the archangel Gabriel. According to Scripture, Gabriel was the chief angel sent to the prophet Daniel to explain his vision; to Zacharias, to announce the birth of John the Baptist; and six months later, to announce to the Virgin Mary the birth of the world's Saviour. Gabriel is heaven's official announcer, but I am sure he would be the denouncer and renouncer of much that is done here under his name. The Targums make him the destroyer of Sennacherib's army—it would be well for him to come here and destroy a few of the Mission money-traffickers. The Mohammedans make Gabriel the dictator and revealer of the Koran. There are some things more marvellous at San Gabriel than any Arabians dreamed of by day or night.

The word Gabriel means "Man of God." He was a good linguist and is veraciously said to have taught Joseph the seventy languages of the world—the Babel at the Mission would keep him busy. He is said to have been sent on special missions to the servants of God and against their enemies—it wouldn't take him long to decide what to do here. Next to Satan, Gabriel was the chief angel in Milton's *Paradise Lost* and is also put in charge of one of the gates in Paradise. In the Pseudo-graphic books he is glorified as one of the four great angels who stand at the four sides of God's throne acting as the guardians of the four parts of the globe. As musician, he is celestial trumpeter. Many players put their hearers to sleep or kill them, but Gabriel can raise the dead. In California Gabriel's mission is to raise money, and its silver tone bells always play the one tune, "Dig Up."

St. Michael is a little higher than Gabriel in the heavenly hierarchy. Byron, in his "Vision of Judgment," says that Michael changed colors:

"When Michael saw his host, he first grew pale
As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,
He turn'd all colours—as a peacock's tail,
Or sunset swimming through a Gothic skylight

In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,
Or distant lightning on the horizon by night,
Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review
Or thirty regiments in red, green and blue."

Gabriel would blush all these colors if he knew all that was going on at his Mission here.

SAN GABRIEL'S GOLD



HERE are special rates and routes to the San Gabriel Mission and all roads are filled by autos and cars leading to this Rome. The Mission was founded in 1771, had many converts and is one of the most prosperous missions because situated in the San Gabriel valley. Paying an admission we entered the old monastery building. The first thing I saw was a picture of Mary Magdalene over the doorway, with a notice under it, "Mary Magdalene for sale \$200." We knew Mary's character was not as white as the other classic Mary's lamb, and further that it was on the market, but didn't know the price was \$200. Gold is still the "price of many a crime untold" and one need never be surprised at what he finds in a monastery. This building has been converted into a museum.

Within we saw silver and ivory statues, and votive offerings, of gold, silver and other metals, and rich vestments. All seemed out of harmony with the simple creed of the Franciscan Order that founded this place, for you remember it was the spirit of the great St. Francis Assissi who preached that disciples of Christ should not possess gold, silver, script, coats, shoes and staff, but confine their time and energy to exhorting sinners to repentance.

The visitor sees framed on the wall the handwriting of San Junipero Serra, president and founder of the California missions. Some read between the lines another "handwriting on the wall"—this does not refer to the scribbled scrawls of traveling fools.

There is no lack of pictures in this Mission. This ascetic shrine has many very spiritual paintings, calculated to lead from earth to heaven, such as "Salome," "Bathsheba Leaving the Bath," and the "Massacre of the Innocents." Of this last picture the official church guide book innocently says it is "noted for its freshness and expression in harmony with the delicacy of its execution."

Several of the canvasses are attributed to Murillo and his School. He must have been in the kindergarten when he daubed these. I have been to Murillo's home, studio and gallery, and have seen his collections in Seville, but these dub daubs were never conceived in the brain or executed by the hand of him who gave the world "The Immaculate Conception" and scores of pictures representing religious characters and scenes, as well as humanity in its wild Gypsy and poverty-stricken condition.

I saw the "first confessional box." I must confess I wish it were the last. There was an old arm chair in which these fathers had an easy time. We climbed the dingy, dusty stairway to the attic and discovered a large assortment of wine bottles—a strange place for bottles, and strangest of all that they were empty. Crossing the flat roof we came to the bells said to be "mellow" as wine. The one I touched with my umbrella gave a hard metallic sound. The poet says the "toesin of the soul" is the dinner bell, but the din in this bell was a "toxin" poison to my soul.

In the old days the Father's care of their children was seen in a number of ways, and one of them was the nunnery, or Monjerio. An officer called a Majordomo took the little eleven year old girls and the wives of absent husbands, and locked them at night in a separate building, turning over the keys to the padres who returned them next morning to an official, who unlocked the door and let them out. Such care was equal to that of a sultan for his harem. This is a skeptical age today and this old practise has fallen into disuse.

The Fathers see that the Mission is well kept up and in repair, but through an artist's eye it would look better if it were left to the caretaker, Father Time.


Tasso moaned his "Lament" over Jerusalem and C. W. Stoddard sings his grief over San Gabriel, sighing that all the beauty, glory and power of San Gabriel are gone—

"Gone to the wielders of power,
The misers and minters of money;
Gone for the greed that is their creed."

He takes on as though the church were bankrupt on account of its enemies. The simple fact is, that it is one of the richest gold mines in California. His lines describe its clerics to perfection.

In 1822 the Mission owned all the land in sight. It was a big real estate and cattle ranch affair with the Indians working for the price of food, clothing and shelter—a safe investment. In 1817 the Indian population was the highest, reaching over 1,700, and in 1829 the church owned 15,000 sheep and 25,000 cattle. It was high time this "corner" in California was broken up and confiscated in 1832 by the Mexican government. California is a fruitful country and this planted colony thrived well.

THE MISSION PLAY

HE Mission Play's the thing to catch the coin of the people. In its mercenary aspect it resembles the Passion Play of Oberammergau. It is built along the order of the old Miracle Play, and it is a miracle how it has run from 1912 for a thousand performances which contained so little dramatic unity and so small a demand on the mind of the audience and actors. As an amateur performance in a religious college, for a one night stand, it does very well. From first to last curtain fall it is an account of a procession of church fathers, with holy rivalry boast of what great things they did for the Indians and how broken-heartedly sad it is that a cross is no longer planted on every mountain top.

The orchestra's playing was hard work and gave little inspiration, which may account for the poor work of the actors. The monotony of this religious propaganda was broken with the high spots of an Indian and Spanish dance. The intermissions between acts are long enough to afford the audience no time to get a drink or sandwich, only to follow a padre's advice to inspect and buy the religious curios and booklets, and walk around to see the replicas of the 21 Missions.


After an obscure pantomimic prelude, when the Indians came out and looked as if they were frightened at the audience and then ran off the stage, there are three acts: First, the founding of the missions; second, the missions in their glory; third, the missions in ruins. To this might be added an epilogue of the missions' financial prosperity. The play is a sad, sad story. The old men look thoughtful, the old ladies weep and both prepare themselves to sacrifice their cash for curios and contributions to the poor, rich church.

TRINITY GRAPE VINE



THE Trinity grape vine, a stone's throw from the Mission, is said to be the largest in the world. It is over 9 feet in circumference, covering 10,000 square feet with roots extending more than 200 feet in every direction. It is called Trinity because of the three branches growing from one root. This would have made a fine lay out for Noah, and as to Bacchus, though the fruit is small, there is an abundance of it. We picked the grapes surreptitiously. They were sweet, but not enough of them to get drunk on. This biggest vine bears the smallest grapes. The leaves are twelve inches across, and should you get a headache from too much wine you could wrap your forehead up in a leaf warranted to cure head ache and fever. This vine is in the patio of Ramona's house, but Ramona was out. I left my card hoping to call again.

THE ANGELUS OR LIBERTY BELL?

HE San Gabriel bells suggest the Angelus, rung in honor of the archangel Gabriel's announcement to the Virgin that she was to be the mother of the world's Redeemer. The word Angelus recalls the recent attempt of Congress to nationalize a Roman Catholic prayer.

The Angelus is the name of a popular picture painted by the celebrated French artist, Jean Francois Millet, who, weary of being called "one who paints nothing but nude women," spent his later years in portraying the peasant life from which he sprang. In 1859 he gave the world his "Angelus," the picture of a poor peasant man and woman, meanly dressed, standing 'mid the brown clods, with a wheelbarrow, a big fork, and potatoes in a basket nearby. Their heads are bowed and their hands mutely clasped in prayer as they listen to the sound of the Angelus bell from the little church in the distance.

The Angelus bell takes its name from angelus domini, which, according to Luke, preceded the angel's salutation to the Virgin Mary. In 1326 Pope John XXII ordered that in Roman Catholic countries a bell should be rung thrice daily at the sound of which the faithful were to repeat three "aves." Now this Ave Maria, or Angelica Salutatio, is a Roman Catholic prayer addressed to the Virgin. To this there was added in the fifteenth century, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and in the hour of our death."

What St. Peter key was it that enabled some one high in political office to get into the Senate, that sultry Saturday afternoon, when only a few senators were present, and wake their sleepy ears with the sound of the Angelus request that President Wilson should command all United States citizens to offer a daily Angelus prayer? Who were the cowardly senators who endorsed this request of a Jesuitical minion of the Roman Catholic church—corrupt in doctrine, worship and practice—to force this Angelus on this Puritan, Protestant, patriotic nation? Who was this clerical Kaiserite who would have 100,000,000 inhabitants bow to the Angelus bell? The

whole bigoted business was unfair and un-American. No mere man or woman born, in or out of the president's chair, has a right to put the imprimatur on a sectarian prayer for universal observance. The move was damnably sectarian, and when we remove the absolute separation of church and state, America will remove the only thing that makes and maintains her national peace, prosperity and position.

True American citizens will always resent everything that savours of political or ecclesiastical autocracy. To sanction such a sectional prayer would be to advertise to the world that the national church of U. S. was Roman Catholic, which God knows it is not and never will be, so long as our government remembers that, "Congress shall make no law respecting religion nor prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Thank God America has no such incestuous union of church and state as exists in Europe. We protest this subtle move for the Angelus because church and state are separate—because it is a sectarian prayer only found in Roman Catholic prayer-books—because it is a prayer to the Virgin Mary and not to God—because it has no reference to our Allied war and does not pray for our victory, the enemy's defeat and the peace of the whole world.


This big fight is to make the world safe for democracy, that is, to utterly destroy the one-man power in Europe, be that power political or clerical. Vaticanism and Imperialism are un-American in spirit and substance; one enslaves the soul, and the other the body; one has its head in Rome, the other in Berlin. The Kaiser is the head of a militaristic Prussianism guilty of hell-hearted atrocity. The Pope is the head of a church which inculcated and practised the Inquisition, hell's masterpiece for all time. I would as soon be the subject of the Kaiser as an abject of the Pope.

The Philadelphia Liberty bell, and not the Roman Angelus bell, is the only bell Uncle Sam can recognize and ring. Let other bells ring on Saturday, Sunday, any or every day of the week, so long as they are not a moral nuisance to the neighborhood in which people want to sleep and rest. Let the bell sound from church, chapel, Buddhist or Confucian temple so long as it does not teach in spirit or substance dis-

loyalty to the laws of our land. Let each race and religion have a bell and be its own bell-ringer when and where it pleases, but let no one church with a political pull tell our senators to favor a law sanctioning the ringing of any denominational prayer-bell at the sound of which free-born citizens shall pause, bend, bow and pray. Just because the President has a Jesuit for a private secretary is no reason why the nation should follow in his steps to St. Peter's.

America's ideal is the Liberty Bell with its Bible motto, "Proclaim liberty throughout the world and to all the inhabitants thereof." May this bell never be exchanged for the Angelus, with its "Ave Maria", rung by Papal hands that have burned the Bible, killed those who read it and who stood for the freedom it taught, thrust it out from our public schools, and today seek to strangle our American liberty-loving ideals, aims and institutions. When we finish the war in Europe there will be one here, the biggest and best of all, if political Romanism tries to put a cross instead of a flag over our public schools, and substitutes a prayer-book for the Declaration of Independence, the catechism for the Constitution, an "Ave Maria" for "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and an Angelus prayer for a Liberty Bell's patriotic ring.

BOYCOTTS AND BIGOTS

 AMONG other un-American things this church practises is the boycott, which should go back to Ireland whence it came. The subtlest serpent, next to the one in Eden, comes from the Tiber and seeks to poison and strangle, with silence and suppression, those who resist her attack.

Not long ago in Minnesota it was necessary for some of my patriotic American friends to arm themselves and guard the hall, where I was making a "good citizenship" speech, against a cowardly clerical attack. In Minneapolis my books were removed from certain stores on the threat of a religious boycott. The different theatres, where I have held my People's

Church services for all creeds, classes and conditions, were threatened and boycotted by members of this same, un-American, un-scriptural church.

Recently in the local press I read of a man on trial who was accused of threatening to shoot an ex-judge named John McGee. Yet it was this same John McGee, an intolerant member of the most intolerant church in the world, who told me that he was sorry that he didn't have a gun to shoot me when I was making a patriotic address, in the spirit of Washington and Lincoln, on the same platform with General Nelson A. Miles. This ex-judge uses his church's autocratic methods in the Minnesota Safety Commission which over a year ago I declared to be "unsafe, unfair, untruthful, unnecessary, unauthorized, unconstitutional, and unpatriotic." A commission ought to be put out of commission that draws a mystic circle about itself and in the spirit of Cardinal Richelieu says, "If you dare to step across this dead line we will hurl the curse of our high political office upon your defenseless head."

We are told that England has an accredited minister to the Vatican; that the Vatican has established a "Chinese Alliance;" that after an eight year's break the Vatican has resumed diplomatic relations with Portugal; and that these are good examples for Japan and the United States to follow. No true American will stand for this. Let the Pacific Golden Gate and the Atlantic harbor gate be shut to any such delegate—let the official representative of this mother of barbarities and mistress of darkness be relegated to the gates of Hades where the beacon fires of liberty are never kindled.

Why was the late lamented John Purroy Mitchel defeated for re-election for mayor of New York? Because he stood for the public school and justice for all creeds against a corrupt, clerical clique which sought to overthrow the school and rob the public tax-payer for its private purse and priestly propaganda.

FREEMASONS AND K. C.'S



SECRETARY BAKER, whom the Administration's press agent Mr. Creel would have us believe was the equal or superior of War Secretary Stanton, first used his hands for the K. C.'s and his foot for the Freemasons. His order was that no secret fraternity, except the K. C.'s, could erect lodge rooms in the national army cantonments. But he was finally made to see the error of his ways, and members of the society of which George Washington was an honored member, demanded an equal privilege and got it. Why not? Our Capitol's corner stone was laid with Masonic celebration. Our very government is known to be the result of the Revolution which was planned and opened by New England Masons. It is a matter of record that every member of the Committee of Safety, including Doctor Warren and Paul Revere, who took part in hiding munitions at Concord and later fought in the first battles of the Revolution, were Masons. When Daniel Webster dedicated the Bunker Hill monument, he declared that the grand lodge room of a Massachusetts Grand Lodge of Masons, was the headquarters of the Revolution. Masonic belief today is what it was then and always will be—an unending opposition to any foreign command or control, whether it comes from an earthly emperor or a spiritual ecclesiastic.

Masons believe in light, law, love and liberty. Their devotion is to God and native land with no prelatical or political power to intervene. The K. C.'s own their primal allegiance, not to this government, but to the Pope, a foreign ruler who lives the other side of the Atlantic. When we remember that this Papal potentate is closely related with the arch enemy of democracy, as his predecessors have been, and that the Roman Catholic church itself is an ecclesiastical autocracy, our Administration official recognition of the Knights of Columbus and denial to the Freemasons of the U. S., was a superlative example of Inquisitorial injustice, prelatical preference, and bigoted bunk.

While I was in Los Angeles politicians, influenced by the clergy, would not permit the Salvation Army to solicit money with which to carry on their splendid war work, and yet both special opportunity and aid were given to the K. C.'s.

Many of the people of this faith boast that this war has been a godsend to their church and them, socially, politically, financially and every way. They have told me that all they had to do to get a fat job in Washington or war was to state their religious belief. It wasn't so much whether they had the ability to make seed as to say they came from Ireland and were members of the Roman Catholic church. Any corporation or church that seeks to make financial or religious capital and gain out of this war, makes a mistake that will be resented and punished when our boys come home from "over there." America is not ready yet to substitute K. C. for U. S. This is a bad time for any church to advertise its religious wares. The Y. M. C. A. was in the field and doing all that was necessary for the Allied forces. The K. C. with jealous religious rivalry tried to duplicate their work and took public money that could have been more wisely and better expended.

According to press account, we are led to imagine that all the brave soldier and sailor boys are K. C.'s, that there are few virtuous or valiant chaplains who are not priests, that no agency is helping the needy abroad half so much as the Knights of Columbus; that the Allies are fighting to avenge the destruction of some Roman Catholic cathedrals; that crosses and shrines should be mileposts over there and over here; that the Angelus prayer to the Virgin should be rung here daily in the U. S. A.; that at the close of the war all denominational lines will be erased, but one, a R. C. one, which for 400 years the world has been trying to blot out with sacrificial blood. All this is on a par with the recent French papal proposal to place on the Tri-Color of La Belle France the symbol of the "Sacred Heart of Jesus."

Honor to whom honor is due, and we are glad to commend our Roman Catholic friends for the good they have done and may do, but let us give the Jews and the Protestants and every other religious cult credit for their patriotism and sac-

rifice as well. Who on earth cares what religion it is so long as its members send the Kaiser to hell with his war plans?

It is America for Americans and Americans for America. Cut out the hyphen—there is no place for a “German-American, an “Irish-American,” or a “Swedish-American.” We are tired of seeing the words “Catholic Liberty Loan,” “Catholic soldiers.” It looks as bad as to say “Masonic soldiers,” “Baptist Liberty Loan.”

IS ROME PRO-GERMAN?

THE prophet and priest in Jeremiah's day said, “Peace, peace; when there is no peace,” and Jeremiah hotly denounced them. Have these ancients, who “healed the daughter of my people slightly,” no modern descendants? What of the “Pope's peace” that weakened the arm and strength of the Italian army and made possible the Caporetto failure, overthrow and stampede? Heathen Homer thought a River flowed around the world—so some modern pagans believe the Tiber flows around the globe, that even the Allies should have no peace thoughts that do not sail the Holy “See.”

The war has many sides. It has been cussed and discussed from the military, the enconomical, the moral and the political point of view to an exclusion of the religious side which, from its very beginning, has been the most important side. Many people are honestly asking the question today, “Is the Papacy for the enemy and against the Allies?” Here are some facts—give your own answer. One of Bernstorff's aides was a priest here, but is now a bishop in Ireland—Ireland that at times seems to be almost as active an ally of Germany as Austria. The hierarchy in Ireland engaged in active revolt against conscription enforced by the British government. From the church altar the priests commanded their followers to sign the Maynooth pledge, equivalent to the Vatican pledge, and consecrated it by the elevation of the sacred Host. In Quebec, the

Archbishop threatened a revolution if the Canadian Parliament passed the Conscription bill, and he did his best to carry out his threat. Only a few French Canadians voluntarily enlisted and many deserted before being transported to the other side. The Roman Catholic clergy in Australia, led by Archbishop Mannix, solemnly defied conscription so that the victory of the anti-conscriptionists was laid at the door of the priests against whom hateful feeling was aroused. In Italy, the priesthood worked through the families of the soldiers and thus contributed their influence towards the great German victory last fall. In Spain, the Roman Catholics and Monarchists are largely Germanophiles. It is well known that in Cuba the *Diario de la Marina* has maintained the German cause from the very beginning of the war.

People looking at this war, which combines all the infamies of all previous wars, seriously ask, "Is God dead, if not, why does He permit this awful hell on earth?" He is his own interpreter and in his day and way will make it plain. In the meantime, reverent hopeful humanity will believe that this great sacrifice has not been in vain if military Prussianism and political Romanism are forever wiped off the map of the world.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY



FEBRUARY Twelfth I celebrated Lincoln's birthday by throwing down the morning paper, filled with the petty bickerings and sectional squabbles of our little men at Washington, and picked up Lincoln's God-inspired Gettysburg speech.

I journeyed in memory to Newark, N. J., to April 14, 1865, when Lincoln was assassinated. Father knelt in prayer and mother draped the parlor doors and windows with the black material she had purchased for a dress.

The day after the funeral at Washington, the car with its precious burden came through our city. It was draped with flags and covered with flowers. I was too small to see over the heads of the crowd and so climbed on a flat coal car.

Years later, I visited Ford's theatre, where Lincoln was shot, and entered the house across the street, where he breathed his last.

Living in Illinois, I went to Springfield, where he lived when elected president, and drove out to Oak Ridge cemetery, where he lies buried, waiting the reveille of the resurrection.

Residing in Kentucky, I made a trip to Hardin county, where he was born in 1809. With some friends who revered his martyred memory, I crossed the Ohio river into Spencer county, Indiana, where he moved with his parents in 1816.

Once I made a pilgrimage to Gettysburg, where it was decided, "The government could not be half slave, half free." Nature's harvest had hid the horrors of war and instead of shot was song of birds; and smoke had given way to fragrance of flowers.

A little later, sitting down to rest by the National Capitol, with its dome and statue of liberty, I recalled his first inaugural address: "The mystic hand of memory touched by the angels of our better nature swell the chorus of the Union."

February twelfth—North, South, East and West, we lovingly recall him who gave us the Union.

"The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

Every February 12th makes it more manifest that Lincoln, not Caesar, was "the foremost man of all the world." Washington represented the old aristocracy of gentlemen; Lincoln the new democracy of the people. Lincoln's humility, poverty, love and energy were the preparation for his public career. Given the arc, we can draw the circle. He knew the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, and believed in prayer. Like Franklin, he disliked creed and never joined the church; but his religion showed a conduct which God and men approved. He loved justice, sympathized with the suffering, and united a radicalism and conservatism which held him fast to the duty of the hour.

Lincoln's consecration to the cause of the right, as he understood it, was the secret of his character and career.

God raised Lincoln up as He did Joshua; inspired him as He did Beethoven; and immortalized him with those righteous whom He holds in "everlasting remembrance."

Lincoln stands a lasting model to humble youth, tried manhood, quibbling lawyers who establish points of law and defeat justice, and perfidious politicians who trim their sails to the breath of popular applause and private gain.

In the Pantheon of this world's heroes, Lincoln, the good and great, and great because good, holds one of the highest places ever known to man.

A LOWE MOUNTAIN



LOVE to climb mountains—in a street car, and enjoy their beauty and sublimity—through a telescope.

Mount Lowe is a low mountain, like all others in California. It was named after Professor Lowe, who, weary of the earthly angels of Los Angeles, came up here to communicate with Venus and the other heavenly constellations. Leaving the P. E. "perfectly elegant" station, we trolleyed through the jobbing district of the celestial city, brushed by the skirts of Lincoln Park, of Wild Animal Farm and arrived at Pasadena, that paradise of American plutocrats. The scenery may suggest paradise, but the derivation of the word "plutocratic" suggests Pluto, god of hell, and some of the infernal ways certain of these millionaires made their wealth. I was a near millionaire myself as I rode "near" palaces of these great Americans whose minds had been devoted to the world's ideals of beer, chewing gum and safety razors. Towards the East stretched San Gabriel Valley, Nature's fruit-basket of oranges, and Mecca of tourists, orange and lemon packers. We passed Altadena, at times carpeted with poppies, but Dame Nature had been doing her spring housecleaning and hadn't put the flower carpet down again.

Our rail track led over the shoulders of mountains, like a pair of suspenders, and held us in suspense. We were inclined to go still higher and took the incline car. The grade was 62 per cent and we ascended 1,300 feet to Echo Mt., that echoed to our ejaculations of "Ohs" and "Ahs." Many decline this incline, fearing accidents, dents and broken bones. I had cogged the Alps, Victoria Peak at Hong Kong, Corcovado at Rio, Pike's Peak, Colorado, and was pleased to add this cog to my list. At Echo Mt. there is an Observatory. The only observation I made was of thanks that we had safely climbed so high. If anything should break loose at night, there is a large searchlight to enable the motorneer to see what tree, valley or hill his car will hit, and to aid the wrecking party's careful search for the remains of any passengers.

Like Pilgrim, we climbed this Delectable Mountain, passing the Cape of Good Hope, Horseshoe-Curve, Circular Bridge, Summit Point, Granite Gate and arrived at the Alpine Tavern. Here you find pool, billiards, player-pianos, talking machines, books, papers, groceries, kodak-shops, telephones, graphophones, in short, all the disturbing things you came to forget. It is called the Alpine Tavern and that's all the Alps there is about it. It has a pine in front of it with this sign tacked on it, "5,000 feet high." Undoubtedly this is the most tremendous tree, the highest of the high ever grown. I suppose birds of paradise roost in its boughs. It is over the top of Jack's bean stalk. As I remember, it suggests Hood's lines:

"The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky."

We stood under it, but couldn't see the top. Possibly this 5,000 feet was the altitude of the spot where we were standing.

Squirrels are numerous along these tavern paths, no doubt on account of the visiting "nuts." The Tavern boasts many modern advantages not shared by other mountain resorts, yet lacks the essential advantage a mountain-view house should possess—an outlook or view of the surrounding country. All one can see from the front porch is a thicket of trees, a croquet ground and street car tracks.

It is literally true when the tavern advertises many "unapproachable" views, for my eyes were unable to approach any kind of a view, and that is surely a reproach.

To see something, we hit the trail. Proposal Arbor was the first stop, with its tree blossoming with calling cards. The proposal I made was that we go on farther, which met with the party's hearty approval. Along this well-oiled mountain path our eyes were ravished by the sight of rubbish holders and beautiful green benches. Here the care-free tourist is allowed to cast his eye upon the scenery and roll it from earth to heaven, but he must not cast any cigaret butts about, for fear of forest fires, or any stray orange or banana peels to litter up the landscape. This is an excellent convention resort for precise schoolma'ams, grandmas and New England housekeepers.

By the time I reached Inspiration Point I decided to call it Respiration and Perspiration Point. Here we had an unobstructed and magnificent panorama of haze that blotted out all views of valley and sea. There were many pine cones about, but an ice-cream cone would have been more acceptable. Walking west to Easter Rock, we paused at a rock base surmounted by a cross, where Easter services are annually held.


Here, as along the entire path from the Tavern, there was a strange iron growth, a crop planted by man and resembling telescopes. They were "finders." We were asked to pause, close an eye, squint through an iron tube and gaze at some rock pile or bunch of bushes bearing some fantastical name. Perhaps I overestimate, yet I counted 33,431 of these telescopes in a ten-minute walk from the Tavern.

One thing that made my indignation rise higher than any mountain round about was a metal U. S. flag hoisted on a pole, and used as a target for bullet practice. The finders revealed two mountains, one named Disappointment and the other Mt. Wilson. They were not widely separated, and if a Republican had been looking through a political telescope he might have thought they were one and the same. But this Mt. Wilson was named after a California professor, and not a New Jersey politician, I was told.

If you are inclined to hunt, you can find deer and wild barley. If you wish to remain here more than a day, you may arrange with the guides to trail over a network of paths through miniature mountains, all of which will require about the same time as to do the Amazonian wilderness or parts of Darkest Africa.

While the sun was tobogganing down the western sky into the Pacific, we slid down the Sierras, feeling that 2,000 square miles of scenery in sight was well worth the \$2 fare.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

NY country of any size I have ever visited had a statue of our George Washington, and on February 22nd said or did something to his memory. But at a beach where I happened to be on this day the municipal flagpole failed to blossom out with red, white and blue, and there was no patriotic outburst from brass band or orator lips. Yet the heavens into which his great soul had entered did not forget him, and while it rained tears that we had, it floated a sunset of red sun, white cloud and blue sky; wove a streaming rainbow ribbon, and unfurled a firmament of stars at night. The mountains stood as a monument of independence, the waves of the Pacific gave a grand oration on freedom, and it wasn't a dry one. For a fitting George Washington birthday dinner Lawrence and I Forded the wet streets by car to the French named town of "Anaheim" whose bars were wet as the streets. He ordered a big dinner for two that was enough for four. The waiter informed us that Anaheim was not "prohibition" and we could have the best drink of beer that California furnished. Asked whether he had other drinks, he made a German gesture and said, "All kinds." I thanked him and ordered a large stein of sweet milk and drank to the health of the man foremost in the hearts of all liberty-lovers.

It seems as if God were weary of monarchies and sought to establish a republic—so he sent us Washington to lead our fathers out of the Egypt of British prerogative to the Canaan of American liberty.

On February 22nd it is our duty and delight to recall the name and revere the memory of one of the greatest men in ancient or modern history. George Washington is immortal in history because he made a country of the colonies, secured the power of peace, and bound country and freedom with a constitutional government fashioned to make liberty and union one and inseparable.

He was "greatest of good men and the best of great men." His private life gleams like a star; his public career shines like a sun. He had the heart of a boy, the will of a man, the spirit of a hero, the wisdom of a philosopher, and the inspiration of a prophet. As Mt. Washington, kissed by the sun and clad by the snow, rises above the plains, so the private and public character of George Washington towers aloft in our American history. He was, is, and will be to every true American:

"First in war; first in peace; and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

WASHED ASHORE



T Newport Beach we were the guests of L. S. Wilkinson, agent for the Southern Pacific Railroad. The beach is now dry, but a few years ago it was wet, and many bottles could be found there. Prohibitionists thought money was thrown away on those bottles, but hark to this story of money found in a bottle, though not as thrilling as Poe's tale of a "MS. Found in a Bottle":

One day I went to the shore and photographed three boys and a bottle. It was corked, had been washed up by the waves, and there was a piece of paper in it. Breaking it, the boys found a letter and a check for \$12.50. The letter stated that if they would return the check to its owner at Los Angeles, who had thrown it overboard on a bet at Catalina, they would receive a reward of \$5. The Apostle Peter was no more pleased at the piece of silver tax money he found in the fish's mouth than these kids were at what this bottle contained.

Newport Beach is one of the unspoiled beaches of the California coast. For restful recreation and the limitless enjoyment of sea and sky, beach and bay, mesa and mountain, fishing and friendly citizens, it is a peninsular Paradise, where everybody should be happy, and where the only "croaker" is a Spot-Fin fish.

ART, WHERE ART THOU?



CALIFORNIA has been called a painter's paradise. We found it a sort of loafing limbo for artists of the Kipling class lying down and resting "for an eon or two." At Laguna I saw an artist's name on a door-plate, but that was all. There were subjects of sky, sea, rocks, caves and trees, but they stood untransferred to paper or canvas. It was as hard to find artists as fruits or flowers—perhaps it was not the season.

Unable to find any art galleries in Los Angeles, I called up the press and information bureau, and was directed to the museum at Exposition Park. The paintings were few and far between, and between them many odd curios. Again I inquired, and after an hour's search found a place where paints and brushes were for sale. The paint most advertised was cosmetics. The dearest paintings we noticed were those walking on the streets. Finally we met an art collector, who had a few local cubist and splashy daubs. It was pitiful—nearly a whole city full of buildings, but of art galleries there were none.

Yet the Angelenos are expert painters of scenery and theatre signs, of auto bodies, and of their own faces with liquor and cosmetics. But why is art necessary at all? They have climate, and that divides the honor with charity in covering a multitude of sins. Nature has placed all California artists in the shade by placing on her easel the matchless pieces of sea, field and mountain.

Practical art is found in the "drawings" of gold ore from the soil and money from the pockets of the speculators. The water color is irrigation that turns the brown earth green.

The oil color is petroleum, from which modern mining masters are making millions, compared with the price of the oils the old masters bring.

Murder is one of the city's fine arts, promoted by autos, which assume the pedestrian has no rights and deliberately knock him right and left and leave him bruised and bleeding. The trouble is not so much wine as auto-intoxication. There is an auto to every thirteen inhabitants, which may account for so many unlucky accidents. The auto roads in the state are the finest in the world. They can't be called "rotten," even though they are made from decomposed granite.

MUSIC AND BOOKS



LOS ANGELES filled its warm nights with music and drowned its care in the flowing bowl. There are splendid organ recitals in the churches and picture palaces, bands at the parks and beaches, jazz and cabaret stuff in the cafes, symphonies by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra—but for all hours of the days, nights and weeks, that which pleases the greatest number is the liquid music of Meier beer.

My friend, Joe Sheehan, appeared in Verdi's *Trovatore*. After this brilliant performance, "L" and I walked over to Harlowe's Cafe, where bare-legged chorus girls and "hooche-cooche" Egyptian dancers were swaying to the cannikin clink of the drink devotees at the tables. This motion before the house was long and loudly applauded. This Meier beer of the bar was O. K. always and everywhere, but when someone tried to play Von Weber's "Invitation a la Valse" at Pasadena it was hissed as having a German air and flavor about it. I have visited Germany many times; sailed its rivers; climbed its mountains; threaded its forests; pilgrimaged to its historic cities; studied its philosophy and church history; have become familiar with its language; read Goethe, Schiller, Lessing and Heine; played the music of Bach and Beethoven; looked at its art treasures—but, when I think of the blind, militaristic, would-be Samson who is trying to pull down this temple in a

general ruin of the world's freedom and civilization, I repeat what I said in my pulpit three days after war began in Europe: "May God damn to an eternal hell the man responsible for this Christless, causeless war."

Our Oberhoffer's Orchestra was thrice welcome at beach or concert hall to play whatever it pleased. At Long Beach we heard their harmony drown out the rhythmic, melodic rhapsody of the sea. It comes here annually to serenade the California ear. This jolly bunch of boys from the best "flower" of our home garden gives Minneapolis her best ad. The organization is not simply loved at home, but is revered abroad.

I found the Public Library, though many people were ignorant that such an institution existed. It was hidden away in the top of a business corner building. There were books many and good, and it has branch stations over the town, yet this does not excuse a city of more than half a million people from locating a library in a garret over a store. Wake up, Los Angeles! You can, and should, remedy this careless oversight. Have a library building equal in size, location and looks to your million-dollar movie houses, fine theatres and hotels. A city is known by its libraries and art galleries—gasoline and films are poor substitutes. You are out to please the Eastern tourist, who has these things at home, wants them, and will not come often or stay long anywhere without them. Right there you fail and fall down in a matter mental as well as monied.

ELYSIUM



CALIFORNIA is a great park, a fine place to park autos. We found Central Park, Los Angeles, Sunday morning, full of bums, devoted to the Devil's Bible, the Sunday newspaper.

My friend, Jay Kennicott, drove us through parks and by golfing links, not green, but brown as sausages. This is a paradise, for the country has built booths, cut wood, made fireplaces and erected log tables for picknickers to play Old Nick in an all-year-round holiday.

Elysium Park was like the classic one in one respect. When Aeneas went through the Elysian fields all the objects were clothed in a purple light—here it was the haze from innumerable autos, whose exhausts wrapped everything in smoky pall and smell. The park is a good place to spend hours with the Houris, and to keep it from being a Paradise Lost one is prohibited from spending the night there. Elysium has a classic name and many come to make it the stage for acting the questionable myths of the nymphs and satyrs. Holiday guests are star-scattered on the grass acting out the *Rubáiyát*, that *Prosit* poem.

We saw the Los Angeles aqueduct. It is not built on Roman lines, and, though no Caesars have walked around it, it is the largest in the world, bringing water 250 miles from snow-covered Mt. Whitney. It has a daily capacity of 258,000,000 gallons and cost \$25,000,000. Irrigation spells California.

ET CETERA



ALIFORNIA is an ideal nursery for flowers and children.

The age most respected here is acreage.

There are preserves of game and fish, as well as of fruit.

The California native lives on canned goods, tourists and gasoline.

Love plays the game in tennis courts and law courts, and both are full.

The water bill is longer than the liquor bill.

The If in Calif. is a big one. The state is great—if you have invalid lungs or a healthy pocketbook; if you like movies, autos, climate, ocean, mountains, fruits, flowers, sports, gold and tennis.

Everyone finds the names “missions,” “saint” and “angelus,” yet when you look at the people you wonder what’s in a name. I even saw an Angelus Fish Hatchery.

California is a wealthy state. Don’t be disappointed if you can’t find gold. There are turquoise skies, sapphire seas, ame-


thyst vistas, silver cataracts, golden sunrises, ruby sunsets, diamond spray, and pearly shells.

California is a fine place to live and die in.

It is a vast pleasure-ground with scenic railways and autos running around.

California is the modern El Dorado where sun, sand, hills, poppies, fruit and metals win golden opinions from all travelers. The yellow streak is in everything, including a few of its people.

A CHINESE NEW YEAR

LOS ANGELES has a Chinese Quarter, and it's worth half their Chink life to have a whole week's celebration. I had seen the heathen white man in the city and on the beach, so I went here for a change. A walk across a plaza took us into another country. It was their New Year, and there were crackers under your feet and rockets over your head, recalling the good old Fourth of July time before the insane sane Fourth was heard of. I had seen crackers made in Macao and shot off in Canton, but this was different. We shoot the crackers for patriotism, the Chinese for piety, to scare away the devil. Los Angeles was wide-open, with gambling, booze, graft, auto accidents, and murder trials of white slavers and sinners, so naturally the city fathers felt it was a great crime for John to shoot off firecrackers in his own quarter. The Public Safety Commission, that private dangerous clique, tried to bar it with their usual meddling, narrow-minded interference, under the guise of patriotism and pro bono publico. The attempt was unsuccessful. If John believes firecrackers can drive the devil away, it is not so dangerous as the belief of many of the half-baked religious societies on the coast, which have full freedom to shout and shoot their fiery doctrines at the public. If the Council wanted to hear a real danger, they should have been with us one Sunday morning when the "Reverend Father," just before his sermon, read an official statement on Roman Catholic education, in which he vilely, falsely and traitorously attacked the Public School System of the

United States as a godless, sinful institution. He declared it was unfair for the government to compel them to pay taxes for the public schools while they were maintaining their own parochial ones. This was rank treason to American ideals, yet only one of the frequent attacks on an institution admitted, by all pious, and patriotic people, to be the basis and bulwark of all our American institutions. This hostile attitude more than offset this church's boast of K. C. army and navy loyalty in our present Allied war—which war is to give the world a democracy which can never be safe so long as it has affiliation with German Imperialism or Italian Vaticanism.


If firecrackers can scare the devil away, a continuous Fourth of July would hardly make Los Angeles a safe and good place to live in. John was in his element of best clothes, and was eating and drinking. Every store had a Joss idol and incense altar to keep the fruit, rice, nuts, sweetmeats and delicacies tempting to God, at any rate to us who sampled them. There was a guard at the entrance of every door, for China Town was one great gambling den. Though our entrance was forbidden, we saw the fantan game.

We were invited to one club. It was bright with lights, the altar was profusely decorated, the men were gambling and the Chink orchestra jazz was superb. Undaunted, they twanged and scraped and squeaked and screeched and massacred all melody and harmony. But my long years of study of music brought me to the position where I could appreciate it. The Goddess of Discord presided. The scales were rheumatic and chromatic, yet scaled to hitherto unattainable heights. My soul was borne on this turbid sea of cacophony to the ceiling with a fearful rush, then grew dizzy and with a sickening crash fell to the floor. By their spoon and spade-shaped instruments, the musicians built a chromatic Babel Tower. I am positive Hogarth's "Mad Musician" never heard its equal. To this was added a singing running accompaniment which was atrocious. They broke so many musical laws they should have been sent to Sing-Sing. What can one expect from such awful-looking instruments, freak fiddles, gongs and cymbals that exploded indescribable noises and stirred up a war of sound!

The Chinese Masonic Temple held open house, and without giving any knock or sign, a smiling celestial gave me entrance when he saw my charm—ing exterior. He gave us eats, drinks and smokes and pointed out the symbolic work back of the Joss altar. He was "crafty" and discoursed on hidden things in a "well-qualified" way to please non-members of the craft. China's history runs way back, and while I may not tell Masonic secrets, it is no secret that the ideas of life, law, love and light are points in the creed and conduct of brother John who can be trusted, though he is not allowed to be a member of Brother Jonathan's family.

We could learn how to properly celebrate the Fourth from John, and when it comes to the riotous debauch of our New Year's Eve and Night, the so-called heathen is a Christian saint in comparison. John smiled, the house of the thousand lanterns and Roman candles blazed out, air-raided rockets flashed like meteors, packs of bomb-crackers shattered the air to bits, and mine explosions on the walks sent our yellow friends scurrying like rats through the doorways. We celebrated with a light lunch of noodles in a small corner house, served by a cute Chinese girl who waited on us as politely as though we were at the Alexandria Hotel. Smiting our stomachs as a sign that we were satisfied, we went out and met an officer who found nothing to do in this China Town until he came across two white girls whom he told to continue their "street walk" to the police station. Just the opposite of the melodrama where the yellow Chink is leading the white slave into an opium den.

CALIFORNIA'S YELLOW STREAK

 FOREIGN missions have done a great and gracious work abroad, yet it is a serious question whether sometimes there and here, the yellow man would not have had a whiter life and soul hereafter if the white man had let him alone, and not given him Bible virtues with one hand and a Pandora box of vices with the other.

China's history includes science, art and philosophy; the greatest and earliest inventions of chart, compass, printing and powder are hers. Her religion is ancestral and her literature

reaches far back to Confucius. The Chinese among us are not as foreign to our ideals of religion, politics and patriotism as thousands of foreigners from Southern Europe. John is in an exclusive set because excluded. His heathen attitude toward us has often been more Christian than ours toward him.


California boasts of her "yellow" golden fruits, but what would she have today if the yellow man had not made it possible? John and his co-Oriental Jap brother have worked domestically, cooked, dug, made gardens, ditches and railroads. He has worked hard and lived simply, cultivated his pigtail and garden patch, worshipped his little gods, burned and scattered papers to the dragon devil—in fact he was very much like his white master who has his form of idol worship in gold, whiskey, a skirt or a pack of cards.

Then the lazy laborer Satan entered this California Eden, was envious, got into dirty politics, taxed John's stools and trade, legislated against sending his poor bones to final rest in China, and bad went to worse, until 1882 when the Exclusion Act was passed, reaching its criminal climax in the law of 1902 which is still enforced. California is reaping a harvest of retribution from these seeds of hate. Today the harvest is great and the laborers few. I talked with many who were in despair on account of labor shortage. The industrial conditions are so changed by the war that John is as much in demand as gang-plank or steam-engine. The cry rises now in speech and editorials that California might as well stop planting unless there are thousands more of laborers to cultivate and reap the harvest. This scarcity applies to some manufacturing industries as well. Most Californians work for self, the Indians prefer the easy life of the Reservation, the Mexicans are unreliable and Europeans of low ideals and ability come over high-handed with big ideas of political and religious graft and are neither desirable nor dependable on the farms. Californians gave willing John the foot, and extended her hand in politics to ignorant Europeans, so delivering the state over to the devil of social vice and political corruption in her cities. The Chinaman is needed more than any one else in the kitchen, garden, shoe shop and laundry. When California gives him a square deal and kicks out some of her modern sand-lot orators, anar-

chistic writers and I. W. W.'s, who talk of heathenism, amalgamation, politics, popularity and what will please other foreigners, she will be able to meet her great possibilities.

The Chinese Y. M. C. A. mission is well placed. I went in and spoke to the leader. I respectfully submit that white Christians teach the Chinese, and that the Chinese go down on Main and Broadway and open a mission to teach the whites the Gospel of fatherhood and brotherhood, that Abel's God still lives to punish the Cain who persecutes and kills.

GREASER TOWN

HE Mexican Quarter appeared to be made up principally of Italians. The journey from China to Mexico here is very brief and may be made in a minute. What separates them is not the wide Pacific, but a Plaza. Every Latin-American town has a plaza and a church, so here we have "Our Lady Queen of the Angels." The church was empty and dark, but the altar light cast its gleam towards the low ceiling and on the old, thick, narrow walls whose foundations were laid when Mexico was establishing her Independence. The adjectives empty, dark, low, narrow and thick sadly suggest some of the heads of this church.

We passed through these Mexican streets by greasy Greaser restaurants, one of which bore the cheerful name "La Esperanza" (Hope) on the window, although a sign over the doorway should have read, "Leave hope behind." In a book store window was seen the Mexican mark of anti-American, socialistic, anti-capital literature; song books, lives of Carranza and Villa, the History of the Inquisition and a selection of Spanish smutty novels and poems. In the curio and toy shops there were cup and jug pottery, clay toys of men, women and children, showing Mexican life in mountain, city and country. We admired most, in form of living clay, some girls on the sidewalk with their black eyes and hair, and black robosos wrapped round their bodies, the ends gracefully thrown over their shoulders. The barber shops were many and popular,

for the high priestesses were Jap ladies who leaned over the chair, lathered, rubbed and shaved the black-bearded Mexican.

In the grocery stores there were piles of small tomatoes, red and purple peppers, cones of brown sugar and pieces of jerked beef. These markets are not open on the streets as in Mexico, yet much that was offered for sale seemed to have been on the street. Drinking places were abundant where you could get ice-cream soda and something darker and stronger. The majority of the places were crowded with typical Mexican toughs who were gossiping, smoking cigarets and loafing just as they do outdoors when it is not raining. There were stores with all sorts and shapes of sweets called, "Dulceria Mexicana." I noticed a street of small houses or hovels. In one of the doorways I saw men trying to drive out dirt, poverty, misery and squalor with a mandolin, guitar and an instrument that looked like a Nile sheepskin water cask, or Mexican pulque skin. This last a man was blowing up and it answered in colicky, complaining tones. Fallen across a table in a dingy, dirty den was a poor fellow with crutches on the floor, fit subject for a Cruikshank London slum sketch.

On church, fiesta and various Mexican holidays the natives come out in their glad rags with tri-color badges and pictures of Hidalgo and Juarez. They dance, make speeches, smoke, drink tequila and trip the Tango tapatio to their heart's content.

Walking ourselves into a good appetite we entered a Spanish Restaurant. On the wall there was a painted picture of a matador sticking the bull, and at a table I detected a man working just as hard to get his knife through a tough piece of meat. The only dancing in this café was on the wall in a mural decoration. We had an orchestra made up of a fat pianist, lean fiddler, and blind flute and clarinet player who played a new instrument every time they brought him a cup of coffee. This inspired him to let out so many chirps and yells that I was thoroughly convinced there was more than caffeine in the cup.

Ornamenting the wall just over the head of a busy chef were many implements of death and destruction such as knives, swords and guns. Under them was posted this sign, "No war

talk allowed here." With such a formidable array of cutlery and shootery the sign seemed unnecessary. I kept still, yet inwardly wondered as I saw the diabolic dishes the chef was concocting, which was the more death-dealing. Our dinner was a proverbially good Spanish meal of tamales, frijoles enchiladas, chili sauce, cheese, wine, onions and chicken. We had everything served but the one thing in the Spanish saw, "There is no meal without a hair." The room was filled with well-behaved people and the only spicy things were the very highly seasoned foods from which we escaped with only a slight cauterization of our tongues and throats.

WASTE



AS Addison would say, "The food waste is simply fierce." On the train I overheard two army officers tell how civilians were told to save food in order that it might win the war, and declared the waste in camp was enormous and wicked. At a certain town on wheatless day, a poor mother gave her children for lunch all that she had in the house, a few slices of wheat bread. Because it was wheatless day, the ignorant, "patriotic" zealot of a teacher, took it away from the children, scolded them, then threw the bread away, leaving them hungry. In a prominent Californian city people were urged to observe "meatless" day and eat cheap cuts during the week. They did this until the jailer, not the prisoners, complained that he could get nothing but the finest cuts and juiciest steaks for the criminals because the good people of the town and the dogs had devoured all the bad meat. At an L. A. cafeteria, bearing the classic name that means bull-headed, I went for lunch. Being on a brown bread diet, I asked for two slices of brown bread. The young Miss tossed her heifer head and refused me saying, "The government only allows one slice." It was useless to argue with her, yet if I had cared for it I might have piled on my tray half a dozen cuts of pie, pastry, cake, apple-dumplings and a short-cake, all made of wheat, without her complaint and still have been regarded as perfectly loyal. This was wasteful

and ridiculous excess. In Oregon there was waste of apples in the canning factories and we passed through a county where piles of apples were dumped on the ground to keep up the market price, and children pelted our Pullman with them. Yet all the while we were apple-hungry and could only buy them at fancy prices when we stopped at stations.

The Twentieth Century is ripe and rotten with wicked prodigality. We spend more for tobacco than bread and ten times as much for drinking and dancing as teaching and philanthropy.

If we study nature we find God manages all for the best; that He is profuse to none but bountiful to all. If churches and communities would follow the true and divine method of economy in nature, the heart would be purer, the home more happy and the world more honest.

The omnipotent God gives us of His strength and wealth and we at once prepare to waste our three-fold energy like an unharnessed Niagara. In youth we have health and hope and we discount the future with reckless ruin. We waste ourselves in worry and wantonness and the ammunition of our strength is expended before misfortune attacks us. We fritter away time and energy in foolishness for empty honor, money and pleasure, as if we had a thousand years to live. Like little children we blow bubbles, chase butterflies and grasp at rainbows.

We are spendthrifts and spend our thrift. There is material waste in forest, mine, shop and farm, army and navy, and the servant throws out of the kitchen back door what we have brought in at the front. Let us send food to the Allies, not to the alleys. There is mental waste in school, college, art and music in foolish fads and superficial attainments. There is moral waste in jails, hospitals, asylums, Young Men's and Women's Associations, and rival denominations, whose churches hate each other more than they love the sinner, have six churches where they can only support one minister and congregation.

Whatever does not give pleasure and profit in proportion to the cost, whether in food, drink, books, magazines, cigars, dress or amusement, is a waste. Idleness wastes time and

money on dress before the looking glass; ignorance wastes raw material and finished product; intemperance wastes money, health, mind and soul; iniquity wastes conscience, purity, peace and prosperity; war wastes the world and ruins as if an earthquake had overturned and buried it. If we waste in June we shall want in January.

The world is a big wastebasket of old ideas and discarded theories. In it we have thrown the king-business from Henry VIII to the German emperor. The time is coming when the infidelity of Hume and Voltaire and the unpoetic sensualism of Byron and Goethe will be thrown to the discard and scrapped on the back-lot ash-heap.

Vice is always waste. Call up the vicious from their graves and as they sit in their bones on their tombstones with skeleton gestures and grinning chatter, they mutter, "Our lives have been wasted!"

The prodigal leaves home, gets into bad company, loses his money, health, self-respect, good name and former friends. Man's capital in this life is his body, his mind, soul, time and opportunity. If he works and does not waste them he will receive a dividend for himself, for the good of others and the glory of his Creator.

The Son of Mary and of God not only gives a divine model of usefulness, but the help to realize it in our character. Jesus is the dynamo to give us power. In the Angelo fresco in the Sistine Chapel you see the man of clay reaching up to the sky and receiving a divine spark that comes from the Creator.

Get in contact with Him who in creation, providence and redemption wasted nothing—whose biography is included in the five words, "He went about doing good," and who enabled Paul to say, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."

HAUNCH OF VENISON



DROPPED in on my friend Bert Kenaston at Santa Monica in his palace on the Palisades. Around were mountains to burn, in fact, a few days later they were blazing with forest fires. Bert's home was happy. Of course he has autos, horses, dogs, mines, orange-groves, hotels and real estate, but what makes for real successful housekeeping was his charming wife, and rollicking boys who were the special care of an old black Mammy. He had just been out hunting and had brought back the bacon—I mean venison. Although it was out of season, salt and pepper gave it a fine flavor. The fact that it was forbidden gave it an added relish. Goldsmith wrote a poem, "A Haunch of Venison." While I could not do this venison justice in verse I was not averse to making comment on it and away with it. Over this venison I pronounced my benison. Our party was no stag or stagnation affair, for the ladies, the dears, were present and honorable Judge King, a royal fellow, was one of our number, thus stopping the mouth of the law. The judge was particeps criminis and promised to get us out of jail or go in with us, and he surely would, for he is the honorable gentleman who fined himself for fast driving.

Santa Monica is the place for hunters of game, gold and pleasure. Bert belongs to this club. He's a Shriner and the motto over his door is, "Es Salamu Elekum," ("I Like 'Em"). He asked me to preach in his church. I don't know where it is, but if he doesn't belong to it he can have one belonging to himself. This reminds me. I knew old Colonel Shaw in Iowa. He was a blunt unbeliever and made a sharp reply to someone who saw him standing on the church steps one Sunday morning. "Colonel, do you belong to this church?" was the question. "No," he replied, "the d—— thing belongs to me."

BEACH DEBAUCHERY



CALIFORNIA'S coast is a big bathing beach. The state is not only famous for its walnuts, but for its beach nuts one sees everyday, especially Sunday. One Sabbath as we were autoing a Californian exclaimed, "Do you blame these folks for not attending church, sitting in a stuffy room and listening to a dry-as-dust doctor of divinity? What did John Calvin know about California, autos or beaches?" I observed discreet silence, for I knew nothing of Calvin's theology that harmonized with the surroundings, and to tell the truth I was having a good time myself trying, as they say, to look from nature's ocean to human nature's pleasure-seekers on the sand and in the surf.

Southern California has many noted beaches from Santa Monica to Coronado. I followed the crowd from Santa Monica to Venice and in this short board walk the sublimity of the scenery, mountain and sea did not reflect itself in the look, dress or conduct of the crowd. The human tide was running along a breakwater of buildings of all sorts and shapes. Instead of nice and beautiful shade trees and palms, as at Nice and European resorts, I found the palmistry. Fakir dames dressed like Odalisques, beckoned us within to tell us anything we wanted to know, if we had the price, and to help them make a fortune by telling our fortune. The visitor was offered a chance on every sort of game ever seen on a circus lot, midway or street fair. Soldiers, sailors and civilians, with fair city sirens who blew them and made them whistle for their money, took every chance. Bars and buffets were full to overflowing and all the foam some of the visitors saw or came near was on the beer, not on the beach or breaker.

Caterpillar trams crawled along the sidewalks which swarmed with gum-chewers, pop-corn-munchers, ginger-ale-guzzlers, peanut-masticators, hawkers of red-hot dogs, spitters of tobacco, ice-cream cone venders, stylish freaks and freakish styles, nice and nasty men, good and bad girls, and roller-skaters. We grew dizzy at Ferris wheels, aeroplanes, roller-coasters, the plunge bath of the great unwashed, pavilions of dirt, drink, dancing and dissipation. Over all there hung a

Cologne variety of smells. Couples were swinging in pier dance halls to ragtime orchestras. In the Ship Café stomachs and souls were making shipwreck. A bar at the end of the pier let down bars for women to stand up and drink beer. The streets were trashy and untidy. There were high dives in the water and low dives on the street where the innocent were doped, debauched and robbed. This Venice was a sea-Sodom. Noise was raised to the nth power. Instead of the sweet sea breeze, there was the strong aroma of popcorn and perspiration. The only "fresh air" was that of the folks hiking up and down, a mob of glad, sad, bad board-walkers who had apparently forgotten the first Psalm's advice, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners."

Leaving this wriggling, wantoning, wandering jam on the walk we strolled to the sand. It was covered with half-dressed women, boys and girls sprawled out like goats and satyrs, hugging the shore and each other. It was the playground of the sexes. On the board-walk we had seen the worshippers of Bacchus, here it was Venus. Sunday was anything but religious at this sea shore. The cross had given way to Cupid's bow and arrow. The Bible was the book of nature done in calf. Brown lads lay with their heads in the laps of half-naked brunettes, forgetting that to do so and not mean harm was "hypocrisy to the devil" who tempted their virtue. They made no attempt to hide under beach umbrellas. One might question their propriety but neither their nerve nor shape. Their speech was low, but if actions speak louder than words, their conduct was often vulgar if not vicious. This place is advertised as the "safest beach," but without falling into the deep water I fear the Devil's undertow is carrying many out beyond their moral depth. "Love one another" is the favorite text and the "laying on of hands" is not omitted. All the flesh pots were not in Egypt. Cleopatra had a good time on the Nile and Clara had the same here. I saw many couples and decided that more marriages were made on the beach than in heaven. Position in society was everything. Here there was everything in position. Heads in laps, arms around waists, boys in girls' laps, girls in boys', legs linked,

or arms and legs tied up in lover's bow knots. All were taking "sea"estas. In this Cupid school I saw girls with pearly teeth but with no pearls of wisdom; many who could paint their face, but not paint a Madonna; girls who could play with the boys but not the piano; the only apparent study was that of anatomy.

At Santa Monica it was Good-night for the Sunset Inn with no Good-morning. Before the liquor tide went out and the Inn became dry, the place was owned by the Busch estate. The Inn was conducted with a café attachment where the attachment was more for liquor than solids. No matter who owned or leased it, it was alleged the devil ran it as a house on the road, that is, a road house. Public moral sentiment got the city commissioners busy, the door was shut with a slam and kept tight. Today instead of being a curse it is a blessing, for it has been taken over by the Red Cross and made its headquarters. It has turned over a new leaf to the Chapter. Instead of red wine, it is red cross; instead of spinning webs of sin, it is knitting shirts for soldiers; instead of giddy girls with gay dresses, the Inn is filled with thoughtful women whose husbands, boys and sweethearts are in the war.

In Venice the children gambolled on the sand and the men gambled on the green. The law had made a raid recently and arrested several of the concession proprietors, but while arrested in their sporting career, they failed to come to a full stop, and the District Attorney served notice on the city officials that unless the games were stopped he would institute action against them for being derelict in duty.

People on the beach were all sprawled out in their "surge" suits. The sight of these surf bathers was surfeiting. We saw nymphs in the combers which put their hair in waves. People here may hate the Japs—yet it is the Japanese Current that makes these waters temperate and gives Californians their pleasure.

The breakers on this Venice beach are divided into three classes: Ocean-breakers, law-breakers and heart-breakers. California is a fruit state and we looked everywhere to see the "peaches" on the beaches that had been talked of and advertised in folders and pictures. All we saw were dried

peaches and there were more Iowa valetudinarians and bearded bi-peds than anybody else. Timon of Athens was a misanthrope who went to the seashore to get away from mankind. Had he come to this beach, the day we were here, he would have prayed for a tidal wave to wipe it off the map.

Scripture says of the beautiful lilies, "They toil not, neither do they spin." Of these painted, half-dressed, lounging, walking, posturing beach-combers with their dry feet, we say, "They toil not, neither do they swim." I came away from the beach that Sunday with a composite picture of pop-eyed, pot-bellied promenaders in the sand, vulgar Venuses, wobbly wenches, living links, heavy-hipped hags, sinuous shrunken men, tattered tights, tousled haired nymphs and vain cock of the walks admiring their own shape and gazing on their feet and fingernails.

I wish I could forget the bather's singularity and angularity, the plethoric paunch, the blinking, bawling, calling, sprawling, mawling, drawling, squalling figures that defaced the beauty of the sky, the sea and the sand. O, the water cataracts running and dripping from shaking sides, heavy hips and swinging busts! If Ulysses and his crew sailed by this Venice shore with its sweating sirens and howling hurdy-gurdies they would stop their ears—but not for fear of being enticed to shore.

At Long Beach I approached one fair-faced and finely figured girl, lifted my hat, begged her pardon and asked if my son could take her picture, not for publicity, but just to show my wife. She blushed, hesitated, struck a September Morn attitude and lost her chance to refuse for the kodak clicked and we had her. Her coy, innocent demeanor proved she was a visitor and not a native who generally feels put out unless her picture is put on the first page of the Los Angeles Sunday paper.

At Seal Beach the bathers sunned themselves like seals and set the seal of vulgarity on much of their dress and action.

The poet sings of the "smile" of the sea—I do not wonder at laughing waves when they see some of the freak styles. What are the wild waves saying? Some things I think we better omit. To watch this beach of bathers is like having a

front seat at the Winter Garden Follies. The visitor may study the contour of beach and bathers. Here he meets the living skeleton of angles and the bag of bones, as well as her heavy set sister with all her curves, crests, elevations and depressions. How unlike the pictures in the Sunday supplements, and how like the caricatures in the Comic supplement. When first they appear all nice and dry they are passable, but look at them if you dare, and can, when they take a dip or flop and coming out with their homely lines all emphasized. No Greek statues, no things of beauty and joy forever, but shattered disenchanting dreams, or nightmares rather.

Strange discoveries are made on the beach—sea shells, peanut shells, dippy dippers, sunlight, waves, tin cans, can-cans, tin-horn sports, human lobsters and jelly-fish, shell games, gulls and gullibles, papers, boxes, bags, beer bottles, lunch boxes, mermaids, mere men, kids with pails and shovels, playmates, families, spoony couples, kelp, dead fish, fishermen, lines, nets, boats, cottages, hotels, resorts, board-walks, promenades, bare legs, arms, feet, busts, driftwood and piers. I must not forget the semi-nude patriotic girls knitting socks for the soldiers. It was a fad, but charity begins at home and they should have worn them themselves. One could find lost souls enough on the beaches without exploring the shores of Phlegethon, Cocytus and Avernus.

Farewell to this flotsam and jetsam, foam and scum, these sand-flies. If you want to have a "good time", go to the beach where the volume of nature and human nature is "wide open." The text books you should bring and study on the sea shore are—Shelley, Sand, Burns, Crabbe, and Bacon.

SUMMER FOOLS



HE bug in palmistry is humbug. This tree flourishes like the green bay tree. The West coast is a magnet to draw all the fraud fortune tellers, mediums, charlatan clairvoyants, fake philosophers and astrologers. They come from other states whence they have been driven. They profess to tell everything from an angleworm to an angel—your "planetary" hours and all the past, present and

future. These astrologers modestly say that astrology is the foundation of every science, the index of all things found on the material planet and that it is God's law.

According to Swift's derisive derivation and definition, the astrologer is a new-fangled way of spelling "A straw lodger", since the ancient fortune tellers were so beggarly that they lay upon the straw. These mediums are mediums for making money—these psychics should be kicked out. The "stars" these astrologers should see are on the lapel of a policeman's coat or from the crack of his club. Their "planet" talk is to plan nets for the unwary. Don't forget, foolish man, "The fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves."

"All Fools' Day" is not April first but every day in the year. The whole human family has a drop of folly in its mixture. This world is a big mad-house and there are many fools in spring, summer, autumn and winter.

Summer is the time when heaven listens to the earth, the clod climbs to soul in grass and flowers, the bird sits like a blossom among the leaves, the river ripples, lakes mirror clouds o'erhead while falls, fields and forests shout and sing their hymn of joy.

Long ago Job spoke to the earth and it taught him lessons of power and peace. Christ left the crowded city for the solitude where the birds sang, waves rippled and the grain rustled. In summer we feel with Cowper, "God made the country and man made the town," and we hurry to ocean, forest, mountain and lake to read God's illuminated Gospel which tells of Him who made a beautiful world for His children's pleasure.

In summer the devil gets in his best work and the crop of fools is unusually large.

It was in the "good old summer time" that Eglon, king of Moab, a very fat man, was sitting in his summer parlor when Ehud called, gave him a present, and pretending to retire suddenly came back and stabbed him to death. Any other season of the year would have found the king protected by his guard in the palace, but now it was summer, he had dismissed his attendants, was sitting in the open parlor and paid the penalty of his lazy indifference with his life.

Summer is the time when the soul's doors are thrown open, the guards of Scripture command and friendly counsel are dismissed, and Satan comes in and slays us in the hour of sleepy security.

The ordinary fool is an extraordinary fool in the summer time. The house is left open to invite thieves; men and women are half-dressed and slovenly in appearance who could never thus have wooed and won each other in marriage; people are finicky, fussy and turn up their nose at the food and kick not only the dog and cat but at the cook; men drink more than ever and make a sink of their stomach; women substitute papers and magazines for the Bible; families go miles to lakes or woods and find it impossible to walk two squares to church; young people are less careful of the company they keep and the amusements they attend; church members go away for their vacation leaving the rules and regulations of ten months in the year to be thrown to the winds, while they drift without rudder or compass, 'mid the rocks and shoals of sinful pleasures and characters.

The Bible tells of those who have played the fool and died a fool's death like Abner; of fools whose ways are right in their own eyes; of meddling fools and blind fools; of fools who make a mock at sin and despise their father's and mother's instruction, and it declares "the companion of fools shall be destroyed." There are all classes of fools outside of the Bible lids and if the Good Book enumerated them all the present price of paper would make it prohibitive, and if their names were listed it would take a high-power auto-truck to carry them around. Among these fools would be found travelling fools, philosophic fools, religious fools, political fools, educational fools, epicurean fools, public fools, and all-around fools who live to eat, dress, drink, gamble, debauch, lie, steal, be idle, avaricious, uncharitable, stingy, sceptical and censorious on their way to the grave where hungry worms wait to banquet on their fat bodies—fools all unheeding the great white throne where their souls are to receive retribution for the evil and fool things done on earth.

Summer is the time when the fool says, "I am glad to go up into the house of the Lord—except in August; to pray for

the peace of Jerusalem—except in August; to remember the Sabbath and to keep it holy—except in August; to love my neighbor as myself—except in August; not to covet my neighbor's wife—except in August; not to bear false witness—except in August; not to commit adultery—except in August."

It is our religious duty to make the most of our summer vacation. It should be more than a vacuum for it is possible for one to merely vegetate and return with stronger body, but weaker in mind and heart. The virtues of a vacation are found in the study of God in His World Book, and the building up of a strong body and character.

The wise man's rule for life's happiness here, and heavenly joy hereafter, is, "Fear God and keep his commandments." The biggest fool the year round was the rich man who wanted to tear down his barns and build greater instead of making a granary of his hungry neighbors' stomach. Christ called him a "fool", for that night the rich fool died and the heaped-up wealth for which he had starved and sold his soul was scattered to the four winds of the heaven. "So is he that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich towards God."

BUSY BEAVERS



GOOD-BYE, Los Angeles, angels, adieu! This city was founded by colonists brought here by the command of the government officer to raise produce for the soldiers at the Presidio recruited in Mexican states. What a difference! People now flock here without command, glad to come and sorry to go.

We left the bracing and embracing air and trolleyed to San Pedro, L. A.'s port, that is humping like Vulcan to build war-ships for Uncle Sam. It took Noah a hundred years to make the Ark. Uncle Sam can build one in as many days. We stayed long enough to look at the hulls on the stays and our "hull" attention was riveted by the riveting, caulking and talking. In imagination we saw these ships launched with an argosy of liberty more valuable than the Golden Fleece of Col-

chis, with heroes on board nobler than the Argonauts, and with songs of freedom sweeter than the lyre of Orpheus. "Bon voyage," ye boats launched against a Teuton Troy.

Homer describes ship-builders in the Odyssey, calling them "artists". These workers were lightning artists and need another Homer to describe them.

Our boat to Portland, on word from Uncle Sam, changed its mind and went to Australia, so we took the "Beaver", a good name for a busy boat, plying between San Pedro and Portland. I have seen beavers in the Yellowstone Park that weighed 50 pounds—this was an ocean one, a whale 380 feet long, and 4,500 tons heavy. She gnawed the waves, swam by the navy fort and breakwater, nosing her way along the coast to 'Frisco. As a beaver is a very social animal, so Captain Rankin and the officers were very friendly. "Working like a beaver" is a proverb that applies to the way our crew worked in port day and night. Beavers have strong, large sharp teeth that can gnaw through a nine-foot circumference tree—we beavers ate our way through everything on the table.

The Beaver paddled into Golden Gate at noon next day and we saw a number of Holland ships our government had just detained and taken over. I gave a two-lip good-bye to a small Dutch craft, stocky as a burgher, just heading out for Batavia, Java, that Sans Souci of the South Seas, that lazy, luxuriant Dutch paradise I visited five years ago.

PAINTED WOMEN



KIPLING said the only draw-back to 'Frisco was that it was hard to leave. Since our stay was limited, we wanted to see all that we easily could.

The first thing a sailor does when he hits a port is to land in some dive where he meets a nymph friend. So "L" and I, as soon as we left the boat, visited a palatial resort where we saw some painted courtesans. Autos were lined up in front and many of 'Frisco's leading citizens were within. I made the acquaintance of Anita Ramirez lying languidly on a yellow couch and Celestina, naked except for an elegant

bath robe thrown around her. My son was captivated with the graces of Papita La Gitana, lovely Lolita and Candida. Two "women on the balcony" smiled sweetly on us. The two most attractive girls who drew our attention, like Titian Venuses, were both nude, one diva was reclining on a divan with a fan over her face and a parrot at her feet, and the other wearing a Spanish veil over her head and holding a tempting red carnation in her hand.

Of course the reader understands these "painted" women were on canvas, and the house was the Panama Exposition Art Gallery. This seraglio of beauty was the creation of the famous Spanish artist Ignacio Zuloago.

The Aladdin palaces of the Exposition had melted away like a dream. I wandered alone where millions had trod. Buildings had vanished, monuments were all in dust, save one crumbling column. With the exception of the Art Museum and surrounding pools, trees, vines and flowers, this fairyland had faded like the dramatist's "gorgeous palaces and cloud-capped towers."

Inspired by the startling senorita pictures, we went that night to see Gertrude Hoffman and her ballet of semi-bare beauties. They were dimly seen through a curtain of cigar and cigaret smoke which I scarcely expected in the Orpheum circuit—but everything goes in 'Frisco. It was well, however, for the modest, moral looker-on, because the bareness of the gyrating Gertrude was draped with smoke.

'FRISCO



IN 'Frisco stands for finance, folly, feasts, fashion. Styles are so many and striking that ogles have trouble with their optic nerves. Everything was full of life except the harbor which was empty compared with the forests of masts and funnels from far-off lands and isles we had so often seen here. The war, that accounts for everything, was responsible. The semblance of life was in the motion of the water and the ferries that came and went. We

ran over to Oakland where the O stood for oyster shops on every corner and we stood for the oysters.

Returning, we sailed by the training island with its sailor boys. I happened to remark that war was hell in what it was and did. A demure old lady who sat near us replied, yes, and pointing to the sailors on the island, said, "There are some of the devils." I ventured to ask her what she meant and immediately she volunteered the information that she was a friend of the Kaiser and hoped he would win the war. This treasonable blast nearly knocked me into the bay. Was this in jest or earnest? She further said she was Scotch-Irish, not German, yet sympathized with the emperor. I told her such talk was un-American, that it was traitorous to feel that way, and to openly say this to a stranger in public was to run the risk of being interned, or worse. Perhaps she is today, or has changed her mind. Maybe she was in some secret service to call out discussion that might lead to arrest. Otherwise she seemed kind-hearted, told me her dead husband had left her plenty of money he had won in a lottery, that she had adopted two Portuguese children of a dead mother, and worse than dead father, was keeping them under her wing, feeding, clothing, and sending them to school as well as giving them religious instruction. When we landed she melted away into the crowd and I wondered at the strange combination of hate and love in her heart.

That night I sent word over to the Government island to have my navy nephew, Roland Wilkinson, come over to 'Frisco for a visit. We gave him a good time at theatre and cafe, sailing into a lot of good things without any shipwreck.

'Frisco's old and new haunts, cafes, dives, Chinese joints, old Barbary Coast didn't appeal to me this time. We went by, not in. But we were pleased to visit the city's splendid new Library, Capitol, and Municipal Building with its large organ that sends notes of peace, joy and patriotism into thousands of hearts. The completion of the buildings for this civic square will equal anything in the country.

The city prides itself on its club life, and, like all cities, has clubs good and bad.

CLUB LIFE



CLUB life is the outgrowth of man's social nature.

The history of club life is the history of nations having clubs.

There have always been clubs, social, political, literary, religious, philosophical, artistic, athletic, commercial—places of meeting for the exchange of ideas of fools, philosophers and fanatics.

Cain used the first club with deadly effect and millions have been killed by clubs ever since. The War Club is the leading club today.

A club is defined as a "stick of wood," and is significant of many wooden-headed clubmen; a club is also a "playing card," and fitly represents some club gamblers who play from early morn to dewy eve.

Addison, Goldsmith, Hazlitt, Hunt, Johnson, Stevenson and many others have written instructively and entertainingly about clubs and club life, but the majority of club members I have met never seem to have heard of these authors or to have read their works. Instead, they are lovers of the commonplace. They are void of thought, sentiment and imagination. They loaf around with a cigar in their mouth, newspaper in their hands and with no original ideas in their head. If they talk, it is not to state an idea, but to talk for the sake of talking. They feed their body and starve their mind and soul. They lounge, gossip, play chess or cards, chat, eat and drink. Rich club life deoxygenizes the air of mentality and spirituality; wastes time and money; antagonizes home; loafs in luxury, and has an elegance that stifles serious thought, study and culture.

Some clubs are as good as can be while others are as bad as possible; some are safe and others unsafe. The test of club life is its influence on home, business and religious life. A club is good if it makes one truer to his wife, employer and Bible. A club is bad if it does not stand the three-fold test in respect to body, mind and soul. In all the clubs I have visited around the world I never yet found one which posted

among its Rules and Regulations a copy of the Ten Commandments.

Piety and patriotism, happiness and safety of the nation are oftener found in married homes than in bachelor clubs. God has no double standard for running a club, whether it be the rich club up town, or the poor club down town. The word "drunk" applies to the society man full of champagne as much as to the down-and-out bum soused with beer in a filthy joint.

Clubs, like trees, are known by their fruit. Club life is often the Devil's best hammer to knock the heart out of home, business, society and the church.

When men are away from home every night in the week, are genial and generous at the club, but come home cross and tired just for something to eat or a place to sleep, and make home a kind of dry-dock for repairs, they wrong themselves and their families.

Son and daughter naturally follow the club example of father and mother, and soon the home nest is empty. Children are neglected, they fall victims to temptation, and for their murdered lives God will put the Cain mark on the guilty souls or club-crazy parents.

IN IRONS



OUR boat was loaded at 'Frisco when we started for Portland, so were some of the passengers carrying wet goods inside and outside in their suit-cases, for Portland is dry, and quite a paying business is done in smuggling booze where "rolls the Oregon."

That evening a gang of young 'Frisco sports attempted to turn the salon cabin into a bar room ballad hall. There had been some general instrumental and vocal music which was followed by a booze-soaked singer whose notes were very liquid. He couldn't stand up to sing and so sat on the nape of his neck, sprawled out his legs and bawled out some rather coarse ballads to please his boon companions, but it was annoying and embarrassing to many of the lady

and gentleman passengers. No one could stop him, the cabin steward avoided him, and finally I suggested that he had finished his part of the program and a rest was in order. His reply was a rougher and louder encore.

When the mate heard of it he made a "curse"ory inspection, hauled him out, dragged him to the bridge and placed him in irons for the fresh air to sober and sweeten him. Then the captain gave him some fatherly advice and he was sent to bed in hopes that he would get up a good little boy the next morning. You see this was an American boat. Such conduct would not only pass, but be applauded on Mexican and South American boats, but not up here.

Captain Rankin of the "Beaver" ranks number one every way. He was kind, capable, genial on deck and at the table. He invited us to feel at home in his finely furnished cabin where there were more than nautical books to read. A victrola gave us classic and popular records and I noticed some curios on his desk for good cheer. Among them was the skull of a murdered man of Peru, which the captain had picked up and made into an electric lamp. His description of the big 'Frisco quake, while his boat was in the harbor, and what he later experienced in town, was as thrilling as any book in his library. The captain was a true salt and thoroughly saturated with Masfield's and Kipling's sea poems.

ON THE OCEAN



EN route to Portland the reflections of the ocean were brilliant and beautiful, no matter how dull and plain the following reflections were that I made on it.

To write on the ocean is difficult—especially if it is rough. It is a big, deep, wide subject, and only dry and shallow when some people talk and write about it. It overwhelms and drowns you with its volume, variety, voice and vastness. It occupies three pages in the Encyclopaedia and 142,000,000 square miles of the earth's surface. The earth is mostly water—72 per cent. The ocean is the salt of the earth.

The ocean basin is immense. Here Apollo ducks his head

after his hot hike across the heavens. When it is dark, chaste Diana takes a dip, and the stars rise from it with bright and shining faces. Over the ocean floor slimy, oozy, woozy monsters crawl. Its circulation is good with tides and current events. On the map the currents swish here and there like the tails of Neptune's horses. Luna controls the tides, but no lunatic of high or low brow can write an accurate tide book. Volumes of prose and poetry on the ocean are full of figures allegorical and metaphorical, but I found more "figures" in an ocean tide book than in any other volume I ever read.

I have sailed the Seven Seas of the world, and like "Chris" have criss-crossed up and down the ocean like lines of latitude and longitude, yet when it comes to my scientific knowledge of the sea, its "distribution of density" is only surpassed by the water on my brain.

A mist of mystery and myth of old hung over the ocean. According to the ancients, who knew little about it, it was peopled with monsters and islands. Homer thought it was a river that ran around the world. I am sure the little boy of long ago never went to sleep over his geography lesson, for the map was as interesting and terrifying as a nurse's ghost story. The ocean was the haunt of horror, and was spelled and pronounced "O Shun." On one chart of the Middle Ages a giant stands on the Canary island holding a big club and refusing to allow the ships to sail west. Another ancient map showed pictures of water-unicorns and sea-monsters, sporting through space and robbing the navigators. The Arabians pictured a big hand of Satan lifted up above the horizon ready to seize the mariner if he went any further. In the far North a gigantic mollusk was thought to be suspended in the air to smother and choke the captain and his crew.

I have read many traveller's tales yet always envied the Argonauts and Sinbad the Sailor who always got their money's worth and had a trip full of spills and thrills. Those were the good old sea dogs and days! How delightful it would be to book on one of their cruises! Today we have a tame time—nothing but a submarine for a sea-monster, an aeroplane for a giant roc or harpy, and only a mine instead of a Scylla

and Charybdis. The sea was once the home of the Gods—now of devils. The Greeks and Romans saw divinities in the ocean, now we see the workings of Satan. Instead of the superstitious hand of Satan, we have the mailed fist of the Kaiser barring progress on the sea—an act of piracy.

Keats gives a wonderful description of Neptune's palace—I never saw it. The ancient classics are full of mermaids and nymphs—I never found one even with a spy-glass. Had I drunk a glass of Helicon spring water I might have been able to see them. Today, instead of Triton's wreathed horn, one only hears the fog and fish-horn. The only siren is the steamship whistle. Where have these sea beauties gone? Have they grown old and died, or are they afraid and ashamed of us and hidden away in some shady sea cavern. Perhaps the wild waves are telling us if we could only understand.

In the Psalmist's day the waves lifted up their voice—they do now in speech and song if we could hear them. Why shouldn't there be music to the roar of the deep sea, and a tune—is it not presided over by Nep“tune” and his trident pitch fork?

If you want to know how small and weak you are, visit the sea. Should you grow poetic and eloquent the ocean will encore you, but only say “Sh-s-sh, Sh-s-sh!”

The ocean is a good actor and plays many parts. As a gourmand, its appetite swallows everything, like death, be it a ship or a shore. It acts as a wet-nurse to the islands. It is a miser to hoard and never gives up its gold—just throws up scum on the shore. In spite of a continual washing the shore is very dirty. It keeps its secrets closer than the Sphinx. It is the grave-digger of cities and empires. It is an incessant talker, speaking volumes—I am willing to stop when it begins. It is the tutor of poets, painters and scientists, and a patron of commerce. When ships first ploughed the sea, commerce grew. The ocean is epical as a poem and epochal in time.

The ocean is the eternal enemy of earth. It is a race track for the winds. Its big face mirrors all moods of sunset and storm. The ocean is free, the only chain it wears is a light one of sun and moonlight. The domain of Oceanus is walled

in by continents and extends from floating ice-palaces in the North to tropic pleasure-island gardens in the the South. The ocean is a great traveler and visits every shore. It is a watery world in itself where myriad forms of fish live. Of old, people shrank in terror at the sea, but the only time it shrank was when Phaeton drove the horses of the sun too near the earth. The ocean is cursed by mariners and sea-sick travellers; is importuned by sailors' wives whose husbands are being drowned; is praised by writers in rippling rhymes and sparkling prose; is unmoved by what man says and moves in its own way.

I love the ocean—to be on it, in it, by it, over it. I love to see it, smell it, feel it, hear it—but not to taste it. I have seen Mt. Everest, the highest point of the globe, and would like to see the lowest depth of the sea off the island of Guam—31,614 feet. How would you like to be the deep sea diver there and go down six miles?

The ocean is exhaustless and it is useless to attempt to write an exhaustive treatise on it. Think of its history from the Ark to the submarine! Instead of being a fairy-tale it has become a ferry-transit. King Ocean is majestic, has all the world at his feet and levies tribute from all the seas and rivers.

The ocean is what you are, whether you look at it with eyes of the artists, poet or fishmonger. Ocean swells attract people to build hotels by it, and dance, and promenade by it in stunning bathing suits. Travelers come to the ocean and change their habitations though not their habits. The water colors of the sea are Red, White, Yellow and Black. The merry widow comes to the beach, like the ocean, to cast her weeds.

Strange that such a big pond as the Pacific Ocean was never stumbled on or sailed over by the ancients. It wears the coral necklaces of the islands as ornaments. It is a monster with hurricanes in its mane and ships in its maw. It is a cradle of the deep to rock in, or an old Nurse to jolt you up and down. I wonder what dead men dream in the ocean bed? The ocean is a big dose of ipecac. Giant gales leap over it, laugh and take days to quiet the sides of their

mirth. The ocean has a phosphorescence of jet, pearl and sapphire. How pleasant to walk in the snow of the surf and pat the neck of the waves. On land, the morning sun climbs and looks through pine, or over hill and chimney—on the sea it comes down to bathe.

Horace said the first sailor was brave and ventured out with a heart bound with oak and triple brass. Man is a migratory animal. The first wish of man in one place is to go to another. In the beginning sailors ventured only from island to island and point to point—later across the seas. It was hard to watch and plan on the weather for they had no chart, map, compass, lighthouse, or wireless.

To write on the ocean is like taking a tin cup and filling it on the beach. There is so much water, the waves tumble, splash and foam so much, that you get very little. The sea is to the earth what the blood is to the body, the pulsing vital fluid. Dry up the ocean and this green world would be an ash-heap.

The Bible reference to the ocean is chiefly concerning its power and danger. All that some see now is destruction and cruelty. To others the ocean is a joy forever, a thing of beauty, of gleaming water, shelly shore and sweet and sublime voice.

Moralists and ministers, who preach and teach of Bible analogies in nature, love to repeat the words of John, the seer of Patmos. Tradition speaks of this old fisherman saint as a sort of Prometheus prisoner in that little isle of the Aegean and as going up to the point of rock, alone and homesick for his absent friends. The rustle of the bird's wing over his head, the sighing of the sea breeze, the splash of the waves, the white-lipped foam on the rocks, all said, "And there was no more sea"—of separation, change and storm in the blessed Paradise his soul was soon to anchor in.

For hours and days I have watched the sea from shore, and for weeks and months on shipboard. You don't know the ocean unless you have lived with it. A land-lubber once told me it seemed a waste of time and money just to sail, since there was nothing but water to see, and the idea of wasting a month to reach Australia was ridiculous. But the

ocean is the only thing in nature that never stales, that is always fresh and new, that has a different sound, shape and shade every hour. Smooth as a lake, it mirrors cloud, sun and star; mad with storm, it is a hell of howling, hissing water hurling its mountain waves against the ship and rocky shore, bringing wreck and death. Gentle, it plays with children on the shore, kissing their little bare feet and the pebbles and shells they play with.

Descend into the land quarry and you will find rippling tide marks of long ago and forms of petrified skeleton fish. Climb the mountain summits and you see corals and shells once washed up. The ocean is never idle. It undermines the cliff or throws up a shore. Geology tells us that what are now sea beds will be future continents, and that the dry continents were once ocean beds. Clouds sail from the ocean and bear argosies of moisture for the creek, river and lake to give drink to man, to beautify earth, to grow harvests and to give autumn frost, and winter snow and ice.

The ocean—what a sepulchre! Countless millions of dead lie in coral sand and rocky tomb decked with seaweed, pearl and shell—the waves moaning their requiem, the salt water shedding tears over their unknelled, uncoffined remains.

I never bathe in the sea without wishing that I might be metamorphosed into it to understand how its floor was laid; how its seaweed and coral grew; how its tides, waves and billows were made, how many the haunts of its fishes and how glorious the caves of its pearl.

How small and self-satisfied we are. How little we can know and hold. Visitors come to the ocean for a day or two, return to their inland village to years of toil, and forget all about it.

But I love it. As the moon controls the tide, so the ocean, green and blue, with its ebb and flow, quiet and storm, influences me after I have left it. The cup of my soul brims over with ecstasy of the sea's sublimity, and I say with the Psalmist, "My cup runneth over."

Diving around in the ocean of sea literature from Homer to Swinburne I found this gem from Heine—treasure it in your memory:

"Far into the depths of the night I stood by the ocean and wept. I am not ashamed of those tears. Achilles, too, wept by the ocean strand until his silver-footed mother rose from the waves to comfort him. I, too, heard a voice from among the waters, but less consoling; on the contrary, it was startling, imperious, and yet profoundly wise. For the ocean knows everything: at night the stars confide to it the most hidden secrets of the firmament; in its depths, among the fabulous long-drowned empires, lie also the ancient long-forgotten lores of the earth; at every coast it listens with a thousand billowy eavesdropping ears; and the rivers that flow into it bring to it tidings gathered in the most distant inland countries, even the babble of the brooks and mountain-springs, which they have overheard. But when the ocean has revealed to you its secrets and has whispered into your heart the mighty world-emancipating word, then farewell repose! Farewell peaceful dreams."

ASTORIA'S STORY



THE trip up the coast was calm as far as the Columbia river's mouth, which was frothing and blowing with a 60-mile gale.

Sunday came, wet and windy, yet we were up early and sang "Hail, Columbia" as we entered the big river. There were green-wooded islands, wild, tree-covered hills and headlands that could be seen now and then as the wind snatched the cloud curtains aside. Lumber mills and fish canneries were many. The little towns on the rocks among the pines resembled the settlements I had seen in Alaska and Norway.

Astoria, 70 miles northwest of Portland, was founded by John Jacob Astor in 1811, and in its early history was noted for its fur trade. Today it is a shipping port for flour and grain, and known for its many salmon canneries, seining and large lumber industries. We saw many ships on the stays. The Union Jack floated over Astoria in 1813, and in 1818 it was restored to America by the Treaty of Ghent.

We docked at the wharf in time for church, while the cargo was being unloaded, but through Portland passengers were not allowed to disembark, and those who did were compelled to show passports and give the reason why. The official guard at the gang was an ex-editor, now in a political position, who used his former blue pencil as a club to keep out what he didn't want. He was unnecessarily and unfairly arbitrary. One might come from Portland here by rail, but we could not step off the boat unless we wished to act as stevedores and unload the cargo in the rain. Neither the work nor the wages were attractive enough to allure, so we were mere lookers-on at this wet Venice—this muddy, melancholy, miserable place where the inhabitants must be web-footed to get around.

Why were American citizens thus barred? Because they came from 'Frisco with a bomb, or from Los Angeles with a bag of whisky, or to foment strikes among the shipbuilders, or to attempt to blow up a troop train? The red tape extending from Washington was long enough and strong enough to keep passengers out who had been permitted freedom of the city at San Pedro and 'Frisco and were to disembark at Portland. The fact is, no such order was necessary. No one was very anxious to get off at Astoria and climb up its perpendicular streets, wade through its ankle-deep mud, and allow the rain from the eaves of the wooden buildings to give him a shower-bath. What I saw of the town inclines me to the belief that Astoria is a good place for exile and banishment, or for the location of an insane asylum. Maybe the reason we were not allowed ashore was because the inhabitants are so depressed by the weather that half of them are mad and inclined to pick a fight with anyone inclined to come ashore.

In his charming volume, "Astoria," Washington Irving tells of the trials and troubles of the long-ago trappers, Indians and traders around here. Had he been on the "Beaver," he might have found material for additional chapters, and would doubtless have written them in a different mood. Our passengers' reception and rejection was not in the generous spirit of the distinguished J. J. Astor after whom the town was named, or of the genial American genius who has immortalized it in his "Astoria," so replete with fact and anecdote and told in most engaging style.

PORTLAND AND WATER

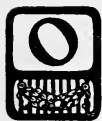


THE rain came down as we went up the river, and it was appropriate that we should see some water-fowl. Sometimes elk are seen, though rarely, for Elks dislike water and keep far from it. At night our boat passed many shipyards where shifts of men were busy building ships in the big glare of electric lights. It was Sunday, and the evening worship was warships.

The bridge went up and we docked at Portland. The wet, fog and flickering lights and shadows were of the London variety. Portland is a city noted for its cement. This solid has made it famous as some liquids have advertised other cities. Portland has a port, but, with rain and rivers Willamette and Columbia, I could scarcely see the land. The city is a great grain, lumber, flour and shipping port. In the background the Cascade mountains are always in view—this night every skyscraper was a Cascade cliff and drenched us.

I know that the sun shines here—it is no rumor or legend—for I have seen it. From the heights of the city, which slope up from the rivers, I have been thrilled with entrancing view of harbors, rivers, lakes, islands, beautiful and fertile valleys, and the sunlit and moonlit, snow-capped peaks of Mts. Hood, Adams, Ranier, St. Helens and Jefferson. To these mountains Goldsmith's line about "eternal sunshine" settling on his head does not apply, for far too oft the traveler finds naught but cloud and fog.

SALT LAKE SAINTS



GDEN is a thriving Mormon city, but I wasn't a Mormon, and my stay was short. I felt no need to go to the city's School for the Deaf, enter the General Hospital, and Sacred Heart Academy, no time to read the Carnegie Library, or find the iron, gold and silver said to be in the adjacent mountains. I wasn't a merchant, and so was not especially interested in her manufacture of beet sugar, canned goods, guns, collapsible boxes and beer. But I was

apple-hungry. For miles we had seen big apples on the trees and on the ground, yet I couldn't get a bite. As soon as the train stopped I went to a fruit store and filled my arms and pockets. The town topic I heard here was that restrictions were to be made at the movies; not on the films, but on the love-making audiences in the dark picture houses.

An hour's run brought us to the city of the Latter Day Saints, having passed by America's Dead Sea, which is very lively during the season. Years ago I went in bathing at this Salt Air beach with Charles Spurgeon's son. Here one floats like a cork or a corpse on this 22 per cent salt body of water. It is well called the Dead Sea, for it suggested the one I splashed in at Palestine, the supposed sepulchre of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Our pious pilgrimage had included the "City of Angels" and concluded with a visit to the "City of the Latter Day Saints." There is always room for improvement, and I trust the latter days are better than the former ones.

My interest in Salt Lake dates from the time my Uncle "Hi" used to regale my youthful mind with the account of his service as postmaster under Brigham Young—how he drove the coach on the El Paso mail line, was shot at by the Indians, tied to the stake and yet managed to escape and unfold a tale whose slightest words used to freeze my boyish soul. On his visit to us in St. Louis he brought many souvenirs, among them Indian arrows which he had pulled out of the dead body of one of his stage-drivers.

There are many sight-seeing trips in town, and the best sight to me is the great temple of the Wasatch mountain masonry built by the great Creator. To the Mormon the greatest temple is the one built by Brigham Young. Since I had visited most of the great heathen temples of the world, I naturally journeyed to this one. Crossing the street to the "Sacred Square" of the Temple grounds, I met Brigham Young—his statue. His hand was extended to me in welcome, as I first thought, but in reality it was held out toward a big bank, as if he needed some money to take care of his many wives. Passing this polygamous pioneer, though not pioneer polygamist, for there were savages before him that believed

in being much married, I entered the Temple grounds. An elder, bearded like the pard, was our guide. He first directed us to the Seagull Monument. Just as the geese saved Rome, so seagulls saved the early Mormon settlers by eating the crickets that were eating the crops. The gulls perched on the monument weighed 500 pounds. What a cricket capacity they had!

I took a squint at the big, turtle-shaped tabernacle that still squats here. Under its roof shell 8,000 people may sit and distinctly hear the voice of the speaker and the music of the choir and organ. I remember attending a former service and recall the crowds, the big organ, the sermon and the sacrament administered to everyone, little children included. One thing in the service was especially impressive. I found a hat number slipped from the band and stuck on the bald head of a devout devotee, disputing the right to be there with several straggling gray hairs.

This is just a side tent, compared with the show-place, the white granite Temple. It is about 200 feet long, 100 wide and 100 high. There is a tower on each corner 220 feet high. It was begun in 1853, finished in 1893, and cost nearly \$6,000,000. Here the Mormons are "sealed," and it is sealed shut to all other religionists, as well as to bad Mormonists. On the outside of the Temple are symbols of the sun, moon and stars, like the configuration on an astrologer's robe. The statues of the Smiths, Joseph and Hiram, are almost as world-widely known and in the mouths of as many millions as the Smith Brothers, makers of cough-drops.

Our guide was very careful to give us all the dimensions of the Temple structure, but they were simply material. I insist on knowing, of this and every church building, how high it is spiritually, how deep it is mentally, how broad it is philanthropically, and whether it is long on creed and short on conduct.

Marriage is the main and embracing tenet of the Mormon religion. If married within the Temple, there is a knot that binds the couple in this life and the life to come. Perchance this is the reason so many Mormon marriages are outside the Temple and terminate with the grave. Doubtless, in many

instances, a man who is a faithful husband here desires to be rewarded hereafter by being free. Brigham Young's motto was "Bring 'em young," and, next to Solomon and the Sultan, he had a fine assortment of lady friends and a family big enough of small kids to run a kindergarten. There is no doubt that he was a great man. He made the desert blossom as the rose, and died leaving seventeen widows, forty-four children and several millions of property. Years ago, I visited the "Amelia Palace" which he built for the actress, the nineteenth wife he fell in love with. This palace was a monument, in and out, of what money can do to bribe, buy, blaspheme and blast. It has recently been converted into Red Cross headquarters. Near by is Brigham's grove, where he sleeps with his numerous wives.

"Z.C.M.I." are the cabalistic letters that stare at you—"Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution." The Mormons have a monopoly on everything you buy and sell, and they can no more be dislodged than the mountains and lakes from the landscape. I.N.R.I. was the Roman inscription over the wooden cross at Calvary. Here the blessed Son of God is crucified on a golden cross with the overhead inscription, Z.C.M.I.

STREET SCENES

FORT DOUGLAS, out from town, is most beautifully situated, and there we saw our soldier boys in good trim. The most striking thing is the German internment camp. "L" photographed a sign on a tree reading "War Prison—Keep Out." No such advice was needed, for there was the barbed-wire enclosure with hundreds of German prisoners behind it, many of whom were brought over from war-interned Pacific ships. Several prisoners had escaped. Yet I don't see why, for there's good situation, sanitation, ease, comfort and food. This is a fine German club, where the membership is compulsory. The barracks seem to be quite as good as those given our soldier boys. Some of

the prisoners were washing and cooking. I sincerely trust German "kultur" includes an equally good care of our boys in Germany.

Salt Lake City has broad streets, beautiful parks and clear cold water to drink. The walks are wide, probably made so originally that the kind husband and father, coming downtown to shop with his wives and kids, might not be crowded off into the gutter.- The streets are very wide, wide enough for New York or Chicago with their great traffic, but they were so empty that I wonder the vehicles do not get lost.

City streets are always closed on account of repairs for gas and water, but I never saw one closed for children to repair for play during school recess. There was a sign reading "Street Closed During School Intermissions." Here the school children were romping and playing to their hearts' content, with no fear of being run over, and their game of hide-and-seek was less dangerous than that of other city children playing hide-and-seek behind passing autos and wagons. This plan should be recommended to cities that shut up their boys, put them in gutters, or expose them to jitney juggernauts. After recess the streets are open as usual. The Mormon church believes in raising children and preserving them for future generations.

The wards of our cities are political. Here they are religious, for the church in Salt Lake vies with the other on the Tiber in attempting supreme rule. There are forty-five ecclesiastical wards or districts in the city, each one of which is presided over by a bishop and two counsellors. These Mormon "fathers" are thoroughly known to every member of their wards, and they keep tab on all the members do, say and give, so that they may either recommend or deny their fitness to enter the holy Mormon Temple.

D stands for dancing, one of the leading doctrines of the Mormon church. The largest dancing floor of the world is in the Salt Air pavilion. We visited the Odeon dancing hall, conducted by a church elder, who took us into his confidence when he learned "L." and I had been in the South Seas, as travelers, where he had been a propagating, propaganding missionary. We watched the dance of the novitiates and of the grad-

uates above. The main ads in the papers, on cars, on theatre curtains and programs were for the dance. Is it possible, if there are four steps to church membership, the two-step is half way? Among heathen and savage tribes dancing is a religious rite. Is it here?

FREE-LOVE RELIGION



BRIGHAM YOUNG is reported to have said, in a sermon, that the sisters Martha, Mary and Mary Magdalene were Christ's plural wives, and that it was on the occasion of his own marriage at Cana at Galilee that He turned the water into wine.

Mormonism has been a premium on polygamous passion. The more physical wives a man lived with here the greater his spiritual honor was to be in heaven hereafter. This was an insult to world-wide womanhood. It meant universal white slavery, a brotherly brothel, a sisterly seraglio, and preached the loyalty of lust and the carnival of corruption.

"Congress shall make no law respecting religion." In this land one may serve the invisible God or a statue of Buddha, so long as he is moral and patriotic. Let the Mormons say Sunday that Joseph Smith was God and that Brigham Young was the Savior, if they care to—they have a choice of any religion or no religion, but neither they nor anyone else, under the guise of religion, may insult decency and morality the rest of the week.

The president of the church has recently urged all Mormon widowers to marry again. Why not? This is in strict accord with its embracing and all-embracing creed, which includes not alone everybody, male and female, but every belief. The Mormon is very adaptable, he is a cosmopolite, and his creed is composite. He believes with the Baptists in immersion; with the Campbellites in apostolic ordinances; with the Methodists in obeying his bishop; with the Spiritualists in hearing voices from the dead; with a Theosophist in affirming pre-existence; with the Faith-Healer in the laying on of hands; with the Universalist, that all will be saved; with the Second Adventist, that the Messiah will appear again.

The word "Mormonism" suggests a libertine, bandit and murderer. The city is charming and the citizens polite and hospitable. They welcome you and seek to make you forget their history of murder, outrage and tragedy. Mormonism and Utah were once one; now Mormonism is several, including Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, Idaho and New Mexico. Its flesh-pots make a big political feast, and its vast solid wealth spreads its doctrines with greater and widening influence. Mormonism is a cross between lust and lucre; its heaven a sort of spiritual incubator.

Their decimal doctrine, their ten per cent, or tithing of one-tenth from each for the good of all, is a great graft. "Give one-tenth" is the church's demand, and "give" the members do, whether they are rich or poor. From cradle to coffin, the Mormons are ground between the millstones of the Co-operative stores and societies.

Years ago Editor Godwin of Salt Lake told me that perjury and Mormonism were synonymous, and that the oath taken at the religious endowment house made all other vows to the government at Washington nil.

I have met Mormons in every quarter of the globe. They are sent out to proselyte and tell the poor and ignorant that they may come to the United States with their expenses paid, and settle in the New World paradise free with milk and honey, where head and heartache are unknown.

The Salt Lake city suggests a bodily and financially persecuted race of Gentiles, government rebellion, and degraded and dishonored mothers, wives and sisters.

For years this fair valley of Utah was an Aeldema of blood, poured out by the Gentile-destroying Danites and the hacking Hickman butchers.

THE MORMON BIBLE



THE Mormon Bible is said to have required at least two men to write it, the Mormon prophet and his son, Moroni. It is supposed to be a resume of American history from the time the tongues went crazy at the towers of Babel until 420 A. D. It seems this period of

history is not included in the complete historical works of our American writers, Bancroft, Ridpath and others. Bancroft certainly put a ban on this date, and Ridpath rid his course of this disconnected, disconcerted bunk. I have a copy of this holy book which I brought from Utah years ago, and I have placed it in the poor fiction section of my library, because there is no literary or spiritual value in it.

We are gravely informed that this Book of Mormon is a translation of a volume that was found buried in a stone box on Cumorah Hill, near Manchester, N. Y., and was printed for the public in 1830. More precious than ancient papyrus or vellum manuscript was this gold-plated one that has enabled the Mormon church to pile its tithe collections full of gold and running over. In this stone strong-box of Cumorah this gold mummy manuscript was exhumed. It consisted of gold plates, 8x7 inches in size, all fastened together by three golden rings. The message was recorded on the plates in a sort of reformed Egyptian. Arabic in any form is the most difficult of any language, so its meaning was interpreted by the use of two crystals, called Urim and Thummim, that were set like spectacles in a silver bowl.

For size, this book is as large as the Old Testament, and by some profane Gentiles is regarded as a travesty on it, while its contents are thought to be in substance an unprinted romance entitled "The Found Manuscript," by a Mr. Solomon Spaulding. It fell into the hands of Sidney Rigdon and was copied and communicated to Joe Smith. We "non-elect," uninitiated sinners are told in a simple speech that this reproduction was the result of a subconscious hypnotic state under the influence of the quartz crystals. So, there you have it, and I hope you understand it better than I do. Barnum was right when he echoed Puck's sentiment of "fools" loving to be humbugged.

The Mormon Bible is a hodge-podge potpourri from Old and New Testaments and many other book quotations—a Bible burlesque and a dose of unliterary laudanum. I spare my readers any quotations. Mark Twain said that if Joseph Smith composed this book the act was a miracle; at any rate, it was a miracle that he kept awake while he did it. There are

fifteen books in this Bible that in cold type reflect its stupidity and ungrammatical inaccuracy. I am quite sure the book has been little read by Mormons, judged by their actions, for its writings at least do not sanction their many acts of profligacy and rebellion. Some Mormons use our King James Bible, but regard it as so scrappy and incomplete that they add their own Mormon Bible as containing much valuable truth not found in the Jewish or Christian Scriptures.

OLD BRIGHAM YOUNG



BRIGHAM YOUNG achieved the honor of being the second president of the Mormon church and the founder of Utah. In 1801 he was born in Whittingham, Vt., the Green Mountain state, and he was far from being green. In earlier years he was a carpenter and painter, and as he pounded nails and daubed with his brush he was all unconsciously preparing himself to make a religious platform and whiten it up so that it would resemble a sanctuary, though it might be a real whited sepulchre. Moved by a restless spirit, he changed his latitude and longitude, and went to Meridian, N. Y., where in 1832 he was perverted and converted to Mormonism. Though always Young, he became an elder, and, with the idea of being identified sooner or later with a big family, he joined himself to Joseph Smith, at Kirtland, Ohio, and was sent on a missionary tour to Canada.

The one and two night stands were prosperous. Good or not, he made good officially, and became one of the twelve apostles in 1835. Whether he was like the original James, John or Judas, practical, spiritual or mostly financial, has been the subject of much ink and breath. When it happened that Thomas Marsh got into the swamp of apostasy, and his friend, Joe Smith, was barred by being thrown into jail by government authorities in Missouri, who were not pleased with his religious exhibit, Young ordered the Marsh brig to be manned, the Mormons to get aboard, and sailed for Illinois, where they landed and founded the town of Nauvoo, situated in a fertile, fruit-growing district — “fertility” being the

watchword of the faith. Here in 1840 he was chosen president of the apostles.

For six years Brigham and his followers built up their colony, but their brand of morals was a little too raw for the surrounding natives, who told them to walk out or they would kick them out. So the Mormons went, leaving their Temple, which became an interesting pile of ruins, to the visitor.

Parleying with Parley Pratt, he starred in the publication known as the "Millennial Star" that shot out its silver ray sentiment into thousands of sentimental souls. Brigham Young intended to hitch his wagon or ox-cart to a star, and when Smith was called from earth to get what was coming to him yonder he planned to become the head of the Mormon church, and won the position by giving his spiritual opponent, Sidney Rigdon, an upper-cut that knocked him down and counted him out.

Westward the star of empire had been leading, and when Young was told by his Nauvoo neighbors to "go west" he went, standing not on the order of his going, and headed his emigrant train to the valley of the great Salt Lake.

In July, 1847, he founded Salt Lake City, and two years later organized the state of Deseret. Young was his name and nature. He pushed ahead, and by formal choice was elected first president of the church. Working the old game of church and state, politics and religion, he was appointed the governor of Utah, and the Mormons of Utah have been in state and national government ever since, from Young to Smoot. The name Deseret was discarded, but not the nature of the colony Brigham Young planted there.

Things prospered, but became monotonous. Brigham Young, like Alexander, sighed for new worlds to conquer, worlds of feminine heart to love and rule. So, one morning in 1852, after a lonely night's restless sleep, he called his faithful followers around him and told them he had some sad news from heaven to tell them, namely, that he had received a wireless from above, a plain revelation on "celestial marriage," or polygamy, or "plural wives"—such a revelation as had been given to his friend, Smith, in 1843. Said Smith was not present to defend himself. As dead, he could not

be summoned from a higher to a lower court, but Mrs. Smith, the widow, and her sons testified that it was a dirty lie; that the husband and father was devout and decent and had all he could do and wanted to do to care for the one wife and children by her. At once there was an uproar and a division. The church split wide open as Guatemala after the earthquake, and one of Smith's sons headed a number of seceders.

According to true history the course of Mormon love never did run very smooth. About this time Brigham doubled up one fist in a threatening attitude against the U. S., placed his fingers disrespectfully to his nose, and growing bad and bold in 1856 formed a mob which jimmied and jammed its way into the U. S. District court room and told his honor the judge to adjourn and sit elsewhere.

Brigham Young, like a good heathen, was a law to himself, made a Sinai of his Wasatch mountains and legislated his own shalls and shall nots. He and his grew Caesar-great on the fat beef they fed on, became impudent, arrogant and high-handed, until President Buchanan appointed Alfred Cummings governor of Utah, and in 1857 dispatched a force of 2500 troops under Gen. J. S. Johnston to bring Brigham Young to terms of submission and order. Naturally Brigham and his followers were up in arms and wanted to fight, but he knew he was wrong, that he didn't even have the might of a force to make right what was wrong, so he gave in and gave up, laid down his arms and received the government's pardon.

Brigham believed in educating his children. Because they were so many and noisy in his homes, he founded many schools and the University of Deseret. As there were many mouths to be fed, he became active in promoting agriculture. Anxious to have rapid transit to visit darling wife number one, or seven of his seventeen varieties, or to get away from the jealous hate of the other sixteen, he was active in the construction of the Utah Central and other railways.

In the building of the famous Mormon Temple he was the prime mover to collect the money and the material. Many are the widely different opinions heaven-high and hell-deep of Brigham Young, yet without doubt all must crown him with the laurel of this compliment and tribute, that he squared

his creed and his conduct, his faith and his works, that he was a good divine who followed his own instruction, that what he preached Sunday he practised Monday, that he preached polygamy and practised it. We have a known record of his seventeen widows and forty-two children—a conservative estimate—only God knows how many more there were on the side of each. Poor man! No, he died rich August 29th, 1877, at the ripe age of 76, leaving between two and three millions of cold cash to warm the hearts of his family and followers. If by any chance he is in heaven today he must feel lonesome there, for we are told they neither marry there nor are given in marriage.

MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE



IF the reader's taste for quiet reading in literature has been blunted or staled by the daily press reports of German Hun atrocities, I can play the part of the Hamlet ghost and tell a tale of Mormon murder that will harrow his soul and freeze his young blood.

In the year 1857 a party of 170 emigrants, well-to-do and anxious to better their condition, started from Arkansas and Missouri for California far across the mountains. There was no Pullman for them, but a train of ox-wagons or prairie schooners. The way was long, hot and dusty, a savage climate by day, savage wolves by night, and fatigue and hunger all the time for the men as well as the women and children. The supplies soon ran low and when the emigrants reached Utah they attempted to get food just like other emigrant travellers, but they were denied. Why? Because of no money, because they were not needy? No, because Brigham Young told his Mormon followers that he would sentence them to death if they gave food, clothing, medicine or any help to these needy emigrants. And why this cruel order? Because Brigham Young was angry, since a furious husband in Arkansas had killed Elder Pratt of the Mormon Church who had stolen his wife, taken her to Utah and Mormonized her.

Faint and yet pursuing they came to the famous, infamous

place, Mountain Meadow. It was here the red-handed Indians savagely attacked them, but they barricaded themselves, fought and were safe. Then like the Assyrian wolf that came down on the fold, the Mormon militia attacked them, but love for wife and child nerved the emigrant to repel them. Self-made prisoners, they needed water from the spring just outside their stockade. One day they dressed two of their little girls in white and sent them for water believing they would be safe. But these dear little things had gone but a few steps when there was a flash, a roar from the Mormon militia and the white dresses and the pale faces were all splashed with blood and they sank never to rise. Then the emigrants made the sign of distress, sent a petition to the Mormons signed by the Odd Fellows and the Masons to brother Mormon members of their particular lodge. One venerable Methodist raised his prayerful voice and hands in blessing over the heads of three emigrant men who bravely volunteered to go and present the petition for relief, but they too were shot down just like dogs. Pitying God, was there no help! Age-long hours passed, heads and hearts were aching and breaking, when one day some Mormon wagons approached the stockade, bearing a white flag of truce and declaring that if the emigrants would only surrender and lay down their arms, they might walk out unharmed and be at perfect liberty.

First came the men, then the women and the children. They gladly marched out of the barricade, when at a signal the old and the young, the men and the women, the parents and the children were murdered by the Mormon militia with guns and knives. All were butchered but a few children thought to be too young to tell the awful story. The emigrant women who were too old or too weak to walk, were dragged out to where their dead were, were stripped naked of their clothing, shot dead and piled up in heaps. Then the murderous Mormons took the emigrant's jewelry, clothing, stock and wagons to the amount of over \$300,000, and went home to read their Mormon Bible and praise their gods Brigham Young and Joe Smith for their great victory.

This is history. After 15 years, when John D. Lee the Mormon Bishop was on trial in court, he testified that in this massacre of the emigrants he was only acting on orders from headquarters, and that Brigham Young had given orders how the property of the murdered was to be distributed. It is said that years later when Brigham Young visited the scene of the murder and learned that the U. S. Government officers had gathered up the bones of the murdered emigrants, buried them and placed a head board over the big grave with the inscription, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord," he gave orders to have it torn down. What devil more damned in evils! To see this spot and recall its blood makes one think in the words of David's imprecatory Psalms, or repeat Milton's sonnet, "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints."

BONES



AT Salt Lake City we called on some of the first settlers and citizens of Utah. They resided in the Deseret Museum in the Cliff-Dweller section. These mummies were brown and black. From their cramped position with their heads on their knees, their long arms wrapped around their fleshless shins, one would have thought they had slept and died in a high cliff bed that was no larger or more comfortable than an upper in a Pullman. Scattered among the cliff-dwelling fabrics, weapons, baskets, pottery, ornaments and implements that had been buried with the bodies, were rows of sweetly smiling skulls and heaps of yellow bones.

My earliest recollection of bones is when I went to the butcher shop; when I played the game of "shinny", a kind of hockey, and was struck on the shins; when I took a pair of rib-roast bones, scraped and polished them like clapper bones and rattled them like the end man in the minstrel show; when I studied anatomy at school, learned what my bones were made of and found they were principally used as a kind of frame or rack on which to hang my flesh.

Later, on the street, I learned other meanings of the word "bone." To "bone" a man meant to hold a man up and beg for something; to "pick a bone" was to engage in a fight of words; to "make no bones" of a thing was to go the limit with no scruple. "Bones" might mean silver dollars, and when a boy or girl was said to be a "bag of bones" it was another way of saying they were mostly skin and skeleton.

In literature I read Byron's lines to a "Skull" which he used as a wine-cup, "Redeemed from worms and wasting clay"; Baudelaire's, "Dance of Death", where the tall skeleton smiled with its thirty-two white teeth and called the living dancers "musk-scented skeletons"; Keat's verse of the ship made of dead men's bones, a phantom gibbet for a mast, shrouds for sails, groans for breezes, and the cordage, "uprootings from skull of bald Medusa." Sir Thomas Browne philosophized on bones in his "Urn Burial", and Blair, in "The Grave", paints the glowing horrors of the tomb, "The appointed place of rendezvous where all travellers meet."

In travel I have often said what Hamlet did when he picked up the skull of his friend, "Alas! poor Yorick." In the catacomb chapel of Malta I have seen the skulls and bones of 2000 crusaders; wandered through the catacombs of Rome with its remains of Christian dead; gazed at the bones of the "eleven thousand virgins" in the church of St. Ursula at Cologne; lunched in the "Cafe of Death" at Paris where I had a coffin for a table and a skull for a cup; stared at Pizarro's bones at Lima, Peru; tramped on the mosaic pavement of Chilean bones at Callao; stumbled over bones of priests who had been hung in a church crypt in Guatemala; and stood with reverence at Stratford at Shakespeare's grave which bears the inscription,

"Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

Some people spend most of their time and money when alive for the burial and care of the bones when dead. Souls dead in sin worship the bones of some reputed saint, and enthusiastic lovers of poets and patriots make Meccas of ceme-

teries and cast wreaths of flowers on the graves of the heroes beneath, whose bones have returned to their original dust.

The Bible has much to say of "bones" in the Old and New Testament, and never with more imagery or emphasis than when Ezekiel prophesied. He lived nearly 600 years before Christ, when Nebuchadnezzar ruled in Babylon, Pharaoh Hophra swayed Egypt, the "Seven Wise Men" flourished in Greece, Tarquinius Priscus haughtily stalked through Rome, Solon made laws at Athens, Sappho wrote her poems of passion, Aesop his fables and Pythagoras his philosophy.

Ezekiel was the Dante of the Bible. His vision of "bones" in the valley was as impressive and symbolic as his parables of the wheel within wheels, the cherubim, watchman, mountains, temple, cedar and eagle, and death of his wife.

Judah had forsaken Jehovah and Jehovah forsook Judah and gave her over to her enemies. The Jews were captive and in exile and paying the penalty of their willful wrong doing. Nothing could save them but a "new heart" and life—the only salvation of individual or national life today.


The valley of dead, dry bones Ezekiel saw in vision symbolized the dead Hebrew nation. Israel was sordid and selfish. With her loss of religion, its ideals and call to duty, all high incentive and endeavor in life, liberty and loyalty, had vanished. "And He said unto me, 'Son of man, can these bones live?' And I answered, 'O, Lord God, thou knowest.'"

This world is a bone yard and illustrates the prophet's vision of the long ago. Bones are here, there and everywhere, not only of the dead and unburied on European battle-fields, but in America. Here we find ossified hearts in business, boneheads in education, skeletons in home closets, corpses gibbering and gesticulating in the pulpits, "stiffs" stretched out in the pews, numskulls on the way to political office, and "dead ones" already in who haven't sense enough to get out and get buried.

Ezekiel, in his vision, was called to prophesy to the dead bones that they would live; that flesh, sinews and skin would cover them, that breath would come from the "four winds" and God would put his spirit in them; and that they would live and return from exile and find place in their own land.

Don't be a dead one. Physically, our bodies are made up from substances of earth, air and water. Mentally, the wisdom of the ages has come into our minds. Spiritually, the power of a mother's Bible and father's God has come into our souls. It is for us to look to Ezekiel's God who created us and can bring us to newness of life as individuals and a nation.

NO MAN'S LAND

OMEN in Utah have the men's right to vote. I was not surprised at the station to see a devoted female in blue overalls, mopping the floors and her brow and cleaning and polishing the cuspidors until they outshone the angel Moroni balancing himself on the Temple top and blowing his inspiring blast.

We left Salt Lake in the afternoon, saw the saline sea shining like molten silver in the sun, and the clouds of smoke from the chimneys of the Bingham Copper Camp Smelter, the greatest in the world, the smoke swirling and moving as if it contained the Genii of power and wealth.

Now we plunge through native rock, buffalo grass, sage bush, mints of mineral, pictures of color, sculpture galleries of stone and deserts irrigated into oases. We careen through a chaos of Titanic rocks that look like those Milton's angel Michael threw at Satan. Echo Canyon echoed the toot-toot of our train. In fable, Echo haunts quiet vales and flowery nooks—she is out of place in this wild canyon with its Spirit of thunder tone. The wind blew a blast through Bugle Canyon that set the echoes flying. Rocks loomed right and left of us, threatening to fall and we hoped Atlas would not shrug his shoulders and so tilt the earth as to topple these boulders on our train. Castle Rock stood defiant, not yet succumbed to the legion attack of the centuries. Then we passed Cathedral Rock which the great Architect had founded and fashioned as a shrine where the enthusiastic, nature-loving traveler might worship. Pulpit Rock rose 100 feet high, a fitting place for another sermon on the Mount by

that Prince of Preachers who for substance, style, sweetness, sublimity and spirituality, spake never as man. We were in 'Frisco the day the first stone ship was launched—here we saw a stone ship 600 feet high launched in the air and resting like an adamantine Ark on this Utah Ararat. The Romans catapulted stones against their enemies—here loomed the 500 foot precipice whence the Mormons had planned to roll the rocks over and down on the heads of the U. S. troops, but were foiled because the soldiers halted this side of the stage road.

The scenery was gorgeous, at times our train was swallowed in some tunnel and then disgorged. Here was a giant studio where some Titan Angelo or Rodin had sculptured and strewn around many colossal figures and torsos. One's imagination and fancy, acting as critics, found much to admire. Here Shelley could write another "Alastor", spirit of solitude. It must be among these mountains that the Olympian gods were banished, for it is a place fit only for immortals. Human beings seem frightfully out of place, and I would not have been surprised to read a sign on one of the rocks, "Notice to Mortals—No Trespassing Here."

Night came and blotted out with inky darkness all this grandeur, tired nature invited to sleep, sleep at a time and place when we should have had a hundred open eyes. Peter slept on the Mount of Transfiguration when more than any other time in his life he should have been wide awake. Night and day the same, I have seen travelers with closed eyes, and open mouths yawning like the caverns the train was passing through, or with their face buried in a paper or book reading some bad or brainless stuff, shutting out all the sublime scenery they were passing through. This scenery is all too big and grand to be seen but once or twice. I envy the engineer and trainmen who pass through here year after year. It is a melancholy reflection on humanity that sublime mountain scenery will put the traveler to sleep hours earlier than if he were in a city or on a plain. Whether it be the Alps, Andes, Himalayas or Rockies, people are oppressed, go to bed early and get up late. I know this for I am an illustration of the fact.

BILL NYE'S TERRITORY




AT the Cheyenne station lunch counter a Gertrude of Wyoming, not the poet Campbell's, served us with some hot Campbell's soup. This and some car grease from the tracks made an impression in and on us so that our stomach was hot and our speech fiery. Cheyenne is 6000 feet high and has the reputation of some high old times. It is the center of the cattle country and bears the name of the "Magic City." I knew it was a wild west town because as we pulled out we saw the tents of a wild west show and its gilded chariots. Cheyenne is the terminus for the railroads and the hang-out for ticket and cow punchers. Bill Nye put Cheyenne on the map and gave it a place in "The Sun" with his bright newspaper remarks. However, the inhabitants here looked sad—was it because of his unappreciated humor, or the come-back of what he wrote for the Laramie Wyoming Boomerang? Is it possible that Bill received his dry humor from this parched, dusty plain? His humor was farcical and he doubtless received much of his breeziness from this lively town. His grins were broad as the plains round about and one is compelled to laugh when he does no more than recall the titles of his "The Forty Liars," "Bailed Hay," "Comic History of the U. S." and "Bill Nye's Thinks."

MY "WILD WEST" ALPHABET

Apache Trail, Autos, Aeroplanes
 Beaches, Bathers, Boulevards
 Climate, Canyons, Cactus, Cafeterias, Catalina, Chinks
 Deserts, Dancing, Drink, Dress
 Enterprise, Expense
 Fruits, Flowers, Forests, Farming, Fishing
 Gold, Gambling, Gardens, Gladness
 Horse Races, Hunting, Hospitality
 Indian Schools, Industry, I. W. W.'s, Invalids
 Japs, Jingos, Journalism
 Kinemas, Knitting, Knaves

Love, Liberty, Luxuries, Land-sharks, Lumber, Lakes
Mountains, Missions, Murderous Mexicans, Mining
New Orleans, Naval Stations
Ocean, Orange Carnival, Oregon, Oil
Prehistoric Cliff-Dwellings, Petrified Forests
Quacks, Quakes
Roosevelt Dam, Resorts, Ranches, Rivers, Religions
Ship-building, Strikes, Sailors, Soldiers
Tourists, Texas Border Troubles
Utah Mormons
Valleys, Vanity, Vice, Virtue
Whale-fishing, Woman-suffrage
'Xploiters, 'Xaggeration
Yellowstone, Yosemite, Yachting, Yuma
Zeal, Zephyrs

HOT AIR

N Nebraska we found schools planted along the road like corn, the state devoting itself to culture and agriculture. Are the cattle on these rolling plains rolling stock? There are bad lands and sand hills, but good sugar beets are raised. For one day a dirt-blizzard blew giving samples of the soil. I imagined Nebraska's favorite and eloquent son, Bryan, was making dry speeches for the state.

As we ploughed through fertile Iowa I recalled the time when, as a young man, I served three years in the penitentiary town of Anamosa, as pastor of the Baptist church, and learned to preach by practising on the people. Next came Illinois, famous for its prairies, professors, patriots, politics, pigs, and profiteers, and we stepped out into the windy, wealthy, wicked and only Chicago. There was time to visit the Sunday Tabernacle, where "Billy" picked up his religious baseball bat and made a smashing hit that scored a home-run for good and God; and the big Municipal Pier, that graft monument where the yellow Michigan waves dashed over the breakwater as if to wash out traces of crookedness. Our globe-trotting girl friends, Theiss and Poisal, invited us to rest and refresh-

ment in Peacock Alley, where food, fashion and femininity were garnished and garbed in latest style. Then it was Good-night Chicago and Good-morning Minneapolis.

INDICTED



ARRIVED in ample time to be indicted for sending an "obscene" book, "The Devil in Mexico," through the mails.

The Federal Grand Jury met April 2, 1918, and was dismissed on the following Monday, April 8th, late in the afternoon. From a conversation I later had with one of the jurymen, I learned that no bill had been brought in Saturday night (April 6th) and that the matter was considered closed. However, on Monday, the day the jury was dismissed, U. S. District Attorney Alfred Jacques reopened the case, libellously attacked my book by saying it was "obscene," and an indictment was brought against me. The following day I was arraigned. In connection with this it may be well to know that John Lind had just arrived from Washington the last of the week (April 5th or 6th), and was closeted with U. S. District Attorney Alfred Jacques, in his (Lind's) office the day before my arraignment. Was this coincidence or collusion?

A JAUNDICED JURY



YOU might as well take the verdict of a blind man on a picture and of a deaf man on a symphony, as the judgment of any man or body of men, who pass sentence on my "Devil in Mexico," who have never traveled abroad; are not students of art or literature; and are prejudiced against me because of my Protestant faith and Republican politics.

The immortal Elbert Hubbard, who went down on the Lusitania, was my associate pastor in the People's Church. He gave this conservative estimate and definition of a jury—

1. The stupidity of one brain multiplied by twelve.
2. A collection of sedentary owls.
3. The humble apology of Civilization to savagery, e. g.,
"What ever exists may be touched, but a jury is an exception to this universal law—it must be reached."

The word "jury" is related to the Latin word "jurare" which means to swear, and many people who have had anything to do with a jury feel like swearing. From the verdicts of some juries in court, one is led to believe it is derived from the word "injurious."

What is a jury? Let Mark Twain answer in words which apply to many juries whether Petit, Grand or Federal: "Alfred the Great, when he invented trial by jury, and knew that he had admirably framed it to secure justice in his age of the world, was not aware that in the nineteenth century the condition of things would be so entirely changed that unless he rose from the grave and altered the jury plan to meet the emergency, it would prove the most ingenious and infallible agency for defeating justice that human wisdom could contrive. For how could he imagine that we simpletons would go on using his jury plan after circumstances had stripped it of its usefulness, any more than he could imagine that we would use his candle-clock after we had invented chronometers? In his day news could not travel fast, and hence he could easily find a jury of honest, intelligent men who had not heard of the case they were called to try—but in our day of telegraphs and newspapers his plan compels us to swear in juries composed of fools and rascals, because the system rigidly excludes honest men and men of brains. The jury system puts a ban on intelligence and honesty and a premium upon ignorance, stupidity and perjury. Why could not the jury law be so altered as to give men of brains and honesty an equal chance with fools and miscreants?"

The word "verdict" means to speak the truth, but many lying juries have brought in jingo judgments and false findings. Later centuries have appealed for a verdict and the judgment has been reversed. Aristides is no longer ostracized, but welcomed as "just"; Socrates was poisoned for "impiety," but his philosophy still lives; Christ from the beginning of his

trial, was not regarded as innocent but guilty and was crucified, yet heaven's court has reversed an earthly court's decision and made Him the centre of the world's thought and hope.

PUTRID POLITICS

DEMOCRATIC politics objected to my Mexico book, blinded justice and tipped the scales in the Administration's favor with false accusation. "Honest John" Lind, whose patron saint must be "honest Iago", did not like to have his political mask torn off. A truthful historian cannot tell the story of Christianity without referring to Judas; or of the War of the Revolution without mentioning Benedict Arnold; or of the Rebellion and not allude to Jefferson Davis. How could I honestly write my "Devil in Mexico" and not refer to John Lind?

The Devil did a big day's work when he made some politicians with their Protean shape and chameleon color. Politics is largely a question of ins and outs, a puppet show with hands behind pulling the wires. How often we find incompetent, illiterate and iniquitous men put in office to represent parties of which it may be said each one is worse than the other.

Politicians come and go, are elected or defeated, but God remains. Men move their pawns, castles and knights on history's chess board and push them off, but the King of Kings rules. Providence "rules man's wrath and restrains its remainder." Back of Babylon, Assyria, Egypt, Greece and Rome—back of Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon—back of Marathon, Waterloo, Bunker Hill, and Gettysburg, Marne and Verdun are the divine deliberations and decrees of Jehovah.

The most pernicious proverb in politics is, "The voice of the people is the voice of God." Its truth was denied by heathen Cicero, who said, "It is most absurd to suppose that all the things are just which are found in the enactments and institutions of a state."


When Israel demanded a king to rule over them, it not only displeased the prophet Samuel, but the Lord. Saul became

king and with his rule brought head, back and heart ache. It had been well for Irsael if the minority and not the majority had ruled. No number of wrong-headed and vile-hearted men ever made anything or anybody right.

It is an accepted maxim that the will of the majority must be accepted and maintained, but the sentiment is often dangerous and destructive. If the majority is right, very good—if it is wrong, very bad. The great majority of men in this world are against God in their aims and lives and that means that the majority are against purity, truth, righteousness and godliness. The best and most religious work has been done by minorities and martyrs who believed that one with God was a majority. According to the enthusiasm of the hour it is easy to get a majority for anybody or anything. The Roman emperor secured a majority, in the Roman Senate, that Christ and not Jupiter should be the god of the Romans, but the vote was a hollow mockery. The religion of the pure, peaceful and lowly Nazarene never became the religion of the Roman Empire.

What we need today in business, law, politics and theology is that every man should have a conviction and the courage to back it, and as God helps him, to stand for it, work for it, vote for it, fight for it, even if he stands alone. It is easy to go with the majority down stream, it is hard to row against it alone.

"OBSCENE" CLASSICS

HE Federal Grand Jury that indicted me for sending through the mail a "filthy, obscene, lascivious, indecent and lewd" book, "The Devil in Mexico," should now get busy and indict the National Geographic Magazine, Travel Magazine and publishers of art gallery catalogues for their pictures; newspapers, fiction and fashion periodicals for their stories and advertisements; and publishers of Sexology books for their contents. These censors should turn their attention now to the works of the following "indecent" writers which are not only sent through the mails, but

are found in all "good" public and private libraries and are the mental and moral food devoured in school and college:

Aristotle, Aeschylus, Aristophanes, Anacreon, Apuleius, Ariosto, Addison, Arabian Nights.

Bible, Balzac, Buffon, Baudelaire, Bancroft, Bion, Boccaccio, Butler, Burton, Bacon, Bunyan, Boileau, Beaumont, Bulwer, Burns, Byron.

Cervantes, Catullus, Caesar, Cicero, Chaucer, Calderon, Churchill, Chesterfield, Congreve.

Dante, Dekker, Dryden, Defoe, Donne, Diderot, Daudet, Dumas, Darwin, Dickens.

Euripides, Epicurus, Evelyn.

Fielding, Fletcher, Ford, Farquhar, Flaubert.

Goethe, Gibbon, Gay, Greene, Goldsmith, Gautier.

Homer, Herodotus, Horace, Herrick, Heywood, Hugo, Heine, Hardy.

Ibsen.

Juvenal, Jonson.

Keats, Kock, Kyd, Kipling.

Lucian, Livy, Lucretius, La Fontaine, La Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld, Le Sage, Landor, Lamb, Luther.

Milton, Martial, Montaigne, Montesquieu, Machiavelli, Moliere, Marlowe, Middleton, Moore, Massinger, Musset, More, Maupassant, Mérimée.

Nash, Nye.

Ovid, Otway.

Plato, Plutarch, Petronius, Propertius, Persius, Plautus, Petrararch, Peele, Pope, Pepys, Prior, Prescott.

Quarles.

Rabelais, Rochester, Rousseau, Richter, Rossetti.

Shakespeare, Socrates, Simonides, Sophocles, Sappho, Seneca, Suetonius, Sallust, Scarron, Skelton, Savage, Sue, Sand, Sedley, Shadwell, Shirley, Smollett, Sheridan, Steele, Sterne, Swedenborg, Saxe, Schopenhauer, Shelley, Swift, Swinburne, Shaw.

Tacitus, Theocritus, Tibullus, Terence, Thucydides, Tourneur, Taine, Taylor, Tolstoi, Thackeray, Twain.

Urquhart, Udall.

Virgil, Villon, Voltaire, Vanbrugh, Verlaine.
 Webster, Wycherley, Wilde, Whitman.
 Xenophon.
 Young.
 Zola.

BIGOTED CENSORS



LONG before you and I were born there were persecuting senseless censors. Whenever they found a book that criticized government or religion or they disagreed with the author, they threw his books into the fire and sometimes the author met the same warm reception.

Tacitus tells us that the history of Crementius Cordus was condemned by the Roman Senate, to flatter Tiberius, because it designated Caius Cassius as the last of the Romans. Eusebius informs us how Diocletian caused copies of the Scriptures to be burned. The early Christian church showed the intolerance of the heathen in preventing or destroying books alleged to be injurious to the faith. In the time of the Reformation, when the people demanded books, the civil authorities exerted the severest censorship until later the demand for freedom brought the liberty of the press.

The repression of free discussion was held to be such a necessary part of government that even Sir Thomas More in his *Utopia* makes it punishable with death for a private individual to criticize the ruling power. Milton protested against an ordinance of the Star Chamber and in 1643 declared, "Give me liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience above all other liberties." The same censor spirit that burned Pascal's "*Provinciales*" prevented the representation of Moliere's "*Tartuffe*" in public.

The books of Protagoras were burned and he was banished by the judges of the Areopagus for a discourse begun by declaring that he did not know "whether there were gods, or whether not." The early church demanded the right to hold the keys of the press as well as Paradise so that it might burn

or prohibit any books it disliked. In Milton's day there were literary obstetricians to kill a new book at birth or abortion it before it saw the light.

Queen Elizabeth essayed some literary dictatorship. Instead of a blue pencil she used the sword. Disliking one author and his publisher, she had their right hands cut off. Falling out with another, she had him hanged.

The invention of printing was hailed as the evangel of liberty, but those who hated both immediately placed a guard to watch the author and the children of his brain.

Rome threatened the readers of Wickliffe, Huss and Luther with death. Books were banned and authors burnt. Individual disapproval of a book found official prohibition in the Council of Trent. Then followed the inquisitors of men and books, the Index and Expurgatory Index of what people should or should not read. In Spain and Portugal it was necessary for a book to pass through six or seven courts before it could be published. Nani's "History of Venice" was permitted to see print because it said nothing against princes who were supposed then to be immaculate. Henry VIII was a warm baby, but it would seem the atmosphere was very chilly at times for many books were burned. In Edward's day Roman Catholic works were burned, and Mary is said to have had pyramids of Protestant volumes to fire. In the time of Elizabeth political pamphlets made good fuel for the flames.

Giles Fletcher was a Russian ambassador who was fortunate enough to bring his head back on his shoulders from the land of the Czar. He wrote a book entitled, "The Russian Commonwealth," describing the outrage and tyranny of the country, but Queen Elizabeth prohibited the publishing of the work.

Milton called Knox "the reformer of a kingdom", yet few know what hard knocks Knox got from the perfunctory licensors of his day.

The profane censor knife was applied by the Republicans to Milton's "History of England," cutting out a bold picture which he had introduced of the Long Parliament and Assembly of Divines. The monarchical censors expunged those passages in which Milton had portrayed the pride, the cunning and su-

perstition of the Saxon monks, because they thought they applied to Charles II and the bishops. "Paradise Lost" barely escaped these literary emasculators for the simile of Satan, compared to the rising sun, was supposed to contain treasonable illusion.

The censor has always been most learned. In Austria a work on Trigonometry was not allowed to be printed because the critic supposed it referred to the Trinity. Another book entitled, "The Destruction of Insects," was barred because the censor insisted the writer had secret allusions and designs on the Jesuits.

Some writers, like Montesquieu, in order to avoid the censor, wrote with studied ambiguity and obscurity, and to evade local critics, had their works printed in foreign countries.

The difference between man and animal is speech. The difference between democracy and monarchy is the liberty of speech. When the liberty to say and print what you think, which according to law human and divine you have a right to think, by partisan individual censors and political postoffice authorities is denied, we may adapt and apply the words of Hume and say, "The liberty of America is gone forever when such attempts shall succeed."

Of the making of books there is no end, and there is no end to the number of their destruction by those who hate the writer or the contents. The Persians hated the religion of the Egyptians and Phoenicians and destroyed their books. The Romans burned the books of the Jews, Christians and the philosophers; the Jews burned the books of the Christians and Pagans, and the Christians burned the books of the Pagans and Jews. Orthodox Christians showed their loyalty to God by burning most of Origen's books. The Christians destroyed the great library of Alexandria, and, to this day in bigoted cities of Central and South America, the Bible is bonfired. In the Middle Ages the monks frequently mutilated and interpolated many of the works of the ancients. They erased some of the best Greek and Latin works from the vellum manuscript, in order to write their own fool personal histories of some of their saints.

To drive out Lutheranism from Bohemia, the Jesuits condemned and destroyed all kinds of books, even of antiquity and of their own history which the church disliked.

Two-faced, blockhead censors are always fools with or without a book, and do not know that error, not truth, needs lawyers and censors. They are not refiners and cannot separate gold from dross. These critics never know that no book can be bad if the conscience that wrote it is pure.

They belong to the family of Ignorance which has no race suicide. Genealogically considered, what an engaging lot the members are! Ignorance begets Suspicion and Suspicion, Credulity; Credulity, Falsehood and Falsehood, Murmur; Murmur begets Malice, and Malice, Impudence; Impudence, Slander, and Slander, Execration; Execration begets Bitterness; Bitterness, Fury and Fury begets Mischief.

I am orthodox in my theology, but the more I think about these concrete-domed, stony-hearted censors, the more I believe they are descended from the rocks Deucalion and Pyrrha threw over their shoulders.

GAG-LAW



THE First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States directs that, "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." It might be well for some men in government office to read this guarantee of a writer's personal freedom.

Truth is to be told at all times no matter whom or what it concerns. To be silent is to be cowardly, traitorous and unpatriotic. What's right will stand—what's wrong will fall as it should, and it is for you and for me to prop up or push down. Milton echoed for all time, in his defense of the freedom of the press, "Let truth and error grapple. Who ever knew truth to be beaten in a fair fight?"

We have no kings—yet, in this Republic of America—there can be no lese-majesty when one honestly and constructively criticizes an Administration which in whole or part he has helped elect, and supports with prayer and money, that it may preserve this nation a Lincoln's ideal of government of, by

and for the people. It is the spirit of Washington and Lincoln to say, "My country, right or wrong, and if wrong to make it right." Since when was this nation turned into a Methodist camp meeting when we, infatuated with its leaders, must shout, "Amen, Glory to God" to everything they say or do, simply because they say or do it, whether it is sensible, right, patriotic or not? From the pine on the North to the palmetto on the South, the rising sun in the East to its setting in the West, this nation is bigger than any man or party of men who seek to govern it. When they innocently or intentionally are inefficient, and seek to censure or suppress honest patriotic criticism because it is unpalatable, a citizen is warranted by laws of God and man in having his say without being persecuted, slandered and thrown in jail for it. The government does right to punish its known enemies—it does wrong not to protect its unjustly suspected friends.

Nebuchadnezzar was an old king and fool, who not only wanted people to submit to his rule, say "yes" to all he said, but to fall down and worship a golden image that he set up in the plain of Dura. If they failed to bow the knee that very hour, they were to be cast into the midst of a fiery furnace. There were a lot of people who fell for it. Who were they? Only God knows. There were three men who defied him, claiming the right to serve God according to their own conscience, and to tell his royal Nibs they would not serve his gods nor worship the golden image which he had set up. These heroes have come down the centuries by name, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. They were thrown in the fiery furnace but Jehovah rescued them. The king business is done. The days of Nebuchadnezzar are over. Gold is too valuable to be put in the form of an image, and any image is too fool a thing for a man to bend the knee before. Every four years in America some political idol is enthroned to the music of the party cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer, and we are expected to fall down and worship. We don't have to—we had rather be right than be president, even if we are cast in the fiery furnace of his wrath.

The ostrich lives in a fool's Paradise when it buries its head in the sand. America is a paradise, but its citizens are

no fools. We will not obey any man or party which tells us not to see anything it dislikes the looks of; not to hear anything that disturbs its quiet; not to believe or talk about anything that does not flatter the powers that be.

Partisan Senator Overman broke an ominous silence by striding forward in his pontifical political dress to remark, "Now is the time for all men to be true and to be silent about these matters that we admit to be true." Is this man over and plus or under and minus? Let him not lay this flattering philosophy of Middle Age gagging to his soul. Women will talk, and men will talk, and both have a right to talk about the men they elect to office and whose board bills they pay. Speech, not silence, has been golden since we entered the war. The wisdom which criticized the mistakes of our policy has been justified by her children, as seen in the formation of a superior war council, larger army, more ships and a move in the aeroplane program. Silence is the watchword of the tyrant, it is the atmosphere of the grave. What red-blooded patriot will keep his mouth shut to save the face of a government which tries to protect its misrepresentatives at Washington and so stab our soldier boys in the back in France? Militaristic Prussian Kaiserism must be killed. We must help win the war. Mistakes will be made but they must be seen, criticized and eradicated, the men who made them must be blacklisted, not whitewashed, the incompetent little fellows in big positions must be whirled out of their swivel chair jobs, whether A the Administration and B the government Baker and C the Creel press administrator like the heathen, do "rage," and "imagine a vain thing."

If you have anything to say, say it, if not, keep still. The apostles had convictions (some of them jail ones) and preached and practised them. Interfering with the corrupt lives of the people, they were commanded not to preach, but they answered, "We ought to obey God rather than man," and the God they obeyed took care of them.

Dickens' Artful Dodger is neutral in society, religion and politics. If he has a conviction he would rather sacrifice it than be singular. In time of persecution his motto is, "Good Lord, Good Devil." When asked to give a reason for his

belief, he shuts his lips for fear he may say something that would cost him a dollar, a friend or a newspaper puff.

Better have a wrong conviction than none at all. It is worse to be dumb than to stutter. Be yourself, choose to be somebody and stand for something worth while. Don't be buried until you die. Be hot or cold. Boil over or freeze up. Avoid that indifferent "lukewarm" condition which the Bible declares God will spew out of his mouth.

The President told Congress to quit playing politics and solemnly declared that politics was adjourned. It is a good divine that follows his own instruction, and for presidents and ministers to practise what they preach. What about the active Democratic opposition to Republican Lenroot in Wisconsin, and of Vice-President Marshall who at Indianapolis urged the third term nomination of Mr. Wilson? What about the attempted suppression of the political utterances of Theodore Roosevelt through the mail? What patriotic American isn't righteously mad when he sees that the brave and brilliant Major General Leonard Wood, respected at home and needed in France, is separated from the Division of soldiers he has trained and sent back to Camp Funston. It is all right to make a shelf out of wood and place some heavy responsibilities on it, but it was all wrong to put Wood on the shelf, this master of military matters, because of personal pique. Ghost of Mars! What a time to show political grudge, military jealousy and spite!

The unpardonable sin which Scripture solemnly declares shall never be forgiven in this world or the world to come, has been variously defined. One theory is that of attributing the works of Christ to the Devil, another, that of rejecting the influence of the Holy Spirit until man is left unaided to go his way of destruction. I suggest a third theory—that the unpardonable sin in this Administration is to tell the truth about it.

TRUTH, WHERE IS SHE?



WHERE can truth be found? Democritus says in a well. Cynics place her in the moon or at the rainbow's end. Some fable that like Astraea, the goddess of justice, she left heaven to live with man on earth, dwelt with him in the Golden Age, but when his heart became stone, his brow brazen, and his tongue an iron bell-clapper to ring out lies, she became weary of his iniquities and returned to the skies.

Don't look for truth in diplomatic circles, in profiteering politics, in a subsidized press, in dishonest law courts, in hypocritical churches, in ulcerous high society, among venal, vicious kings or in richly endowed colleges and universities. You will be more apt to find her in dungeons, jails, on scaffolds and gibbets, at the stake and whipping post, in the garret, in exile, in rags, filth and poverty, in gutters, in starvation and under the lash. You will probably see her wearing gyves, not bracelets; not hurraed by the crowd but hooted and hissed; and followed, not by flattering devotees, but hunted by bloodhounds of tyranny.

Herodotus said the ancient Persians instructed their sons in three things—to ride well, master the bow and speak the truth. Was this last accomplishment the cause of Persia's fall, so that today she is negligible among the nations?

The Turks had a custom of heating an iron and branding a convicted liar on the forehead. It is well for cultured Christian nations today that this practise is obsolete, for most of mankind would be wearing wigs and caps to hide the marks.

Voltaire wrote an essay on "Printed Lies" and Swift on "The Art of Political Lying." These seem to be the two favorite text books for the editors and politicians at Washington.

Pilate asked the question "What is truth?" and didn't wait for an answer. Many people today do not even ask it, because they do not want it. The world follows falsehood and the few disciples of truth are called fools and madmen. Take the illusions and lies away from some heads and lives and they would be very empty.

The Bible bids us, "Buy the truth and sell it not." Bacon says the inquiry of truth is the wooing of it; the knowledge of truth the presence of it; and the belief of truth the enjoying of it. If you want friends, popularity, fame, wealth, position, don't tell the truth.

We have heard of the Ananias Club, but never read of the Tell the Truth Club. Is it because there are not enough people to form one, or because all the eligible are dead? Heathen Rome had a temple of truth and Augustus Caesar, after a long search, found a man who was said never to have told a lie and he was therefore considered worthy to be the chief sacrificer at truth's altar.

Truth is the most valuable and the rarest thing in all the world. It is the hardest thing to recognize, stand for and tell. David said, "All men are liars." Quoth Hamlet, "'Tis as easy as lying." Men lie by day and night and see things through colored spectacles or badly focalized glasses. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he, and his creed and conduct are synonymous. We live and move and have our being in our creeds. If in the parlor of our belief a strange fact seeks admittance, we slam the door in its face and bid it be gone. Ignorant and wilful bigotry bars out the truth.

"Lord, how this world is given to lying." We have liars religious, mercantile, social and political. Sensual, selfish, prejudiced, bigoted man cannot perceive the truth, or but very little of it, and when he does his life doesn't live it and his lips can't tell it. The light of truth is so blinding that he can only gaze at it through the smoked glass of error.

Leigh Hunt writes entertainingly of, "The Rare Vice Called Lying." He calls it the most common and conventional vice, affirming that in the monarch it is kingcraft, in the statesman expediency, in the churchman mental reservation, in the lawyer the interest of his client, and in the merchant the secrets of trade.

I looked in a leading Encyclopaedia for Truth and couldn't find it, though like Lessing I was an honest searcher. Pythagoras said that if God became visible he would choose light for his body and truth for his soul. There is a proverb that truth is God's daughter and a saying that truth seldom goes without

a scratched face. If Truth is in a well she will never be brought up by a bigot at the windlass who lowers the bucket of his willful selfishness.

A liar has been defined as one who is a coward to man and brave against God. Happily, there is more truth in humble than in high life. The border line between truth and error is often very indistinct. What man deems true today is often discovered falsehood tomorrow.

Today it is criminal to tell the truth by speech or written word. If you dare serve God and not cringe to man, the crowd stands aghast and agape and thinks you crazy or a traitor. To tell the truth of foreign diplomacy, or home duplicity, by talk in street, sermon in pulpit, or by pen on paper, is impious, unpopular and dangerous, and there are many clerical and political spies who seek evidence to suppress, fine, imprison, execute or shoot you.


Fontenelle declared, "If I held all the truth of the universe in my hand, I would be very careful not to open it." The old gent was too conservative. He should not imprison thoughts but bid them go forth in the spirit of Him who was truth incarnate and who said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Truth is mighty and will prevail. Though crushed to earth like an opera hat, she will rise again. In the classic words of Richter, "Truth, like Venus de Medicis, will pass down in thirty fragments to posterity; but posterity will collect and re-compose them into a goddess. Then also thy temple, O eternal truth, that now stands half below the earth, made hollow by the sepulchres of its witnesses, will raise itself in the total majority of proportions, and will stand in monumental granite; and every pillar on which it rests will be fixed in the grave of a martyr."

Doubting Castle has many prisoners. Often what man thinks is real truth, is merely its shadow. We much resemble those prisoners whom Plato describes in his Republic. They were chained so they could not turn their heads and sat in a roofless prison into which some light came from overhead. However, this light was from a fire which rose up behind them and from which they were only separated by a little wall. Outside this wall men were walking, carrying all sorts of wood

and stone statues and were talking with each other. The poor prisoners could not see these men, who did not rise above the wall, and even of the statues which did, they saw nothing but the shadows passing along the side of the wall opposite to them. They thought the shadows were real objects and believed that the echo of their own prison was the conversation of the shadows on the wall.

INFERNAL PERSECUTION

ERSECUTION is the path of humanity. The Master of truth told his disciples that he sent them out as lambs among wolves. Judging from the past, saintly slaughter will continue as long as time lasts. The owl hates the light and men love darkness because their deeds are evil.

Pythagoras and Socrates suffered persecution. He who incarnated truth by His teaching and example, was crucified. In Reformation times the Inquisition boiled, roasted, and cut up those who sought religious freedom. In science, Galileo, Harvey and Jenner were hooted and hissed as dangerous lunatics. The man who called steam powerful was called crazy, and another who advocated railroads was placed in a straight-jacket. It is said Cromwell was allowed to die of ague because the doctors were unwilling to give him Peruvian bark, which then was held to be a product of the Devil's garden. In vaccination Jenner was accused of making children ox-faced and it was said inoculation would induce the patient to grow horns and bellow like a bull. Fools laughed at our own Ben Franklin and his kite and lightning rod. The same pooh-hooh was often carried to desperate persecuting lengths against those who advocated the cable, the telephone, the wireless, the airship and the hundred things that make life easy and successful today. The elder Disraeli shows that telescopes and microscopes were at first denounced as "atheistic inventions which perverted our organ of sight and made everything appear in a false light."

In "Old Mortality," Scott tells how angry Mause grew at her son, Cuddie, because he used a windmill machine to separate the corn from the chaff, thus seeking, she said, to thwart the will of Providence, using human means instead of using prayer and relying on divine Providence, to send the winnowing breeze from heaven. When I crossed the Isthmus of Panama I heard of the priest Acosta who in 1588 solemnly affirmed, when the route across the Isthmus had been discovered, that it was a resistance to the finite barriers of a divine Providence, and that if man transgressed and crossed the Isthmus he would call down curses and plagues from heaven. I recall the days of slavery when the Northern abolitionists, who sought to abolish it, were solemnly told by the Southern planter that they sinned against the Bible and its God who had cursed Ham and his posterity to a state of servitude forever.

There never has been a time, there is no time, there never will be a time when there will not be some damned error for some sober brow to bless with a text. To improve self and inform others is to receive the reward of slander if not slaughter. A great man is always hounded and hated, receives curses and not coin.

Here are a few cases of persecution in the world's crime calendar. In 1621 the Parliament of Paris threatened all with death who taught anything contrary to the doctrine of Aristotle and the ancient writers. In the sixteenth century, heretics, who denied the doctrine of purgatory, refused to believe in relics, and objected to being taxed by the church, were hung to the end of a long beam and raised and lowered into a big fire beneath them, suffering the unspeakable torture of a lingering death. These roasted martyrs could be said to be received into heaven with the literal reward of "Well done."

The citizens of Toulouse gloried in their shame and for years had an annual celebration of the St. Bartholomew massacre of 4,000 of their citizens, lest this praiseworthy event in their history should be forgotten.

I glory that I am an American and am proud that as a Lansing I am descended from Holland-Dutch stock. Read a few rewards some of my ancestors received for thinking for themselves.

Men were arrested on suspicion of being heretics, their court of justice was a rack and their only advocate was fortitude. In dimly lighted dungeons they were tortured at midnight. The unfortunate, whether virgin, matron or man, was stripped stark naked and stretched on rough wooden benches by weights, pulleys and screws, until sinews snapped and bones cracked. After these pleasant formalities, if the victim remained obstinate and refused to recant his religious belief, he was strangled or burned at the stake. If there was anything left of his body after death it was mutilated by the holy fathers. Even the grave of the victim was desecrated and rifled by these ecclesiastical jackals.

The inquisitor Titelmann, that blessed bigot, strangled and burned a schoolmaster at the stake because he "was addicted to reading the Bible." In one day, this fanatic fiend broke into a house, seized a man and his wife and four children, together with two newly married couples and two other persons, convicted them all of praying at their own doors and reading the Bible, and had them taken out at once and burned.

One man, for the heinous sin of copying some hymns, was burned alive. Another, because he was an Anabaptist, was hacked to death by a rusty sword in the presence of his wife, who fell dead before him from horror. A man, his wife and two sons were burned alive at the stake because they would not attend mass.

Here is an interesting item taken from the municipal expense record of Tournay:

"To Mr. Jacques Barra, executioner, for having tortured twice Jean de Lannoy, ten sous.

"To the same, for having executed, by fire, said Lannoy, sixty sous. For having thrown his cinders into the river, eight sous."

In this same town, a velvet manufacturer went one Christmas morning to the cathedral and stood near the altar. At the moment the priest held aloft the consecrated host, he snatched the wafer from his hands, broke it and shouted, "Misguided men, do you take this thing to be Jesus Christ, your Lord and Saviour?" Then he threw the fragments on the ground and

trampled them under foot. He was arrested, tortured three times to see if he had any accomplices, and none being found, he was dragged on a hurdle to the market-place, his mouth being closed with an iron gag. Then his right hand and foot were burned and twisted off between two red-hot irons. They tore his tongue out by the roots, and because he still tried to call on God, they again applied the iron gag. Then these followers of the meek and lowly Jesus fastened his arms and legs behind his back, and in the spirit of Him who said, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," they hooked the middle of the victim's body to an iron chain, making it swing over a slow fire until he was completely roasted.

Persecution follows truth as closely as a shadow follows your heels. We know how clerical power aided by secular influence believed that oil would burn as well as bless, and so imprisoned and burned its enemies. It is kindergarten knowledge that after six years Alva boasted he had strangled, drowned, beheaded or burned more than 18,000 of his fellow creatures, to say nothing of the tens of thousands who had fallen in siege and battle during his reign.

The present friendly feeling between the North and South of Ireland is of long and cherished standing. The student of history learns how the green of this beautiful Emerald Isle was stained and soaked with brothers' blood. Ireland once persecuted the Protestants by burying them alive, hanging up mothers on gibbets with daughters tied 'round their necks to see them expire; ripping up women with child and taking the half-formed infants from the womb and throwing them to the swine or dogs to be devoured; putting daggers into the hands of manacled prisoners, forcing them into the breasts of fathers, mothers, wives and children, thereby hoping to make them guilty of parricide and damn their souls while they destroyed their bodies.

If a good tree brings forth good fruit, from what garden of nethermost hell came these holy hangmen, saintly stranglers, blessed burners, Trinitarian torturers, and Christly cutthroats!

And now abideth faith, hope and charity, or love, and what love is this which outhates and outpersecutes the Furies of Aeschylus—a love that hanged, beheaded, crucified, broke on the wheel, cut in two, skinned alive, carded and curricombed

the flesh from bones, compelled one brother to drink his brother's blood, and forced captains to tear the flesh of their commander with their teeth and eat it!

The men who have tried to help the human race have generally been rewarded with a kick instead of a crown.

The philosopher, Descartes, was accused of atheism and persecuted. By way of high compliment it was proposed by some that he be burned on a high hill that all the countryside might see the bonfire.

Petrarch and his brother poets were plagued by the priesthood who imagined they could write no poetry without being in communication with the devil.

Albert the Great was a curious kind of genius who invented something that uttered vocal sounds like a French talking-doll. But the great church father, Thomas Aquinas, thought the devil was in it and with a blow from his staff destroyed the labor of thirty years.

Cornelius Agrippa was given a ticket-of-leave for making a few philosophical experiments that a primary school-boy can perform today. When he advanced the opinion that St. Anne was blessed with three husbands, he was compelled to fly from place to place, regarded by everyone as a fiend.

When the persecuted Grandier was led to the stake, it was said that a big horse-fly skated around on his bald head. One of the officiating monks noticed it, and remembering that in Hebrew the god of flies was called "Beelzebub", declared that he saw the devil come to take possession of the martyr.

Rousseau, the herald of the French Revolution, whose life motto of "liberty, equality and fraternity" is the battle-cry of the Allied forces today, was hated by kings and priests. The Parliament of Paris in 1762 condemned his book, "Émile," and ordered his arrest. He was denounced by the Archbishop of Paris, threatened by the Jesuits, and fled to Switzerland. His books were burned, his house was attacked and he was stoned in the streets. But as Carlyle says, "He could be cooped into garrets, laughed at as a maniac, left to starve like a wild beast in his cage; but he could not be hindered from setting the world on fire."

Because one Virgilius dared say there were such things as the antipodes, his clerical superior declared him a heretic.

Stenographers should be interested to know that the Abbot Trithemius, who wrote on the subject of stenography, was suspected of making a sign code with the foul fiend, and his works were ordered to be publicly burned.

Socrates' life was drowned in a cup of hemlock because he was rash and original enough in his time to try and be intelligent and virtuous.


Aristotle, the great philosopher, was accused of impiety by the Pharisaic Democratic party of Athens, and fled to Chalcis, where he calculated he could solve the problem of his life by taking poison, which he did.

Anaxagoras was in the "Who's Who" class of Greek teachers and philosophers. He was the schoolmaster of such bad boys as Pericles, Thucydides, Euripides and Socrates. Because he believed in a god of truth and advanced theories which were thought to be slighting and slurring on the orthodox gods of Greece, he was imprisoned and banished.

Heraclitus, the "weeping philosopher," whom Democritus gave the laugh, believed that fire was the cause of all existence. He was held up to burning ridicule by his countrymen who finally made it so hot for him that after he had practically told them to go to Gehenna, he went into exile.

History repeats itself but nowadays you seldom find people repeating this history of Galileo. For declaring that the "world do move" he was summoned to Rome to deny it, which he did, though he is said to have risen from this declaration with the whispered protest, "It does move, however." When he looked at the donkeys who were trying him, heard their bray and felt sore at the kicks they had given him, he exclaimed, "Are these my judges!" Poor and old, he was thrust in jail where he was visited by Milton. The father confessor of his widow, knowing her great piety, took advantage of it, asked for Galileo's manuscript, looked it over and then destroyed everything which in his judgment the world should not know.

IN JAIL

 LAS, that the light of a man's mind should lead him to dark dungeons, and that his sentences of wisdom should lead him to wicked jail sentences! Should "The Devil in Mexico" inspire my political and papistical persecutors to put me in jail, I could console myself with the thought that there were "others."

De Foe of "Robinson Crusoe" fame was thrown into Newgate prison for a political pamphlet he wrote.

Smollett, the great humorist and novelist, was fined and imprisoned for criticizing Admiral Knowles.

Leigh Hunt was locked up because he spoke contemptuously and disrespectfully of King George.

The scholarly Selden was jailed for attacking the divine right of tithes and the king's prerogative. This gave him time to write his, "History of Eadmer."

Voltaire was thrown into the Bastille, but they could put no stone on his intellect for here he planned and wrote most of his "Henriade."

Diderot, French encyclopédiste, was plotted against and persecuted by the low-browed cleric and political bigots of his day. Because he was broad-minded, he was shoved into a narrow prison-cell at Vincennes. His books were condemned, mutilated, burned and suppressed, but his dark age could not put out the light of his genius, which helped kindle the liberty watch-fires of the French Revolution.

Bunyan was regarded as such an all around bum that they shut him up in Bedford jail. His muse was "confined" here and brought forth "Pilgrim's Progress," which continues its journey around the world.

Jail didn't imprison the thought of the bold, brilliant Cervantes, who during his captivity gave the world, "Don Quixote," to ridicule the false bravery that strutted about in the guise of chivalry.

Sir Walter Raleigh was some globe-trotter. I visited his prison-cell in the London Tower, where for eleven years his body was pent up, but his soul marched on in his famous "History of the World."

The great Boethius protested against excesses of the Gothic officers, and because he defended Albinus, who was accused of seeking to free Rome, in spite of all his learning and knowledge, he became unpopular with Theodoric, was accused of treason, without trial was sentenced to death and imprisoned in the tower of Pavia, where he wrote his great work, the "Consolations of Philosophy."

These are but a few illustrations which show that while stone walls might imprison the body, iron bars could not cage the minds and souls of the occupants.

New and Old World have many famous prisons which I have visited—Sing-Sing in New York; Bilibid in Manila; the penitentiary at Lima, Peru; Socrates' cell in Athens; Paul's at Rome; political prisons in Venice; the damp dungeon of Bonnivard at Chillon; Raleigh's cell in London tower; the Fortress of Petropaulovski in Petrograd—but none of them equal in sad interest the gloomy prison of Macherus beyond the Jordan, where Herod imprisoned John, the man of whom Jesus said, "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist."

This is a big world, but the biggest thing in it is man, and the best and biggest thing in man is his mind that thinks, his soul that loves and his will that decides.

This great globe is related and correlated. Gravitation and chemical affinity bind earth, air and water in wonderful harmony, but how man finds himself in life, adapts himself to surroundings, learns his mission and fits himself as a cog in life's machinery, is as much more wonderful to me in comparison than the earth is to a baseball.

Leaving the crowded city, heartsick of its formal Pharisees, skeptical Sadducees, sin, shame and scandal, John goes to the desert wilderness, called the "Appalling Desolation," goes out as Moses, Elijah and Christ had gone, to study nature face to face and learn the lessons of law, order, humility, peace, economy and beneficence. He graduates and his hearers in the country are the poor and disheartened, the business citizen and the soldier, who are drawn to him because he has learned in solitude the secret of a happy life.

John relied on no peculiarity for his following. It was the message and not the man. Tradition paints him as tall, hollow-

cheeked, with long unshaven beard and a pale brow that was shaded by locks of long matted hair. Instead of trying to lead the fashion, or bragging about his food of locusts and wild honey, or that he drank nothing stronger than spring water and they must do the same or be damned, he laid the ax at the root of the tree and preached, "Bring forth fruits meet for repentance." He wanted them to live real by being reformed; to make good by being good; to square their conduct with their creed; to put up a good article of character on Monday or shut up their shop on Sunday. This preacher of righteousness and right doing was not only holy but humble. He was willing to decrease that Christ might increase; to be as the night before the dawn; to be nothing if his Messiah might be everything.

Herod heard of him and patronizingly sent for him, for entertainment and instruction. John was a "good fellow" and company and Herod made it pleasant for him. John soon found that Herod was a bad companion, a high roller and even then was living in open adultery with his royal brother's wife.

Policy and expediency said, "Now be careful; it's no affair of yours; say little or nothing; if you meddle you will lose out; keep blind and silent and all will be well."

John was not ungrateful of Herod's favors, but his conscience was more than coronet. He could not shirk or sympathize or make nice distinctions. To him sin was a monstrous curse, and though his duty was delicate and difficult, his heart was devoted to God. Sincerely, bravely and plainly John looked Herod in the face and said, "It is not lawful for thee to have her." Good-bye John, I see your finish; you have made and taken your bond of fate, but Herod couldn't bulldoze, bribe or muzzle you.

John was thrown in jail. He had no bank account to subsidize lawyers, or fix judge and jury; no pretty girls to send him flowers; no maudlin editors to excuse his lese majeste remarks; no reporters to write up a story of his privations; no photographers to get his picture and put it before the dear public. But John was content. He made his prison a pulpit to preach to the lordly adulterous Herod, "It is not lawful for thee to have her."

Hell had no fury like that scorned woman, Herodias, and when her daughter gave the sensual, seductive dance which thrilled the lustful nerve of the half-drunk Herod, who promised her any and everything in return, the mother asked for the head of John the Baptist on a platter.

Putting pleasure above principle, and like many another preferring an adulterous girl to Almighty God, Herod sent the executioner with his gleaming sword to John's prison, and there, alone, with no multitude to applaud but with the approval of his conscience, he bowed his head to the fatal stroke. As it rolled to the floor the blood-spattered lips muttered the words, "It is not lawful for thee to have her." The sentence of righteous rebuke Herod must have recognized until the day of his own death in the blaze of the sun, the light of the star, the flash of the lightning, the roll of the thunder, the voice of the wind, the song of the bird and the moan of the sea.

But John had not failed. He founded no sect but laid the foundation, cemented with his blood, for a bridge over which Christianity has ever since marched. His fearlessness gave courage to Luther and was the inspiration of Washington and Lincoln, as it will ever be with every true servant of God.

Like all great souls John had fears and doubts which he solved by sending word to Christ, "Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" The Master gave him friendly and full answer, "The blind see, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the Gospel is preached." Like his Messiah Master his preaching was paid for in tears and blood. By that Master he is crowned forever. Herod got John's head but Christ crowned John's soul.

"They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirits walk abroad. Though years
Elapse and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom."

The Devil in Mexico

BY REV. "GOLIGHTLY" MORRILL

Everybody from Alaska to Panama has read about it; President Wilson's personal envoy to Mexico, John Lind, tried to suppress it; the U. S. government barred it from the mails, caused the arrest and indictment of the author, and prohibited him from leaving the country.

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FOREWORD

Mexico is one-sixteenth of an inch nearer hell than any country I ever visited in my round-the-world travels. "M" in Mexico means murder and misrule. Her flag—green, white and red—stands for jealousy, cowardice and butchery. The national bird should be a buzzard, the coat of arms a skull and cross bones and her national hymn "Caramba, Damn the Gringo."

Go to the Devil, gentle reader, if you want to know Mexico, for he has made it his favorite resort. There is sulphur and smoke in volcanoes; heat in climate and food; torment in cactus plant and insect life; fire in the eyes of the senoritas; hell-hate in the hearts of the rulers and despair in the souls of the peons. From the beginning the Devil has been Mexico's mental, moral and military hero and today he is the real patron saint of the people. Viva Diablo!

Some of the Photos

Hanged Bandit Picked to Pieces by Vultures—Insurrectos Arrested—Bandit Strung to Telegraph Pole—A Yucatan Execution—Dynamited Passenger Train—Bullfight—Beggars—Mexican Carnival—Bandit-Burned Town—Aztec Gods—Soldier-Guarded Train—Ruins of Uxmal—Suspects Shot by Firing Squad.

A Few of the Chapters

Palm Beach Nuts, Havana's Satanic Sabbath, Whiskey in Church, "Feast of Blisters," Wild Women, Died Game, Attacked by Ticks, Firecracker Fiends, Native Dances, Carnival Curse, Throwing the Bull, A "Peon" of Joy, Night Life, In a "Norther" Hurricane, Disease and Depravity, Tampico Tramps, "Plaza de Prostitution," Kaiseristas in Mexico, Hats, Hanged, "Mucho Disgusto," A Farcical Election, Carranza the Criminal, Pickpockets and Thieves' Market, Sere-nading a Poet, Fly and Dirt Eaters. Hermits and Harlots, Sun and Moon Pyramids, A Subterranean Town, Hotel Hells, Choked to Death, Beggars, Cortez—the Devil Crusader, A Brush with Bandits, The Revolution Habit, Mexican Beatitudes, Manicures, Hellish Atrocities.

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PRESS COMMENTS ON "THE DEVIL IN MEXICO"

CHICAGO SATURDAY BLADE—A thrilling and timely volume. The Blade having published several articles contributed by the author, readers will no doubt recall the wretched and forbidding state of affairs he found there. The book is well illustrated with half-tone pictures.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, E. H. Anderson, Director—A work of this character will be of much interest and value in our collection. It will be used not only for current reference, but will be permanently preserved in our collection for the use of future readers.

LIGHT, LOUISVILLE, KY.—"The Devil in Mexico" is worse, if anything, than Morrill's lively trip among Central America's "rotten republics," but interesting and full of wit, humor, pathos—oh, my yes. Best reading ever for a railroad journey, for five or ten minutes, or for a day on this live topic. There is lots of research, statistics, information and speculation. Morrill saw harsh things through dark glasses polished up with a sense of humor.

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN, Chief, Order Division—On behalf of the Society I wish to thank you for "The Devil in Mexico," which you recently sent our Library in response to our request, and which we are glad to have to add to our Mexico descriptive material.

Dr. H. A. MONDAY, MEXICO CITY, MEXICO—You have depicted conditions at first hand in a manner that is going to cause a lot of comment, and I don't mind telling you that you are hated as but few men are here today because you have told the truth.

WM. SULZER, EX-GOV. OF N. Y.—I have spent a good deal of time in Mexico. Next to seeing a country yourself, the best thing is to see it through the eyes of some celebrated globe-trotter like Rev. G. L. Morrill. Brother Morrill has the rare ability to describe what he sees in a fascinating way; in splendid terse language; so that the book is as instructive as it is interesting and entertaining.

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C. M. REMINGTON, OMAHA, NEB.—I was a resident of Mexico from September, 1910, to the summer of 1916. My first eight months were spent as a soldier in the army of Madero. Later, I worked in different places from Tampico to the Isthmus of Tehauntepec. I was among the refugees during the fiasco of 1914. I have been intimately acquainted with several of the leading Maderistas, Huertistas, Villistas, Felixistas, Carranzistas, Palaezistas and Zapatistas. I have traveled on all the different movable things they have down there, from a burro to a "tren de tercera clase." I have been robbed of clothes and every movable, and stood all the humiliations Americans are subjected to in Mexico. I have spent several dollars for books which were supposed to give a person the inside history of Mexico, but not till I saw your book was there one that came within gunshot of the situation. It is the real and actual thing.



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FOREWORD

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Punchy

PAGES

HAMLET found something “rotten in the state of Denmark,” but it was sweet compared with what I discovered in Central America—the land of dirt, disease, destitution, darkness, dilapidation, despots, delay, debt, deviltry and degeneracy, where a conservative estimate makes 90 per cent of the women immoral, 95 per cent of the men thieves and 100 per cent of the population liars.

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**Uncen-
sored**

PHOTOS

A FEW OF THE CHAPTERS

Naughty New Orleans, Hell in Mexico, Hookworms and Cockroaches, Gum-Chewers, A Carib Village, Petrified People, Atlantis, In the Jungle, Hotel Dives, Gambling and Girls, Coffee Plantation, Sunday Cockfights, Skulls and Cross-Bones, Movies and Marimba, A Pig-Driver President, Pillory and Peon, Alligator Hunt, Loose Morals, Bombast and Bombs, Custom House Grafters, Our New Naval Base, A Crew of Crooks, Liars, Stealing—A Fine Art, Patriotic Piffle, Manana, Hammocks, Volcanoes, Few Clothes, Filibusters, Intervention, Profanity, An Arch Fiend, Our Flag and Baseball, Nicaragua Canal Route, Quarantined, Prostitution in Panama, In an Earthquake, Down in a Submarine, An Incestuous Union, Bananas, A Night in Cartagena, Poor Schools, A Saintly Stiff, Where Bolivar Died, Bastards, A Garbage Market, A “Colombia” Record, A Tropical Court, Passion and Fashion, Fan Flirts, Santiago Memories, The Lottery Game, Our Lady Nicotine, “Pan” America, Diplomats, Spanish Devils, Sodom Surpassed.

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"South Sea Silhouettes"

60
RARE
PHOTOS

BY
REV. "GOLIGHTLY" MORRILL

256
PAGES

A SKY-PILOT'S TRAVEL "LOG"

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RAROTONGA, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA
AND TASMANIA

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SOME OF THE 60 UNUSUAL PHOTOS

Kilauea Volcano, Hula-hula Dancers, Fijian Black Beauties, Ex-cannibal Chief, Meke-meke Dance, A Kava Party, Pounding Tapa, Tongan Belles, In the Hurricane, The Tin Can Mail, R. L. Stevenson's Grave, Samoan Siva Dancers, Lime-haired Native, Rubbing Noses, Haka Dancers, N. Z. Geyser, Women Voting, Blue Mountains, Aborigine with Boomerang, Native Wedding, Shelled by Warships, Maid in Tahiti.

PARTIAL CONTENTS

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R. L. Stevenson's Grave
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SOME PRESS COMMENT ON "SOUTH SEA SILHOUETTES"

“The healthy man does not live who will fail to open it to read. Because—sh-sh!—the front cover is a cut-out and peering through the aperture is a winsome maiden of Tahiti, clad in two yards of Sears-Roebuck muslin and a string of beads. Inside you find the swellest lot of hula-hula models that ever put Lucille, Hortense or Marie to shame. Of course they all “point a moral and adorn a tale.” But such outlines! The wonder to me is Golightly ever came back. His book reads like the letters your traveled friends should send you—but forget. He danced native dances, he drank native drinks, he rubbed noses, called “Aloha,” and he met a black girl three times at midnight on a dark island road. Three times! Though the girl never moved from the spot at all, and he came back to us unscathed, God bless him! Too, he attended prizefights, the races, called on Governors-general, participated in a wedding, and visited Stevenson’s tomb and Samoa home.”—FELIX SHAY in the FRA MAGAZINE.

“South Sea Silhouettes tells the story in a classic and graphic way of Rev. “Golightly” Morrill’s trip to the South Sea islands, and tells it in such a way that you see the scenery, and talk to the people, and you become, as it were, unconsciously the traveler. The book is certain to have a large circulation. Everyone should read it. It is history, geography and literature combined. It is one of the most unique, one of the most interesting, and one of the most instructive books I have ever read—a masterpiece in its way.”—WILLIAM SULZER, EX-GOVERNOR of N. Y.

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SOME OF THE THINGS DESCRIBED:

The desert cities, high railways and Inca ruins of PERU; the devil dances, degradation of Andean Indians and ruins of world's oldest city of BOLIVIA; CHILE'S volcanoes, borax lakes, carnage and cruelty; the Straits of Magellan and Falkland Islands; the races, gambling and profligacy of Buenos Aires and Montevideo, the Sodom and Gomorrah of South America; the rubber atrocities and white slave markets of BRAZIL; VENEZUELA'S bull fights, revolutions and Pitch Lake; the head-hunters, bigotry and backwardness of ECUADOR and COLOMBIA.

THE FOREWORD

“Truth wears no fig-leaf. I intend to tell the naked truth about South America. The diplomat dare not, the guest cannot, the business boomer will not, the subsidized press and steamship companies do not, but the preacher who pays his own bills can afford to tell nothing else.”

A FEW OF THE CHAPTERS:

An English Eden, Pizarro's Town, A Real Devil, Lima Beans, Bully Sport, Curious Cuzco, Religious Rackets, on Lake Titicaca, Pious Orgies, a Door of Hell, A Prehistoric Man, A Live Martyr, Flirting in Santiago, Chile Con Carnage, The End of the World, Wrecks and Whales, Kissers, Buenos Aires Betting, Scene and Obscene, Tango Times, Hell's Queen, On the Amazon, Ballet Beauties, Art Nude and Lewd, Church Advertising, Dives, White Slaves, Egret Fiends, “Caramba,” The Lady and the Bull, Hell Colombia! Smugglers, Ship on Fire, Held Up.

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THE NEW YORK WORLD, one of the world's greatest newspapers, devoted a whole page to a review and write-up of G. L. Morrill's book, "TO HELL AND BACK—MY TRIP TO SOUTH AMERICA." It said in part:

"Rev. Golightly Morrill is an author of repute, whose previous works include "Golightly 'Round the Globe" and "Upper Cuts." His latest volume, "To Hell and Back," bound appropriately in black and flaming red, is a VIVA-CIOUS disapproval of South America. It is dedicated point-blank to the Devil. There is nothing cut and dried, and nothing mealy-mouthed about it. Theodore Roosevelt and Elihu Root are among the notables who have recently looked over and variously reported upon our sister continent, South America. But evidently these distinguished tourists missed their opportunities. The Rev. Golightly Morrill has now been over the ground. Like another Dante he returns to tell the tale—etc., etc."

This article was illustrated with colored cartoons by Gordon Ross, picturing Mr. Morrill's adventures and experiences in Peru, Chile, Falkland Islands, etc. The review ended by quoting one hundred lines from different chapters of the book to show their spice, wit and wisdom.

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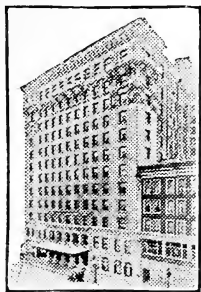
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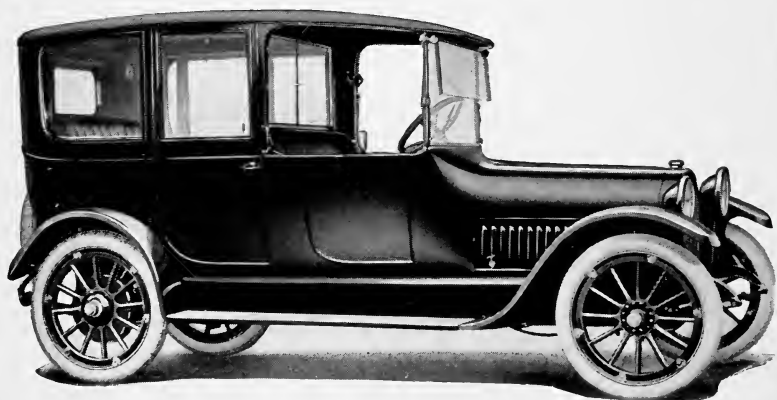


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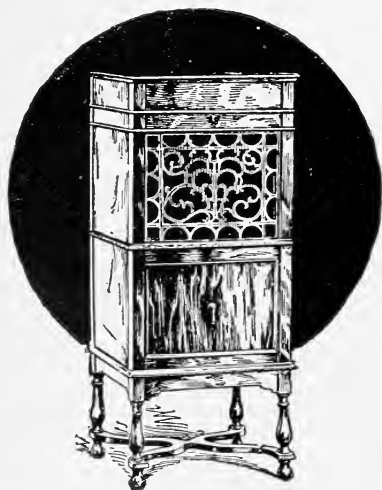
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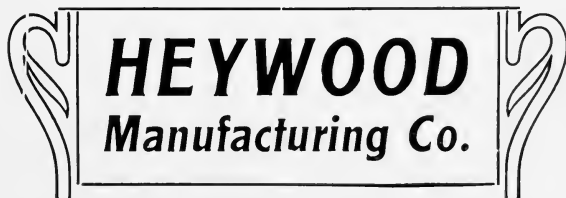
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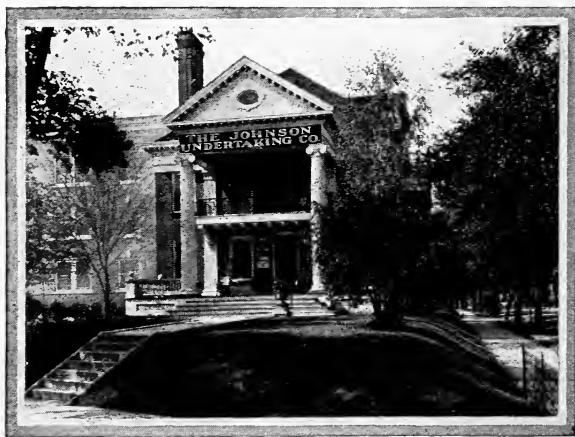
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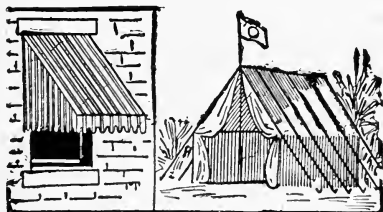
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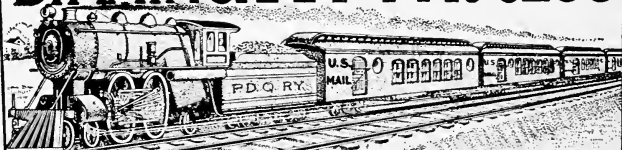


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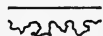
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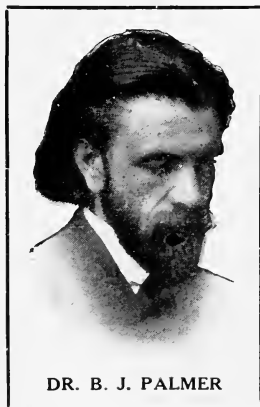
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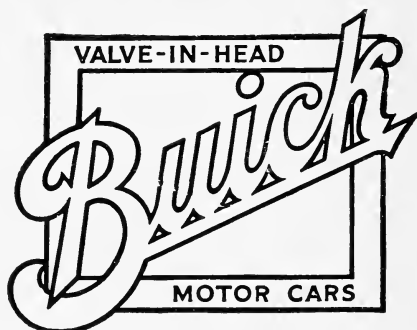
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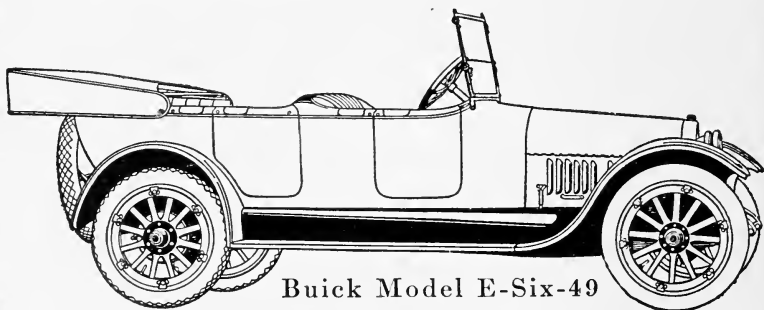
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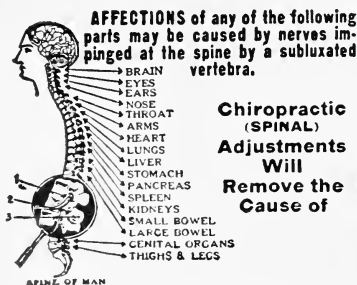
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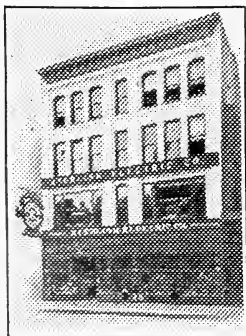
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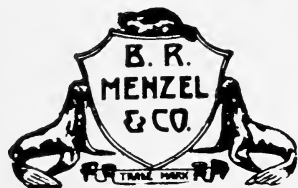


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